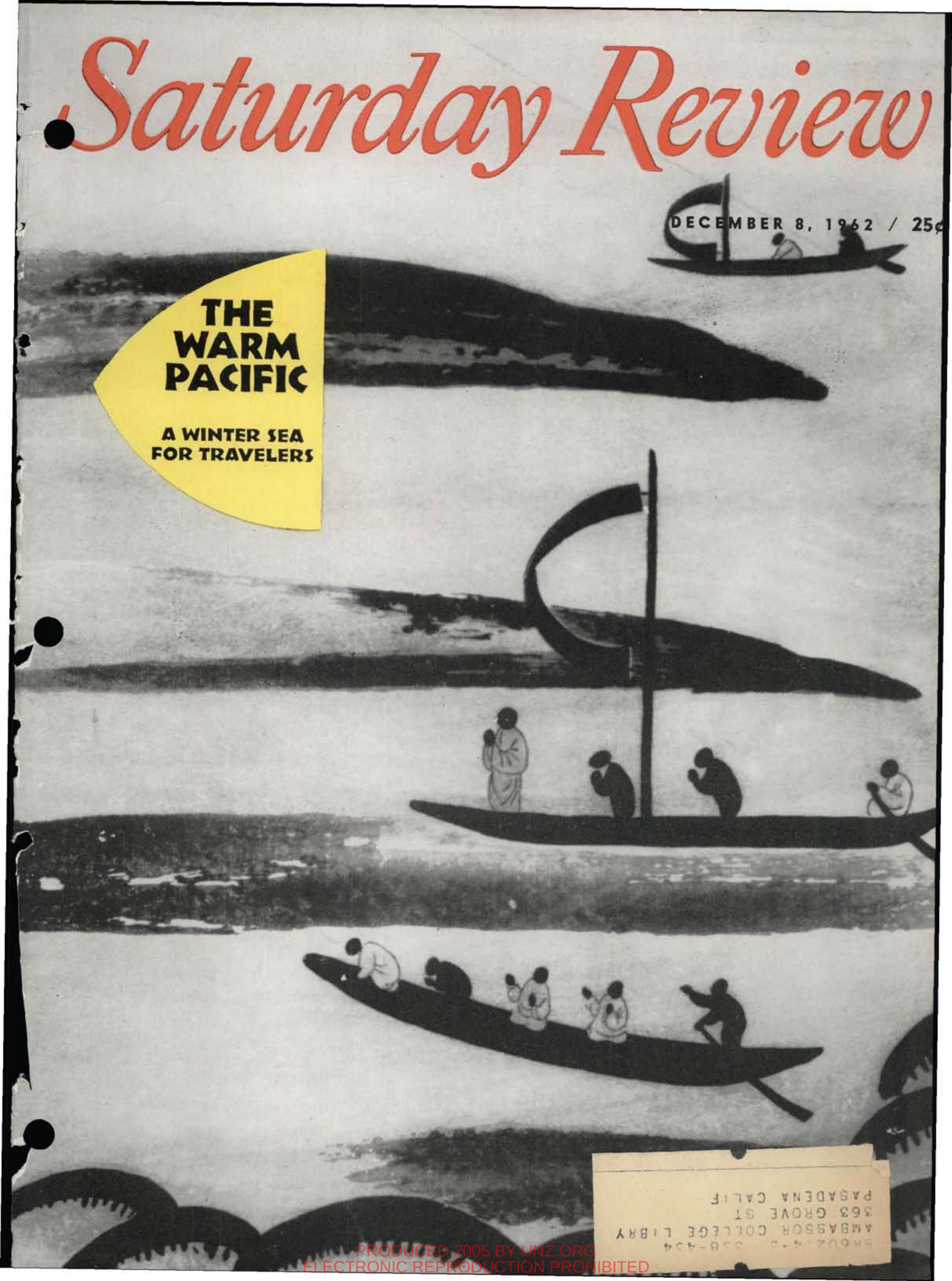
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 8, 1962 / 25¢



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For 30 years the advocates of government-in-business have spun their threads out one by one. While we hardly took notice, they pushed the federal government into thousands of business ventures, from sawmills to bakeries. In the field of electric power, 5½ billion dollars are now invested in federally owned plants and lines.

The expansion of government-in-business is clearly a dangerous course. When government owns business it gains political and economic power—the means to control goods and jobs. With power thus concentrated it can become difficult for citizens to preserve their freedoms.

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More Light than Sweetness

Riddle us this.

If charm and lovability are supposed to be so indispensable for any television show bent on longevity, how come "Meet the Press" has just celebrated its 15th anniversary?

(The program's one deliberate attempt to be charming came after a woman viewer wired to ask why permanent panelist Larry Spivak never smiled. The next week, Mr. Spivak did try a smile, after which the same woman wired, "Please...don't do it again.")

Apparently, then, other factors account for "Meet the Press'" status as the most durable public affairs series on network television.

Fact is that no other single program has illuminated so many vital public issues in so exciting a way. The procession of Senators, cabinet members, labor chiefs, military leaders and big business executives who've fearlessly faced its reporters (and Mrs. Craig's hats) has been dazzling.

JFK's Been There

(John F. Kennedy made eight appearances between 1951 and 1960; which goes to show how "Meet the Press" can kill a man's political future.)

Foreign guests have been imposing, too. Among them: Britain's former Prime Minister Eden, Germany's Chancellor Adenauer and India's Prime Minister Nehru.

Through its interrogations of such newsmakers, "Meet the Press" has become quite a newsmaker in its own right.

It was on this series, remember, that

Whittaker Chambers' public accusation of Alger Hiss started the chain of events leading to Hiss' conviction for perjury.

Thomas E. Dewey announced his withdrawal from the 1952 Presidential race in favor of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Gen. Walter Bedell Smith gave the first public intimation that Soviet Russia had an atomic bomb.

News Sprint

All of which helps explain why Sunday evening's "Meet the Press" is so frequently a front-page story Monday morning. (During one particular year, this happened on 27 out of 52 week-ends.)

Most newspapers are nice enough to credit the source, but not all.

We recall, for example, that a few papers pointedly omitted mentioning either the program or network in reporting on the interview of Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas I. Mikoyan a few seasons back. This was a bit silly, since the show was seen by 15 million viewers—making it the most open secret since Gussie Moran's lace panties.

Mikoyan showed his greatest annoyance, by the way, when asked to explain why Khrushchev's Stalin-denouncing speech of 1956 still hadn't been made public at home. He virtually sneered throughout his evasive reply.

Possibly the most *direct* response, on the other hand, came from Mrs. Robert Taft. Asked what she usually told those people who claimed her Senator husband lacked political sex-appeal, she instantly came up with, "Oh, pooh!"

Happy Returnees

Over its 15-year span on NBC Television (the radio version goes back even further), "Meet the Press" has made an invaluable contribution to public information.

It pleases us no less that it has made its mark without sacrificing fair play for sensationalism, and that even visitors who've been subjected to the most incisive questioning have cheerfully accepted invitations to return. A good sign, that. Obviously, a guest suffering from heartburn wouldn't think of going up for seconds.

NBC

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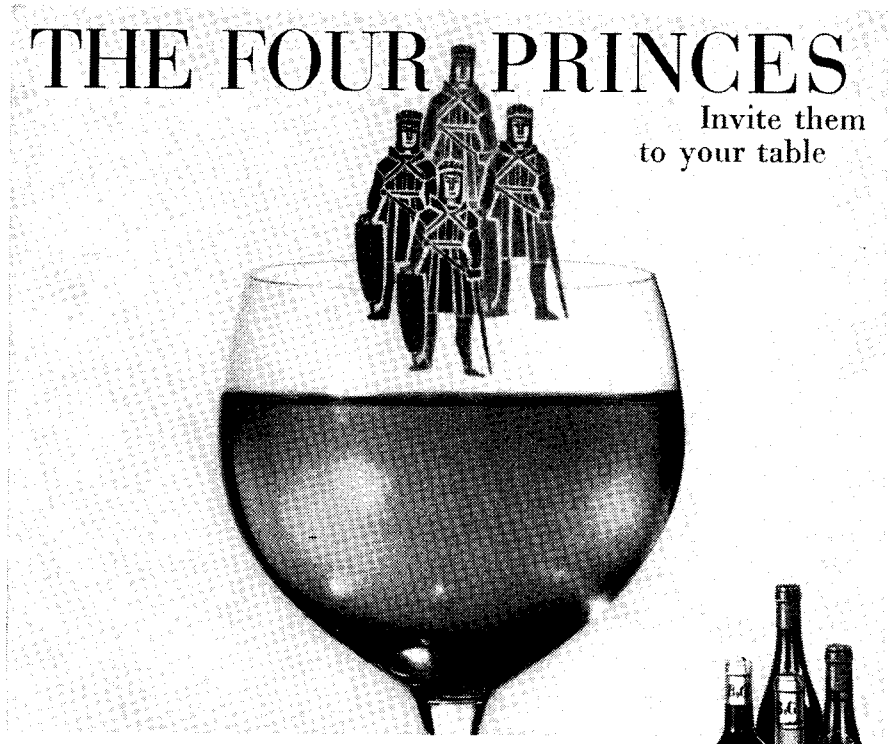
Invite them to your table



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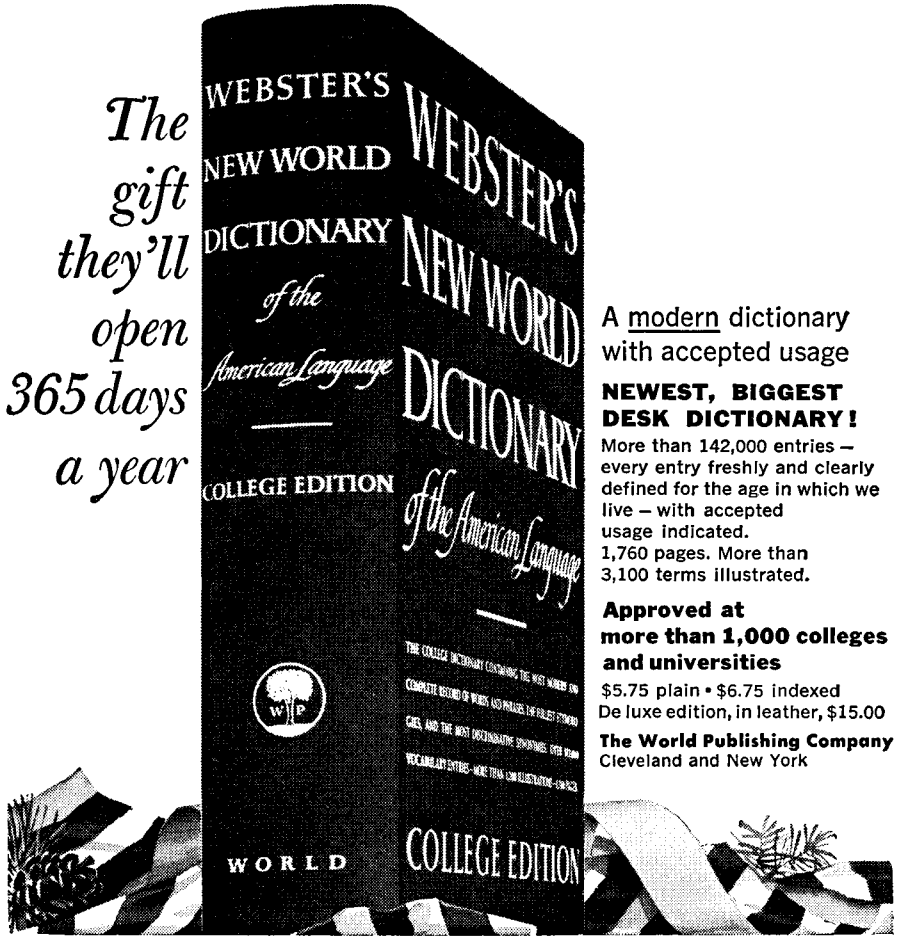

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Saturday Review
December 8, 1962

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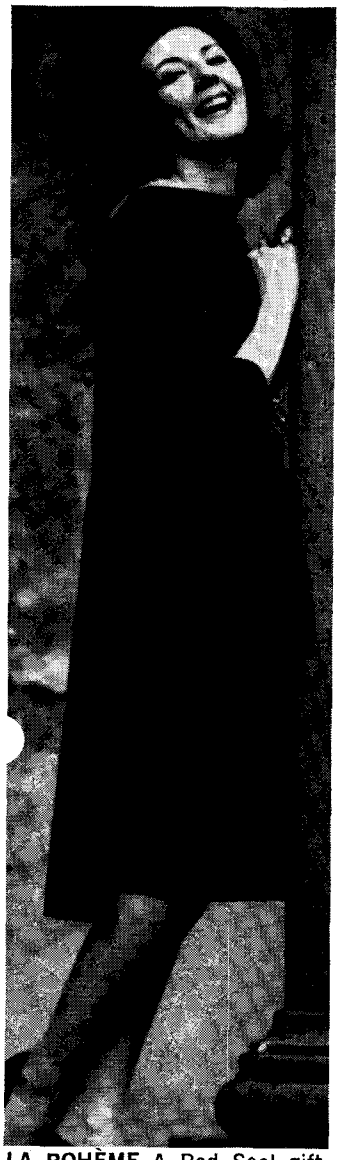

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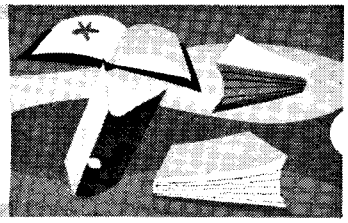
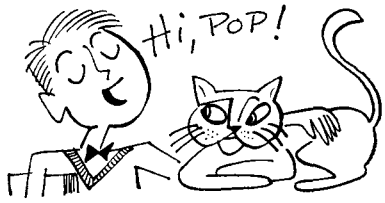


NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK is a year-round job for the National Book Committee, which fosters the program to generate public interest in library service. The 1962 report, just issued, shows big gains in the public response to last year's campaign. The report did not,



however, include the story librarian Eleanor Street of the Westport, Connecticut, library passed along to us recently.

A young reader sauntered up to the desk, and began petting the cat that makes its home in the library.

"This is a daddy cat, isn't it?" the youngster asked.

"That's right," said the librarian, wondering just how in the world the child was able to tell so quickly.

"I know," said the youngster. "He has eyes just like my father."

AT THE SAME LIBRARY, Susan Pitkin reports that another young reader dashed in the door, rushed to the desk, and caught his breath just enough to ask: "Dracula in or out?"

A TOTALLY UNCORROBORATED story comes from Allan Kalmus, of New York, who says he saw a fortune teller scanning the shelves of a library, looking for seance fiction.

ABOUT THE ONLY real name in Joseph Hayes's new comic novel of the Broadway scene is Sardi's Restaurant, so it seemed appropriate to talk with him there. "Don't Go Away Mad" is Mr. Hayes's fourth novel, and it was published by Random House just a week before his new play, "Calculated Risk," opened to generally happy notices on Broadway. His first novel, "The Desperate Hours," was born out of a literally desperate situation of his own.

"On a Tuesday morning," he told us, "the doctor told my wife and me that one of our boys was in critical health, and that if we could possibly do it, we should move to Florida or New Mexico. By Thursday morning we were completely packed and on the road to Florida. About the only thing we had to our name was an idea for 'The Desperate Hours.' When we got to Florida, I sat down at the typewriter, eighteen hours a day for six weeks. My wife retyped the pages as they came off the machine. A miracle happened, in that Random House closed the deal in three days, and the pressure was off."

But, as in any overnight success, there is usually a story behind it. Mr. Hayes had been writing and rewriting plays for Samuel French's catalogue over a period of several years. He knew intimately two things every writer has to know: structure and discipline.

CRITICAL DECISIONS seem to come up constantly in the life of any writer. Dore Schary recently told me, for example, that he faced a back-breaking decision when he decided to leave the lucrative shores of Hollywood to come to New York and take his chances as an independent writer. He had been a tremendously successful writer and producer for RKO, and had later headed up M-G-M. He took a deep breath, broke his stride, and began writing a play. His friends were very concerned and very solicitous. The result was "Sunrise at Campobello," his first Broadway play and a long-running hit. But again, years of discipline knocking out screenplays had played their part in creating dramatic structure and characterization.

Mr. Schary has recently completed a nostalgic and charming look at his boyhood in "For Special Occasions"—and he has had the courage to close his new play, "Banderol," on the road because he felt it was not ready. Writing requires both go and no-go decisions.

PUBLISHERS, TOO, constantly face critical decisions. One such publisher is Barney Rosset of Grove Press, wh decided that Henry Miller's books wer genuine contributions to artistic literature, in spite of some protest to the contrary. Backing up Mr. Rosset's opinion are some of the best-known literary figures of the times, including

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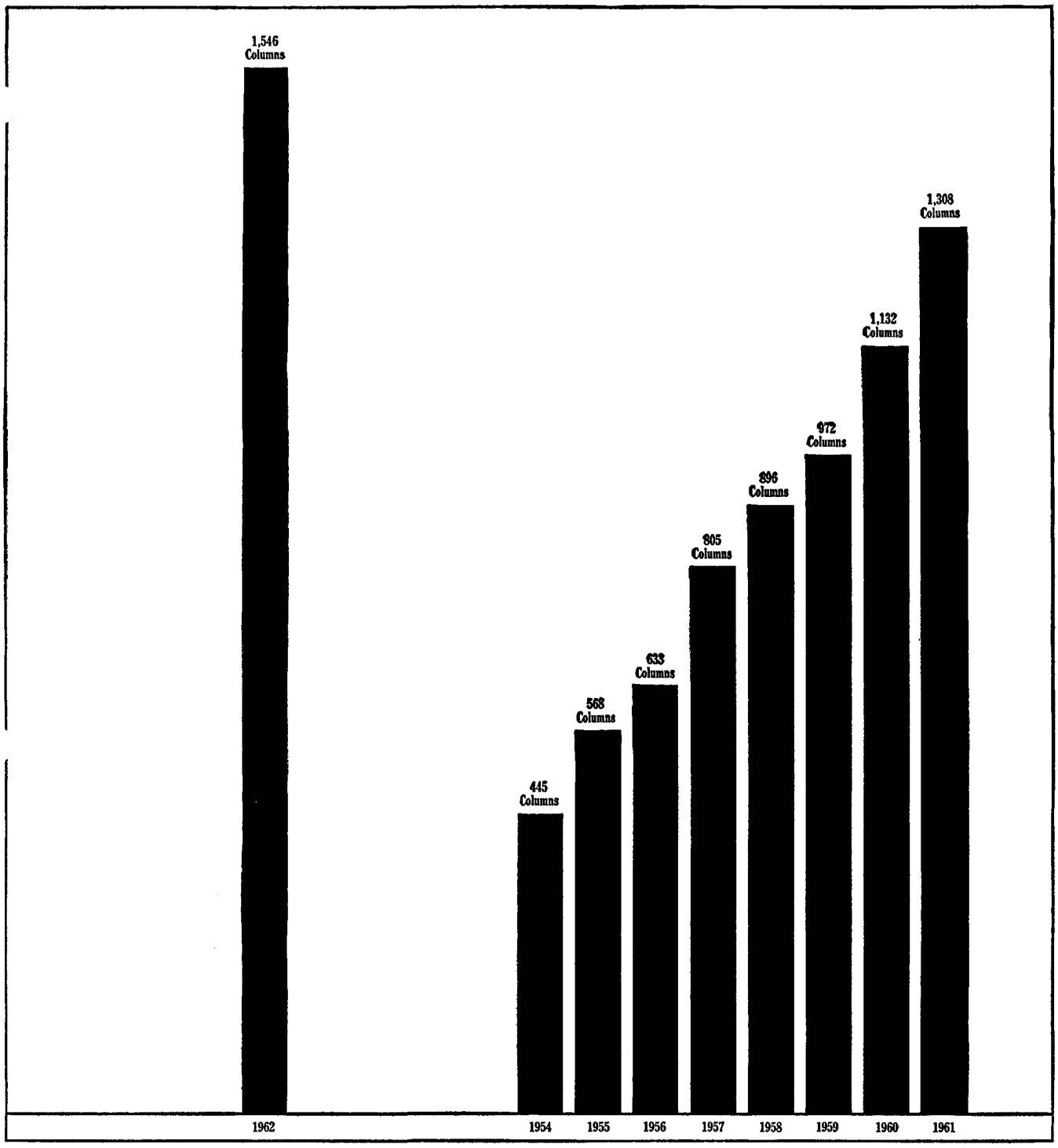

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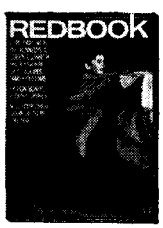

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PANTHEON

Lionel Trilling, Alfred Kazin, Max Lerner, and many others. In spite of this, the District Attorney of the Borough of Brooklyn has charged Mr. Rosset and Henry Miller with a "conspiracy to commit crime." The accusation reads that "the defendant Henry Miller, on or about and between January 1, 1961, and June 30, 1962, in the County of Kings, prepared and authored the said book and printed matter entitled 'Henry Miller, Tropic of Cancer'. . . ."

It seems, though, that the District Attorney didn't quite get his information straight. Miller wrote the book in Paris in 1934.

THE LEGAL SCENE is a varied one, and carries with it many dramas of everyday life. Last July, a momentous labor-management case was heard before Burton B. Turkus, of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service. It seems that the shop steward of the International Hod Carriers Local 734 took exception to his assignment to care for the watchdog of the Glen Rock Lumber and Supply Company, in New Jersey. He felt that such an assignment should be handled by a junior employee. In his sparkling opinion, Turkus writes: "It appears with convincing finality that the affection of the dog 'constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens' is not reciprocated by the shop steward. . . . Fickleness both human and canine exists. It cannot be ignored. Difficult and heartrending as it might be, the dog, like his mortal human master, must reconcile himself to the bitter realization that unrequited love must eventually be accepted with equanimity."

The decision: The employer was instructed to assign any employee other than the recalcitrant shop steward to the job.

The payoff: Soon after the case ended, the shop steward was voted out of his office, and promptly given the job of caring for the dog.

In veritate et justitia.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1496)

ALVIDA RIGGS JONES:
MOWING MINT

I can't get used to mowing violets.
Each purple face seems just* too dear
to be beheaded.
For, cut, it is not seen until another
spring.

But mowing mint is quite another
thing:
When cut, each sprig lets loose a
flood of cool aroma,
And many more will grow to give my
mowing charm.

*Replacing "much" to get the J.

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ALLERGY ON A COUNTRY WAVE LENGTH

The plowman homeward jogs his cheery way;
His tractor deftly dodges ditch and boulder.
He's cheery, for he's heard his radio play
The major part of Tristan und Isolde.

In canning plants the dainty-fingered tenders
Perform their punctual rites; they're feeling finer
Than usual, for the amplifier renders
The loud Toccata (Bach) in F sharp minor.

Culture! We see thee like a rain descend.
Even the babes are quavering Ravel.
This every commentator must commend,
Save only those whom music makes unwell.

—Morris Bishop.

• • •

SULLIVAN ON SULLIVAN

Albany (N.Y.) Times-Union reporter Larry Pratt recently interviewed Frank Sullivan for Editor and Publisher, the occasion being Mr. Sullivan's 70th birthday. Not to be outshone by Mr. Pratt's interview of a subject he knows so well, Mr. Sullivan conducted one of his own and sent it to the interviewer, who happily sent it on to us.

WHILE rummaging around Saratoga one recent afternoon we stopped off at Ocean View, Frank Sullivan's palatial villa just this side of the race course, to see how Mr. Sullivan, the Sage and/or Onion of Saratoga, is faring these days.

"Mr. Sullivan sees visitors only at ten to one, eight to five and even," said the butler who answered our ring. He started to slam the door in our face, but thinking quickly we crossed his palm with silver, at which a broad grin creased his wrinkled visage.

"Oh, you come bearing gifts," said the butler. "Step right in." With that, he took off his beard and stood revealed in his true colors as Sullivan himself.

"I often pretend I'm the butler," he said. "It serves to lighten the monotony of everyday life and it also fools the Fuller Brush man, not to mention the salesmen who wish to sell me new heating plants, and suchlike."

"Mr. Sullivan, to what do you attribute your great age?" we asked.

"Unclean living, unkind thoughts, and not sitting on chilly park benches with whippersnappers like Barney Baruch," the Sage replied. "But how do you know I've arrived at a great age, son? I told no one."

"Well, what is your age, popsy?" we pursued.

The Sage fixed a basilisk stare upon us.

"No comment," he snapped, "but I will go so far as to admit that I was born in the same century as Abraham Lincoln, Charles Dickens, Charles Brackett, Charles of the Ritz, Dr. John Heslin, Winston Churchill, Edgar Montillon Woolley, and Grandma Moses. Next question."

"What do you think of American women?"

"They should be torn down," said Mr. Sullivan, briskly, but then he added: "Oh, pardon me, that's the wrong answer; that's my answer to What do you think of the newfangled New York skyscrapers? As for American women, I don't believe there are any nowadays. At least I can't tell. Everybody wears pants and how is a fellow with astigmatism and myopia going to tell which are women and which are men? You could get into a peck of trouble by mistaking men for women these days. Yes, Miss McClendon?"

Question by Sarah McClendon of the Amarillo *Bugle*: "Mr. Sullivan, what do you think of the new glass skyscrapers?

"They should be torn down, like American women," said Mr. Sullivan. "Yes, Miss Craig?"

Question by May Craig of the Ashtabula *Sentinel*: "How did you do at the Saratoga races this meeting, Mr. Sullivan?"

"Lousy. I lost consistently and wholeheartedly."

"To what do you attribute your great success in losing so consistently?"

"I played horses recommended to me by Mrs. Linda Heslin. My advice to horse players who wish to drop a potful of the needful on the ponies is to seek out that remarkable little woman, Linda Heslin, and play all the horses she recommends. Next question?"

"What do you think of the state of American belles-lettres?"

"It's in a state of flux, so to speak. It's too early to tell. This chap Katharine Anne Porter seems a good bet, and so does this other chap, Walt Whitman. I loved his 'Leaves of Grass.'"

"But that was written a hundred years ago, Mr. Sullivan."

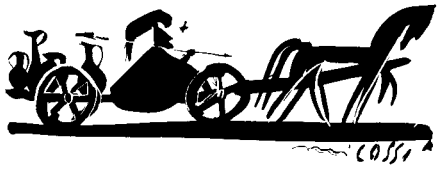
"So? Well, I just read it. Nobody tells me anything. I've been complaining about that all along. I hear this chap Henry Miller has a book out with a lot of dandy new words in it. All nice and short and easy for the printer to set up."

"What do you think of our relations with Russia?" was our next question.

"We'll never get anywhere with Russia until they get rid of that Czar," said the Sage of Saratoga, in no uncertain terms.

"What has contributed most to your peace of mind this year?"

"The retirement of Eddie Arcaro from the saddle, natch. Personally I yield to no man in affection for Eddie, but when he was riding, my wagering



was constantly askew. When I bet on him, he lost. When I didn't bet on him, he won. Smaller annoyances than that have upset the balance of far sturdier natures than mine."

And on that note, as the gloaming was well upon us, we thought it fitting to say adieu to the splendid figure of a man whom but to know is, as some wag has put it, to detest.

—Frank Sullivan.

• • •

STATESMAN'S MEMOIRS, 1962

The name on the title page is his—
You turn that page and nothing
else is. —Joachim Remak.

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Saturday Review

DECEMBER 8, 1962

PORTRAIT OF A NEW GENERATION

By HAROLD TAYLOR, *former President of Sarah Lawrence College. Dr. Taylor, who is currently working on two books about education and social change, has visited some sixty campuses throughout the United States within the past year.*

IT IS now clear that there exists in America a new generation of concerned young people. They are not Mr. Kennedy's generation, of which he spoke at his Inauguration, "born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace. . . ."

That is now the older generation—the one in power, cool-headed and conservative in temperament, concerned to use power with dispassionate skill, to engineer ideas, to maintain positions of strength, to manipulate the social forces by careful scrutiny of the possible, to speak in constructed rhetoric, to move carefully ahead.

The new ones are different. They reject the status quo, they have passion, they argue from moral premises, they have the will to believe. Although no less disciplined, they are more willing to take risks, to test themselves and their moral sense against the world. The mood is expressed by one of them, who urges, "Do not wish to be a student in contrast to being a man. Do not study as a student, but as a man who is alive and who cares. . . ."

These are members of a generation born out of war, outside the McCarthy period, into a time when, for them, the formative events of political and social change were the Supreme Court decision of 1953 and the Sputnik episode of 1957. By the circumstances of their birthtime they missed the great depression, the Nazi-Fascist movement, the Second World War, McCarthyism, and the Eisenhower era.

They sprang directly, uninhibited by history, into a time when the moral issue of freedom for the colored races, in America and in the world, and the moral issue of peace against war, life against death, gave them clear alternatives for taking sides. You could be for freedom and against the tyranny of whites over blacks, you could be for peace and against war, for social progress and against the status quo, without becoming entangled in the ideological chains of either pro- or anti-Communism.

New lines were forming, new clusters of ideas. There was now a place for dissent and rebellion where there were two sides to be seen, the side of the liberal and the progressive and the side of the conservative and the reactionary.

But if there are two sides, why take either one, why not leave them both alone? The young, being out of power, are free to accept or reject responsibility for a world they did not make, and the forces in American culture of the 1950 were of a character to inspire them not to take it.

The philosophers were analysts, examining the meaning of logical connections. The writers analyzed psychic states and turned away from events and commitments to say that the only experience worth having or telling about was private and tortured, that only fragments of truth could ever be seen, that only the foolish would hold large conceptions or serve ideal causes. The social scientists probed incessantly for the American character in teams of researchers, they surveyed the status quo and left it as they found it. The scholars left their students and attended to their researches. The politicians wallowed in anti-Communist clichés and argued for affluence. The educators joined the establishment and tried to do more with less. Bankers, industrialists, generals, and admirals talked about education while educators talked about money and production.

THE 1950s accordingly had their effect on the young. "He wants very little because he has so much," says last year's Gallup poll of teen-age youth, "and is unwilling to risk what h has. . . . He is old before his time; almost middle-aged in his teens." He shows few symptoms of frustration; "he likes himself the way he is and he likes things as they are." One young man put

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it simply, "We feel that nothing we do will make any difference."

There are those among the new generation who hold in contempt the values so described. They do not like things as they are, they have made their own analysis, and they believe they can and must make a difference in what happens next. They also know that only a deep failure in moral perception could convince their contemporaries that American youth has so much that it needs very little. They ask: Which American youth? The millions of Negroes, slum children, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, American Indians, the ones who live in the industrial wastelands of the north, the children of the unemployed? Or the world's children, in Africa, Asia, South America?

As they look at their own generation, there are some who see the reflection of an adult society whose values they have learned to reject. These are the new liberals, the ones who have cut away from the older generation and its social pattern to form their own society of the young, having decided that liberal leadership would come from no other quarter.

They found their own leaders among those Negro students in the South who quietly and bravely began their dissent from society by sit-in strikes. The members of a new generation saw in one swift flash the image in the South of the deprived and the oppressed people of the world. The world problems suddenly came home. It was not Communism versus capitalism. It was law against brute force, reason against bigotry, freedom against tyranny, poverty against affluence, ignorance against knowledge, love against hate. The political and moral perspective was instantly stretched to include the whole of the world while revealing itself in the personal. They read and understood James Baldwin, Albert Camus, and Evtushenko without need for explication.

They have found leaders among themselves in the issue of peace and war, and have found ways of expressing themselves in action. They volunteered for the Peace Corps, they founded their own peace projects, their own peace movement, and saw peace not as the absence of war but as the use of human energies and human institutions for the creation of new societies.

The peace demonstrations last February in Washington by 5,000 students from everywhere in the United States were not an emotional outburst of unsophisticated activists or of politically trained shock troops. They were demonstrations of conviction by informed and thoughtful students who, through serious study, had found their own way to a set of conclusions on American foreign policy, and who chose this way of presenting their conclusions to their government and to other Americans.

Their commitment was to a set of personal values that measured public policy by humanitarian principle. Their search was for new ways to assure the security of the world and of the United States against the dangers of mass violence. They accepted responsibility for the world in which they lived and whose character they wished to change.

In the words of one of them, "a college is one place to embark upon a movement of reform, a place with intellectual equipment and a reservoir of unused creativity, a place from which reason might make a last attempt to intervene in human affairs."

YET this generation of students has come of age when the educational system has fallen behind them; they are ready for more than the schools, the colleges, or the society are ready to give. The social philosophy now dominant in America is not one that nourishes the young imagination in either its moral or its intellectual dimension. The direction of educational thinking is conservative, restrictive, reactionary. In terms of public policy and public statement of national policy, education is most often linked to the cold war and considered to be an instrument for increased technical and logistic strength in a military and political competition with the Russians. This, along with a weakening of the liberal thrust toward new democratic reforms in education and in society, has meant an emphasis on building a class system in which "prestige colleges" select "prestige students" who are to provide the intellectual and political leadership for the country.

The idea of the "talent search" for engineering and scientific skills, scholarship awards for high scholastic averages, special programs for the "gifted," advanced placement for special students, are all ways of meeting certain of the country's educational and social needs, but they do so not in order to build a new and more enriching social order, but to staff the manpower needs of the present conservative establishment to which science, technology, and education have now been harnessed. This is to put the cart before the horse.

The recent changes in educational practice have therefore consisted largely in new mechanical and structural arrangements for the high schools and colleges—the use of television to handle more students by the lecture method, the development of standard curricula, the consolidation of smaller schools into bigger, the proliferation of scholastic tests at every point in the system, the shift of college curricular material into selected classes in the high school, the construction of buildings and classrooms —while the central mode of education through academic credit hours, examinations tests, grades, and competition for admission to the next stage of the educational heirarchy has become more and more dominant.

Going to high school is conceived as a way of getting into college. Going to college is a way of either getting into a graduate school or into a satisfactory place in the business system. In the process, the purpose of education as a means of recreating the culture and renewing its social ideals has been lost in the shuffle.

The intellectual freedom of the student is accordingly inhibited, not so much by specific legislation, but by the requirement that he submit to one kind of success symbol, one kind of academic achievement, and one set of subject matter taught and learned in one particular way—lectures, textbooks, examinations, grades. The control by the college and the society over the student is gained through administering grades and awarding credits. Thus the student cannot find in his education a means of achieving his spiritual, moral, and intellectual maturity, since that is not a concern of the educator. If the student does not play the system and win the requisite grades, no matter how sterile and irrelevant the courses, or how talented he may be, he is blocked from the professions and the higher vocations. He therefore submits to the system and lives a double life, while his real education goes on outside the curriculum.

THE rebellion against the values of the society by the more sophisticated members of the new generation then becomes internalized. They become members of a sub-culture of students who read poetry, novels, plays, listen to music, join the Freedom Riders, work within the peace movement, and live a life of their own within the larger framework of the academic environment. This withdrawal into private communities has often been true of students in the past, but it is true in far greater degree in the present, just at a time when the new student is ready to respond to the greatest challenge the university can offer. If the student is to complete the individuality of his mind and his character, he must have responses to the personal discoveries he makes, and the responses should come from men of learning whose wisdom he learns to share.

In the modern university there is seldom anyone except other students to talk to. The scholars are elsewhere—in national laboratories making rockets and strategies, in industry, in government,

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in libraries, in private studies or public thinking rooms, or in endless meetings of large committees. What is left is only a syllabus, taught by those who are not advocates or believers in truths they have created, but entrepreneurs of the curriculum. They tell what is known about given subjects in orderly successions of points. They are not teachers, they are professionals.

The natural affinity of the student for the teacher, the wish to bring gifts to those who will receive them, to turn toward the delight of recognition, to come close to a mind fully formed and big in its conceptions, these are the needs of the young. Yet the young find these needs frustrated in the situation of their present lives.

If the world of the adult is one on which the contemplation of death for forty or sixty million citizens is considered a rational and loyal response to the solution of international difficulties, then a new response in new terms becomes crucial to the young. "Because the total condition of modern man is undergoing great change," says the sculptor Theodore Roszak, "symbols that once acted as powerful agents in relating him to a sphere of ethical and moral values have steadily been losing their meaning." The symbols of the older generation—the rockets to the moon, the Polarises, the success of money, the power of position, the virtues of affluence, the search for prestige—these have steadily lost thier meaning for those who now look at lives with the eye of the young outsider who lives in a new section of time. The feeling of identity with the Negro, the African, with the victims of oppression and poverty everywhere in the world, is a form of personal truth in which the symbols of American power, or even of Western culture as seen in the person of Adenauer, de Gaulle, or Macmillan, have come to represent not the idealism of the Western democratic tradition, but the symbols of a power structure which seeks to hold to the past.

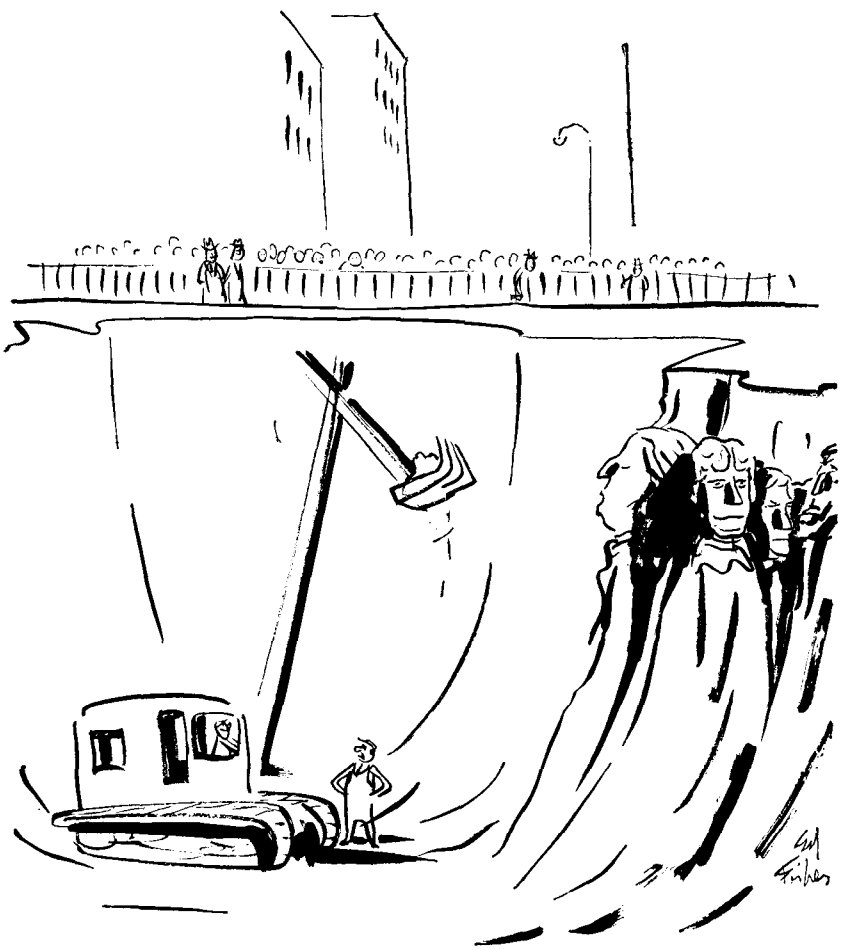
What, then, do they do, the young men and women who have learned to rebel, to resist, to dissent, to go it alone?

They are learning to educate themselves in their own terms. A group of them this past summer went into Harlem and used their own education in the service of slum children who needed tutors. Other groups went to the South to work on programs of Negro voter-registration. Another group went abroad to work in the African villages. Others taught theatre, music, and dance in the slums of Philadelphia. Others did research on federal aid to education, on problems of disarmament, on problems of educational reform. One of them wrote a college text book on the issues of peace and war. Others worked for political candidates whose platforms were built on peace issues.

During the past year they organized campus conferences on civil rights in the North, disarmament and arms control, American foreign policy, the question of personal commitment. During the week of the February Washington peace demonstrations, the students at Northwestern University held a three-day conference on the topic "Personal Commitment in an Age of Anxiety." The general meetings, colloquia, and seminars they had arranged were crowded to the doors with students who tackled a wide variety of political, philosophical, and social questions with vigor and imagination. The scholars and public figures they called to their aid in leading the discussions ranged from Norman Thomas and Hannah Arendt to Saul Bellow and Rollo May. The central question with which they were concerned was the question of what students can do to act in the world—what is the nature of true commitment, how can it lead to informed and just action? For some of the students present, the conference was a turning point in their conception of what education could be and what their lives could become.

Dozens of similar actions have be taken by students across the country during the past year, some of them devoted to the reform of university education, others to the reform of the political process. They have made plans to go farther with these educational ventures as the present year begins. There will be more of them, and their movement will grow by the intensity of their concern and by their willingness to think freshly and to act on their convictions.

Beneath the surface of American society and beneath the surface of the huge educational apparatus with its four million university students, strong currents are flowing, great sources of energy are waiting to find their way into new ideal enterprises. It is time for the older generation to join the young in their search for a new society. If they are not willing to join, the young will proceed in their own way, some the way of Mississippi, having learned nothing, others the way of the liberal, intending to change what now exists.



"Look, Joe, cut out the fancy stuff and just excavate, will ya?"

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"CALORIES DON'T COUNT"

The Publisher's Reply

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Two weeks ago SR published an article, "The Strange Case of 'Calories Don't Count,'" by R. W. Apple, Jr., which raised basic questions of publishing responsibility. Simon and Schuster, publisher of Herman Taller's book, has asked for prominent space for reply. In this issue of SR, therefore, such space is provided, in keeping with the policy of affording adequate rebuttal opportunity. Mr. Apple's rejoinder will appear in next week's issue.*

A Letter from M. Lincoln Schuster, President and Editor-in-Chief of Simon and Schuster, Inc.

WE STRONGLY PROTEST the slanted and distorted article by R. W. Apple, Jr., in the November 24 issue of *Saturday Review*. In his zeal to criticize our publication of Dr. Herman Taller's book "Calories Don't Count," Mr. Apple, by the use of direct quotations out of context, and by distortions and omissions, has done a most grievous injustice to Simon and Schuster as a firm, and to Mr. Peter Schwed as an editor.

Supplementing our own protest, Mr. Schwed has written his personal reply, printed on the following page. I join in his resentment at Mr. Apple's inferences and innuendoes.

As the chief executive officer of Simon and Schuster, and as the firm's editor-in-chief, I naturally assume full and final responsibility for the publication and promotion of all our books.

The article by Mr. Apple is so full of inaccuracies and misquotations, which we were not given a chance to refute and correct prior to publication in the magazine, that it is clear Mr. Apple is guilty of much the same sort of irresponsibility as that with which he charges us. Whatever his reasons for not checking these mistakes with us, our own reason for not checking Dr. Taller's book with other medical authorities was fully explained to Mr. Apple, although he has chosen not to mention it. We relied on Dr. Taller's standing as an M.D. with a large practice and long experience, and a contributor to eminent professional publications on the subject of diet and nutrition.

Let me now address myself to the basic and fundamental subject of publishing and editorial responsibility. We have been book publishers for thirty-eight years, and have always believed that a free market place for ideas is incontestably essential for an open society and a democratic culture. Unless a publisher has the right, and indeed the duty and the obligation, to publish controversial and nonconformist and dissenting ideas and books, on subjects on which the experts and doctors themselves disagree, these principles become hollow slogans and meaningless clichés. Even a casual acquaintance with the scientific and medical literature on diet and nutrition would show that there is room for more, not less, debate and disagreement on a problem which deeply concerns many Americans.

The wide sale of Dr. Taller's book is all the more significant and impressive in view of the affirmative and enthusiastic reactions we have received from readers in the form of referendum cards and letters, many of them from reputable physicians.

Mr. Apple attacks our editors and executives because they are not medical experts. Neither is he. We have published books in this field which present views and concepts diametrically opposed to Dr. Taller's. I refer specifically to Dr. Norman Jolliffe's book, "Reduce and Stay Reduced," published in 1952; his second book, "Family Circle's Reducing Guide," published in 1954; and "The Slim Gourmet," by Martin Lederman, published in 1955. All of these books state that calories *do* count.

Our concept of publishing and editorial responsibility is based on the unshakable conviction that scientific and medical research, experimentation, and investigation can be effective only where the unpopular and dissenting views can be freely expressed and communicated to other experts and authorities, and also to laymen and the general public. We have published several books on the history of science, and we have had the privilege of publishing books by Nobel prize-winners and world-famous authors like Albert Einstein and Bertrand Russell. From them we have thus learned to respect the innovators, the dissenters, the nonconformers, who challenge the prevalent, the popular, the "official" or established ideas in many fields. Knowledge advances only when such disagreements can be communicated freely and widely. Otherwise we get the cross-sterilization of ideas, the standardization of error.

We do not claim infallibility, but we honestly try to learn from our errors and our mistakes. In the case of "Calories Don't Count" we concede that on some operational details and editorial procedures, particularly in the matter of double-checking galley proofs when new material has been added after the original manuscript was "passed for press," stricter vigilance is required. These methods are now being improved, to prevent the recurrence of any such inadvertent errors.

(*Please turn page*)

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A Letter from Peter Schwed, Executive Vice President of Simon and Schuster, Inc.

IT IS BOTH AS an individual and as an officer of Simon and Schuster that I make this protest about R. W. Apple's article and your handling of it. It appears clear to me that Mr. Apple had a preconceived point of view about the book "Calories Don't Count" and Simon and Schuster's publishing of it. He is within his rights to express his opinions, but not when his misquotations, his distortions, and his omissions throw the whole story so wildly and unfairly out of perspective. He also singled me out as a special target, and I am extremely jealous of my integrity and reputation. Human emotions impel me to begin this letter on that topic, although I am equally angry about the article's slandering of Simon and Schuster. To run an article containing such defamatory and denigrating matter about me, without giving me an opportunity in advance to protest wild inaccuracies, is a tactic I would have associated with *Confidential* rather than *Saturday Review*.

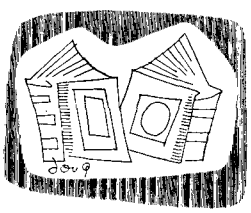
My own part in this book's publication was a small one, as a matter of fact. As Mr. Apple points out, I made early favorable reports on the manuscript, suggested that a ghost writer be used, and predicted big sales. That was all that was asked of me. The man who brought the manuscript into the house, and who was to be its editor, sought my opinion and I gave it.

In all the Federal Drug Administration investigations and testimony, in which I am not a principal at all, my name is mentioned only in this one early editorial connection, and then never at all derogatorily. Mr. Apple is the very first person in these many months of discussion about the book to cast me in a villain's role. This was in return for the courtesy I extended him in seeing him at all, even though I knew he was writing a critical article about "Calories Don't Count." I did not want the firm to hide behind a "No Comment" evasion nor did I feel there was any need to do so; I am very proud to be a representative of this distinguished firm, and will always champion it. I certainly had no thought at all that my own reputation might be at stake, since it never occurred to me that Mr. Apple could distort my own small role the way he did. My innocence made me too innocent about Mr. Apple's sensational techniques. He was out to hatchet Simon and Schuster, and the devil take a man's reputation if it suited his purpose.

Let me get down to specifics; only the ones which are most infuriating and harmful to me since, if I listed them all, this letter might go on forever. Near the close of his article, Mr. Apple quotes me as giving a glib, "cynical and hard-bitten" rejoinder to his question as to whether I didn't feel the tone of the book was reckless. As anyone who knows my habits of speech would recognize, this couldn't have been an accurate quote, but the fact is that the answer on which he attempts to quote me *was to a very different question from the one to which he says it refers.* He misquotes me as saying (about the tone of the book): "Look, this thing was intended to sell to the public, not to doctors. It was a high-pressure book, for mail-order advertising. It was to appeal to all the fatties who are tired of counting calories. The phraseology is the way it is because that's what made it sell more than a million copies."

My actual words to Mr. Apple, vaguely along those lines but certainly not couched in such terms (the word "fatties," for instance, just isn't in my vocabulary), had to do with a separate question he posed about my feelings concerning the validity and medical propriety of *the title itself,* the three words "Calories Don't Count" on the jacket of the book. I did say then that the book was addressed to the general public, that the phrase fairly summed up Dr. Taller's thesis in a form concise enough to be used as a title and in mail-order advertising, and that we considered it a very good and effective title. We are in the business of trying to sell books, and labels are important. I still hold that view, and I suspect that the merchandising and circulation expert who plastered those same three words all over the cover of the November 24 issue of *Saturday Review* thought so too. How were newsstand sales of the magazine that week?

Mr. Apple criticizes us, and me in particular, because "Schwed's verdict on the book's scientific validity had been buttressed by no expert witness: it was his alone. This despite the fact that Taller was writing about nutrition, an exceedingly complex subject in which he was without professional credentials." The exact opposite is the truth. Obviously I have no medical pretensions or qualifications, and would not dare to render a "verdict." But the book's editor knew that Dr. Taller was a gynecologist—a specialist in a field where nutrition and diet is of primary importance. He not only was an M.D. and a Diplomate—he was a contributor of articles about nutrition and diet to the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology.* Are these not professional credentials?



Incidentally, if Mr. Apple had really been interested in doing a balanced job of reporting, he had an opportunity to obtain further authoritative evidence supporting Dr. Taller's diet. At the close of Mr. Apple's interview with me, he was told that our lawyer had on file in his office (just two floors down from ours) a number of medical texts which agreed with aspects of the Taller theory, and a great many enthusiastic letters from reputable professional people, including dozens from doctors, some of whom were actually using the book successfully with their own obese patients. Mr. Apple said he was late for an appointment, and would come in at another time to see these. On several occasions during the next few days our lawyer attempted to telephone Mr. Apple to repeat the offer, but failed to reach him. After he finally was contacted, he displayed no interest in seeing the material.

An example of Mr. Apple's technique of slanted reporting is his quotation in the article of a letter written to Richard Grossman, the editor of the book, in Europe, by Miss Jill Kneerim, his secretary and assistant. It requests information about a possible commitment Mr. Grossman may have had to a Mr. Beirn (who was representing a producer of safflower oil capsules). The effect of the use of this letter taken from the record of the FDA proceeding is to leave open the question of whether such commitment existed. Had Mr. Apple been interested in doing an objective job of reporting, he could have reported that also introduced into testimony in the FDA proceeding was a reply letter from Mr. Grossman which clearly indicates that there was no such commitment; of course, this would not have supported Mr. Apple's "crusade."

I could continue to pick apart the details in Mr. Apple's article, but I have covered the points in it which disturb me particularly. I submit that the general tone of the article is so slanted and biased as to be reckless, to use one of Mr. Apple's own words. It slanders the good name both of my firm and myself, and I resent it deeply.

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Diversions in Dissent

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ON A shelf beside me are ten collections of essays, articles, book reviews—pieces that have appeared in magazines. Of the authors, five are known primarily as novelists, one as a poet, one as a literary critic; the other three are more or less professional commentators on social, political, and cultural matters. I am not going to review these ten books, most of which have been discussed in *SR*, two by me; I am merely going to consider them as constituting an interesting literary phenomenon. I cannot even claim to have read all of all of them, though I have read at least a few of the pieces in each.

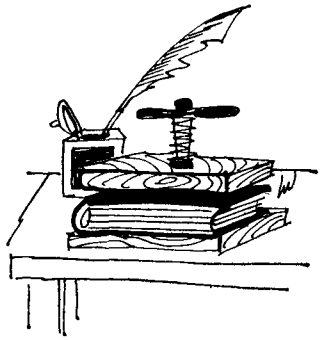
These books, to begin with, raise a question just because there are so many of them, all appearing within the space of a year. There was a time when a collection of magazine pieces was regarded as something that a publisher might undertake to keep one of his authors happy but not as something from which he could expect to make money. But apparently the situation has changed, for I understand that several of these volumes have sold well—rather better, I hear, than the general run of serious novels. There is an audience, it appears, for the opinions of a variety of literary figures.

It is also interesting that so many so-called creative writers feel a need to express themselves in the magazines. In the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth most novelists felt that they could say most of what they wanted to say in their novels; but today, with our stricter ideas of form, the novelist carefully avoids any kind of editorializing. Indeed, the typical novelist, as novelist, is likely to try to see what can be made of small, manageable subjects. If he has ideas, as he usually does, these find expression in his essays, which may deal boldly with the largest problems.

The titles of most of the books suggest that the authors are dissenters of one kind or another. Harvey Swados, for instance, calls his volume "A Radical's America," and Dwight Macdonald calls his "Against the American Grain." (Macdonald's previous collection was rather absurdly entitled "Memoirs of a Revolutionist.") Gore Vidal finds "Rocking the Boat" a suitable name for his assembled thoughts on politics, literature, and the theatre. Mary McCarthy has a beautifully simple and apt title, "On the Contrary," and Elizabeth Hardwick neatly parallels it with "A View of My Own." Herbert Gold and Randall Jarrell are sardonic, the one with "The Age of Happy Problems," the other with "A Sad Heart at the Supermarket." Richard Rovere only hints at the presence of heresy with "The American Establishment and Other Reports, Opinions, and Speculations," and Alfred Kazin's title, "Contemporaries," is completely neutral. Benjamin DeMott, who criticizes the status quo but also criticizes some critics of the status quo, suggest his double vision with "Hells and Benefits."

All of these writers, whatever their special preoccupations, are willing at times to practice the trade of literary critic. Rovere has essays on Orwell and Pound, and Macdonald has included his famous onslaught on James Gould Cozzens's "By Love Possessed" and other literary pieces. DeMott, who does a good deal of speculating about the future, does not neglect the future of the novel. And, of course, the belletrists talk about belles-lettres.

Nevertheless, it is equally true, as I have indicated, that all the litterateurs have something to say on social problems. Even Alfred Kazin, whose book is mostly devoted to literature, has a section called "The Puzzle of Society," which includes an article on President Kennedy. Gore Vidal, as a one-time candidate for Congress, has a vested interest in politics, and Harvey Swados, who worked for a considerable period of time in an automobile factory, has made himself an authority on the conditions of labor. Half of Mary McCarthy's book is occupied by the section she calls "Politics and the Social Scene," in which she discusses such topics as Gandhi, Communism, and civil liberties. Elizabeth Hardwick takes on David Riesman as well as Eugene O'Neill. Herbert Gold and Randall Jarrell portray and evaluate the way we live now.



As we have already gathered from the titles, none of the ten writers takes a complacent view of contemporary American civilization. Randall Jarrell summarizes the general feeling very well in a sentence he ascribes to an imaginary tourist: "Part of you is being starved to death, and the rest of you is being stuffed to death." Harvey Swados would point out that a good many million Americans are not being stuffed, but for many other millions this is indeed an age of abundance. The life of the mind, on the other hand, is not exactly flourishing.

THE writers make their complaints with various degrees of eloquence and with various kinds of emphasis. Some of the essays verge on arrogance, as if the authors had to assure themselves of their superiority. Others elevate personal preferences and prejudices to the estate of principles. Benjamin DeMott speaks of "a freshening of awareness that the opposite of high-fashion isn't necessarily nakedness or stupidity or rotary platitude," and that is just what some of our authors need. Their experience of American life is too narrow to warrant the scornful generalizations in which they indulge.

On the other hand, however, I think that, regarded as a phenomenon, the publication of these books is a good thing. I don't maintain that every single essay they contain deserves to be preserved between hard covers; on the contrary, I am afraid that many of them might well have been left to the oblivion of the magazines in which they originally appeared. But I am pleased to have the volumes on my shelves, for I know that from time to time I shall want to refer to this essay or that. And certainly it is a good thing that such essays are being written. The mass media being what they are, we cannot be reminded too often that there is such a thing as the life of the mind and that it has its rewards. Moreover, I am glad that so many creative writers are moved to speak out directly and specifically on other than literary problems, that they have a sense of social responsibility as well as a devotion to artistic integrity. And if their writings are finding an audience, as seems to be true, that is surely a hopeful sign that complacency, common as it may be, is not universal in America.

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Another Place for Folly

"Conflict in Space: A Pattern of War in a New Dimension," by M. N. Golovine *(St. Martin's Press. 146 pp. $4.50), assumes we may someday have a sky full of offensive and defensive orbiting weapons. John P. Hagen is associate director of the Office of Plans and Program Evaluation for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.*

By JOHN P. HAGEN

IN THIS short book M. N. Golovine has attempted the very difficult task of describing the status of present-day space programs and projecting into the future their possible military applications. Mr. Golovine states that his book "is not an attempt at prophecy, but merely the exposition and logical extrapolation of certain basic hypotheses." However, the extrapolation does amount to prophecy, and prophecy of a not-too-good sort. Almost without exception and usually without question, the assumptions of the over-eager salesmen of the "wild blue yonder" are accepted as *faits accomplis*. Unfortunately, the hustlers in this business are prone to promise, for the day after tomorrow, castles built on foundations they promise to build tomorrow. If it were not for the vast sums of money and large amount of precious technical talent consumed in the process, it would be amusing.

Surely, there is a place for "space" in the military scheme of things, but what that place is will only be determined after we have gone much farther down the road with satellite and space probe projects. Mr. Golovine identifies several military space applications, each of which involves the solution of some very difficult technical problems, and many of which are dependent on invention before they can become practical. The weakness of Mr. Golovine's approach is that he does not identify the problem to be solved, nor the possible approach to a solution; yet he assumes the solution.

The best example is the orbital bomber he discusses. One would think that, in order for a bomber to be of practical use, it should be possible to direct the missile to a chosen target in the shortest possible time. The author leaves entirely out of consideration the fact that nowhere in the whole field of astronautics is there a glimmer of any immediate means of making an orbital bomber practical.

The facts are that, once an object is placed in orbit, it is "locked" in that orbit about the center of the earth. It travels around in orbit at a speed dictated by nature. The earth turns under the orbit at a fixed rate. Tracing on the earth the suborbital point of an object in a satellite orbit would be much like wrapping a piece of yarn around a ball turning at a fixed rate. Because of the rate at which the earth turns on its axis, the successive turns would be separated by distances approximately 1,500 miles or more at the equator, depending upon the height of the object in orbit.

The satellite in orbit possesses great energy (note the tremendous amount of work done in putting it into orbit). To change the plane of the orbit (make the satellite change its direction) requires a large amount of additional energy. Where can this new energy come from? Only from rocket fuel carried by the satellite itself. To make a "bombardment" satellite feasible one would, therefore, have to assign a large fraction of the weight of the satellite to propellant. On top of this, since the required precision of motion is great, one would have to carry in the satellite a highly refined guidance and control system. After these fixed weights are allowed for, with our present means of propulsion there would be very little left for a warhead suitable for this kind of mission.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that, for offensive purposes, one could always do better by relying upon the established highly accurate, ground-launched missiles.

In Mr. Golovine's world the sky would be full of offensive weapons and of defensive reconnaissance-type satellites, and we and our opponents would be equipped with devices that could come upon these orbiting devices, inspect them, and destroy them if necessary. It is not too clear how all of these could be provided within the budgetary limitations that exist for us and probably exist for the Russians, nor is it clear how much of this work could be done within the bounds of today's technology or within any reasonable extrapolation of that technology.

Scattered throughout the book are discussions of the political aspect of the use of space weapons, and the strategy and tactics that might be used. Inferences are drawn that this reviewer does not feel competent to criticize but does find hard to believe. For example, Mr. Golovine thinks that a situation might well develop where we and some future opponent could "slug it out" in space, each shooting down the other fellow's orbiting devices, but neither resorting to warfare here on the earth. He likens this to the situation that prevailed during feudal times when the knights went out to combat representing their territories, carrying with them noncombatant serfs whose purpose was to keep the knight in readiness. Their

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counterparts today are the "technical serfs" who are to make all this missile-shooting and satellite-orbiting possible.

Although this book will reach a very small audience, it will be read with enthusiasm by those few who urgently propose an active military role for space and who understand the trade jargon employed by the author. People wishing to probe the thinking of the military space enthusiasts might also find the book of interest. But it will not impress the studious reader since it fails to arrive at its conclusions through any system of logical argument. "Conflict in Space" would have been a valuable addition had Mr. Golovine subjected his projects to critical review, and had he discussed in the book the technical problems that would have to be solved before these projects could be successful.

Eventually, development and invention will improve our rocketry, and perhaps at that time some of Mr. Golovine's predictions will come to pass.

How Soon the Moon?

"The Space Race: From Sputnik to Apollo . . . And Beyond," by Donald W. Cox *(Chilton. 393 pp. $6.95), asserts that we should start new industries on the moon and train more female astronauts so that we can colonize Venus and Mars. Hugh C. Wolfe is a physicist who worked in the Office of Scientific Research and Development in the Second World War. Subsequently he served as chairman of the Federation of American Scientists.*

By HUGH C. WOLFE

IN THIS rather badly written book, Donald W. Cox, an ardent propagandist for more spectacular exploits in space by the United States, traces the history of the American space effort in considerable detail and outlines the current program for the next few years. It is one of the virtues of his book that a very large number of men important at various stages in the evolution of our space program are quoted.

The author is convinced that the Russians are way out ahead in the space race; and, in all fairness, we must agree with him that they have developed rockets of larger thrust than any we have so far and have used them for a series of notable feats. But Dr. Cox goes overboard in minimizing American achievements. Quoting him: "Any objective evaluation of our major United States space accomplishments will find few reasons for pride and more for sorrow. The Soviets have launched far fewer satellites and probes, . . . significant mainly for their far greater weight and spectacular propaganda value, while ours have gathered far more scientific information."

President Eisenhower comes in for a good share of the blame because he did not realize the importance in the Cold War of raising American prestige through dramatic space coups. The author believes that these are of major diplomatic importance and ascribes our "propaganda defeat" at the Summit Meeting in Paris in 1960 largely to the fact that Eisenhower had "nothing to take in his hip pocket in the way of a space spectacular triumph" while Khrushchev was "riding a psychological crest with his orbiting Sputnik IV."

The author predicts that the launching of a Chinese earth satellite, no matter how small, "would provide Red China with the main lever to shoot her way into the U.N." Moreover, if we helped India to move into space for peaceful missions, it would, he says, "give Red China a reason to pause in its land-based aggression."

THE word "parochial" is a favorite term of disparagement in this book. The views of Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, president until recently of the National Academy of Sciences, "were heavily weighted toward the parochial scientific research aspects of space flight." "The parochial attitude" of Dr. Hugh Latimer Dryden, head of the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, had its roots in NACA's functions as a "conservative research organization that spent its time in such worthwhile but nonspectacular activities as wind tunnel testing." The author attributes to Eisenhower his own concern that public policy might become the captive of a scientific-technological elite and, with some lack of logic, quotes in substantiation the Presidential farewell address, in which we were warned to "guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence . . . by the military-industrial complex."

However, Dr. Cox's fear of the influence of scientists does not extend to those who favor a massive effort in the space race. On pages 45, 65, 76, and 114 he praises Dr. William Hayward Pickering, director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at the California Institute of Technology and president of the American Rocket Society, for a "let's-get-into-the-space-race" speech at the society's meeting in 1959, in which he "challenged the Administration's complacency." Dr. Pickering, the author suggests, should be part of a triumvirate to run the space program.

I hope the way astronomical numbers of dollars are thrown around is due simply to careless writing and editing. There is reference, for instance, to "a new sixty-one-billion-dollar Manned Space Craft Center. . . to take shape . . . outside Houston, Texas, where the astronauts would receive their training." And, although the Soviet commitment to rockets, satellites, launch crews, and ground support is properly described as modest compared with our investment, we read elsewhere in the book that the Soviet Union was "spending eight billion dollars in 1960 space research and development alone, compared to our much smaller percentage of our total budgetry figure spent in the same area."

Dr. Cox seems to mean it, however, when he talks about extrapolating the civilian space program budget from $500 million in 1960, $1 billion in 1961, $1.8 billion in 1962, and $3.8 billion in 1963 to a National Aeronautics and Space Administration budget of $32 billion in 1965 and $64 billion in 1966. This is just to get the reader prepared for the idea that NASA's annual expenditures between now and 1970 will average at least $5 billion, but might double or triple a total of $60 billion by 1970. Dr. Cox notes the desirability of planning this kind of multiplication of the space budget if we should agree on disarmament and cut back our military budget. His point that this would take care of the military industries that would be hardest hit is well taken.

It is with his plans for the future of space that Dr. Cox really gets into orbit. We should have a permanent manned base on the moon by 1968. We should land men on Venus by 1971. We must have more female astronauts so we can colonize Venus and Mars. The operational cost of commercial travel to the moon should be brought down to $900 per passenger. We should start new industries on the moon "based on the vacuum technique." Since life originally came out of the primeval ooze, man should be able to acclimatize his lungs and life-sustaining organs in a few generations to the rigors of the vacuum of space. And now, dear reader, you can take it from there.

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The Calm Before the Crisis

"Congo, My Country," by Patrice Lumumba, *translated from the French by Graham Heath (Prager. 195 pp. $5.95), written in 1957, tactfully tells the Belgians how the Congolese people felt at that time about colonial rule and what corrections needed to be made. Robert Massie, who met the murdered ruler, was formerly African affairs editor for Newsweek magazine.*

By ROBERT MASSIE

THIS is a book of extraordinary historical interest. Had it been published in 1957, when a young Stanleyville postal clerk named Patrice Lumumba first submitted it to a Brussels publisher, the history of a nation and an era might have been changed. It was not published because the publisher encouraged Lumumba to have a preface written by "some leading personality" to ensure that the book would not be banned. Lumumba never produced this endorsing preface, and thus this moderate blueprint for Belgian-Congolese amity and joint progress remained unread. The months passed, emotions built up, and in the frenzied summer days of 1960 the same tall, goateed Congolese who speaks here with such careful reason hurled his country and himself down the path of self-destruction.

In writing the book, Lumumba displays the diplomatic tact he so grievously lacked when he tried to rule his country. His purpose in these pages is to point out to the Belgians how the Congolese people, and especially the more advanced *evolués* of the civil service, felt about colonial rule and what corrections needed to be made. But never have criticisms been more respectfully phrased. Lumumba assures the Belgians that his purpose is "to collaborate with the Belgians whose task it is to civilize and industrialize the Congo." He lauds the Belgians on their "colonial mission" and expresses thanks for the Congo's salvation from the slaving expeditions of the "bloodthirsty Arabs." He wholly accepts the slow pace of Congolese political emancipation. He explains that he hopes to warn the Belgians of complaints among the Congolese in order to counter "wicked anti-Belgian propaganda" circulating among his people. "It is essential to avoid psychological and political errors which may make Jomo Kenyattas—leaders of revolt—out of Congolese university students," writes Patrice Lumumba.

Patrice Lumumba—a blueprint for amity.

Having made these almost extravagent bows to the Belgians, Lumumba proceeds to list his complaints. Most of them will seem very reasonable to Americans, although in the context of a colonial society they may have appeared presumptuous. Lumumba says that Africans are underpaid in the Congo; most can barely subsist on their wages. This is why there is so much theft and corruption among Congolese. (Two years later Lumumba himself was arrested for theft of postal funds.) He points out that the fair thing would be to pay equal wages to Belgians and Congolese who perform the same work. However, he adds, "As I wish to be conciliatory . . . the pay of a Congolese worker whose efficiency is equal to that of a European should not be less than three-quarters of the pay of a European."

Lumumba also asks for more Congolese participation in politics at local levels, although he quickly proposes that Belgian officials have vetoes on local council decisions. The day of universal suffrage, he says, must wait for universal literacy, and that day is "very distant." In succession, he criticizes inhumane prison conditions, the system of flogging Africans, the brutality, arrogance, and corruption of the African police, the six o'clock curfew clamped on Africans in cities, and the arbitrary dispossession of Africans from their land by whites.

Then, turning to lecture his own countrymen, he writes of the dangers of alcoholism, of the need for thrift, for education, for better treatment of wives by husbands, and for national unity. Repeatedly, he uses the word "maturity" in talking about the future of the Congo. What, he asks, would happen if the whites left the Congo today? "It would spell complete ruin. . . . The prerequisite for independence is an adequate political maturity and a real ability to administer the country."

The disastrous course of Congolese independence was set when Lumumba (and other Congolese leaders) tossed aside such responsible thinking and demanded immediate freedom and when the Belgians, who three years before might have banned this book, suddenly awarded that freedom. Neither the Congo nor Patrice Lumumba was ready for this much sudden power, and the descent into anarchy came quickly. Who knows what might have happened if the Belgians had recognized and encouraged this earlier Lumumba and listened to his warning pleas?

The book contains a helpful foreword by London *Observer* correspondent Colin Legum, who vividly describes the weeks of Lumumba's power and downfall. Discussing the book's moderate tone, Legum accurately observes that Lumumba's volume "is hardly likely to find its place on the shelves of the library of the Patrice Lumumba Friendship University in Moscow."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1010

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1010 will be found in the next issue.

XOXCK FCXMP MGOMHBX DH LBDXHBX NML DLLQXG YCRW M HXA MQGMBDPK RY DWMFDHMPDRH.

ERNH GXAXK.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1009

It is easy to be rich and not haughty; it is difficult to be poor and not grumble.

—CONFUCIUS.

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Time to Lead, Time to Grow

"Tom Mboya: Young Man of New Africa," by Alan Rake *(Doubleday. 264 pp. $4.50), sketches a mercurial personality marked by an "ultra-English, un-African reserve." Hugh Heyne Smythe, a specialist in Afro-Asian affairs, wrote "The New Nigerian Elite."*

By HUGH HEYNE SMYTHE

ALAN RAKE, a young journalist employed by South Africa's *Drum* magazine, has not written a biography; rather, he has used Tom Mboya as a device to review political developments and ancillary incidents in the British East Africa territory of Kenya. Nevertheless, against a background of stirring events he has managed to keep major actors center stage as he projects in scattered, repetitious fragments a portrait of a "young man in a hurry." Tom Mboya, to him, is a person of contrasts: insensitive to the feelings of others yet generous with his time and money; capable of moving masses to heights of emotional fervor but phlegmatic when alone; noted for self-discipline, yet guilty of letting his tongue run away with him. A person who can rise to the occasion, he is also subject to moments of indecision; intuitive about the poor, humble, and oppressed, he is callous in dealing with those who are his equals; big in moments of major crisis, he can under different circumstances be petty; aloof professionally, in social life he radiates charm, warmth, and humor. All this, and more, are couched within a personality marked by an "ultra-English, un-African reserve" that has inspired some to characterize him as a mind without a heart.

These personal qualities are revealed in uneven pattern through a story that sketches Mboya's birth, modest education as an average mission-school pupil, routine life as a Nairobi sanitation inspector, entry into trade union activity, overseas travel, association with Jomo Kenyatta, and political career. Along the way Mr. Rake gives a glimpse of Mboya's love life—his near-marriage to a white girl the year he studied at Oxford and his subsequent marriage in 1962 to an American-trained young Kenya woman. He tells how Mboya pleasures himself, and describes his

Tom Mboya—"a mind without a heart."

small, two-room home in the Nairobi ghetto location, which lacks toilet, sink, or running water.

Although the author employs to advantage a brisk journalistic style, he sometimes lets admiration for his subject overcome his objectivity. His assessments, moreover, are occasionally naïve and hasty. Speaking of the African's meeting with Vice President Richard M. Nixon, in Washington, D.C., Mr. Rake comments, "Mboya took warmly to him, in the way that he does to a person he knows is as good a man as he." He refers to William X. Scheinman, of the American Committee on Africa, who helped with the Kenya student airlift to the United States, as "wealthy" (he is only moderately well-to-do), as having a home that is a "vast mansion" (actually, a modest house in New Jersey); he calls Nkrumah and Mboya "the giants of Africa" (the latter is still nothing more than an ambitious young man). These and other exaggerations, as well as his inaccurate reporting about Mboya's American experiences, reflect the carelessness one encounters in the book.

Since Tom Mboya has been a name of some significance on the African scene for less than five years, Mr. Rake has had to fill his pages with much background material that made news yesterday. The uninitiated, however, will gain a measure of information about the personalities, tribalism, and Afro-European tensions enmeshed in Kenya's struggle to achieve freedom. What comes through is a picture of a man with the human failures common to us all, an individual without exceptional qualities whom historical circumstances fortuitously placed in the right place at the right time when his country was leaderless. Time is needed to prove his worth, staying power, and permanent niche. After all, in years Tom Mboya is only thirty-two.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FILL-UPS AND FILL-INS

Each of the words to be completed below is built around a three-letter word which is the name of some sort of container. Mrs. J. C. D. Oosterhout of Port Arthur, Texas, devised this one. Answers on page 49.

1.	__ __ __ CAN __ __ __	trickery
2.	__ __ __ VAT __ __ __	want
3.	__ __ TIN __ __ __ __ __	annihilation
4.	__ __ CUP __ __ __ __ __	recover
5.	__ __ URN __ __	diary
6.	__ __ __ TUB __ __ __ __ __ __	a bulge
7.	__ __ POT __ __ __ __ __	theory
8.	__ __ __ JUG __ __ __	to couple
9.	__ __ __ __ SAC __ __ __ __	business deal
10.	__ __ __ BIN __ __ __	forerunner
11.	__ __ __ HOD __ __	lily
12.	__ __ __ __ __ TUN __ __ __	unlucky

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The Noise Level Is Rising

AS WE left the office the other day we observed a young man on a delivery bicycle. He was navigating the vehicle with one hand on the steering gear. The other hand pressed a small transistor radio to his ear.

A few minutes later, at the corner of Madison Avenue, we paused briefly to observe some men at work putting in some underground cables. One of them was wearing a headband inside of which was a small radio set. On a small ledge was another radio, turned up full force. It had to be: It was competing with two pneumatic drills in full operation only a few yards away.

At the street crossing we waited while large trucks and buses thundered past. Then the traffic was halted in response to the hideous wailing siren and blast horn of a fire engine still several blocks away. When we arrived at the hotel for our meeting, someone's name was being paged over the amplifying system. Inside the elevator, a hidden loudspeaker told the passengers to face forward, announced the floors and the various services available at the hotel, and played screeching music between the blurbs.

The meeting we attended was in a fairly small room but a microphone and amplifier were used just the same. The volume was fully turned up. For more than two hours, the human voice took on the ferocity and impact of cannonballs fired point-blank at the human ear.

When the lunch break came we went into the hotel restaurant. Nondescript music was being piped into the room. In order to be heard above the music and the conversation from the other tables, the diners raised their own voices. Many of those who were talking to one another were speaking simultaneously.

That evening we were taken to dinner at a fairly well-celebrated emporium. We were almost felled by the sounds as we were escorted to our table. Three trumpets were firing directly into a microphone; the drummer seemed beset by fear that his presence might go undetected and he pounded away like a man possessed. Under these circumstances, giving the order to the waiter called for a full mobilization of the human sound apparatus.

The next morning, shortly after sunup, the riveting began in a new skyscraper being built across the way from the hotel. One short block away, a tall building was being torn down to make way for a taller one, and the brutal noise of the large swinging iron ball crashing into brick walls came through over the riveting. When it subsided, briefly, we were able to hear a thundering jet overhead, its iron heart pounding into the sky as it gained altitude over New York.

Shortly after we arrived at the office, the air-raid signals went on, screaming, screeching, piercing, and stayed on for at least five agonizing, brain-addling moments. (By this time people are so confused about air alerts that they haven't the slightest idea of how to tell the difference between a test and the real thing, or what to do if it is real. And so they sit through the shrill howling noise, trying to concentrate on the matter at hand.)

The next day, we went out to International Airport for a flight to the West Coast. The roar of the jets warming up or on the runway was bad but not nearly so bad as the sickly sweet, tinny background music inside the plane.

Whether or not they realize it, the American people are waging unremitting war against themselves. The weapons are tranquility-smashers and are fitted out with decibel warheads. They penetrate all known cranial barriers and invade the innermost core of an individual's privacy, impeding the processes of sequential thought, breaking down the sensibilities, and unhinging the capacity for serenity. The noise level is rising and the level of common sanity is falling.

Silence is not nothingness or the absence of sound. It is a prime condition for human serenity and the natural environment of contemplation. A life without regular periods of silence is a life without essential nourishment for both the spirit and the functioning intelligence. Silence offers the vital element of privacy, without which an individual becomes something less than himself, recognizable mainly by his own vapid mouthings and his twitchings.

People take on the characteristics of the things they value or desire. If they accept a high noise level they become noise-makers themselves. If they feel they cannot do without constant sound amplification, constant background music, constant bellowing and blustering, they create the conditions for their own diminution. More than anything else, they minimize thought. We can't escalate the decibels without shrinking the human mind.

We live at a time when thought alone represents the differences between safety and total madness. One of the prime requirements of such thought is privacy and a little silence, at least now and then. We will get it once we attach value to it. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SUPPORT FOR WHAT?

ROSCOE DRUMMOND is deserving of commendation for providing, in his article "Beyond the Cuban Crisis" [*SR*, Nov. 10], one more warning that recent events in Cuba may well be duplicated within any of the Latin American countries.

His argument regarding our support of the dictator or military junta is beyond question, but one wishes that he had developed a similar argument regarding the need for U.S. policy which will assure no greater support of "dictatorship of the right" than of "dictatorship of the left."

I would disagree with the Latin American quoted by Mr. Drummond as maintaining that "the poor want subversion." The poor want liberation from a corrupt oligarchy that has oppressed and enslaved for a good many years, and will continue to oppress and enslave until intervention replaces "our so-called even-handed treatment which has accomplished very little since the Punta del Este ceremony. . . ."

Just as neutrality has become a painful myth, it seems equally mythical to pretend that we can support stable (but corrupt) regimes while arguing for democratic methods at the same instant, yet this comes perilously close to the actuality of the present "momentous and unwavering struggle" of which Mr. Drummond speaks.

Let us hope for the moral courage to risk "intervention" of the type Mr. Drummond describes, in order to really gain the "Thank God" from a vast majority of the South American people.

R. DONALD REED.

Silver Spring, Md.

LAST BEST HOPE

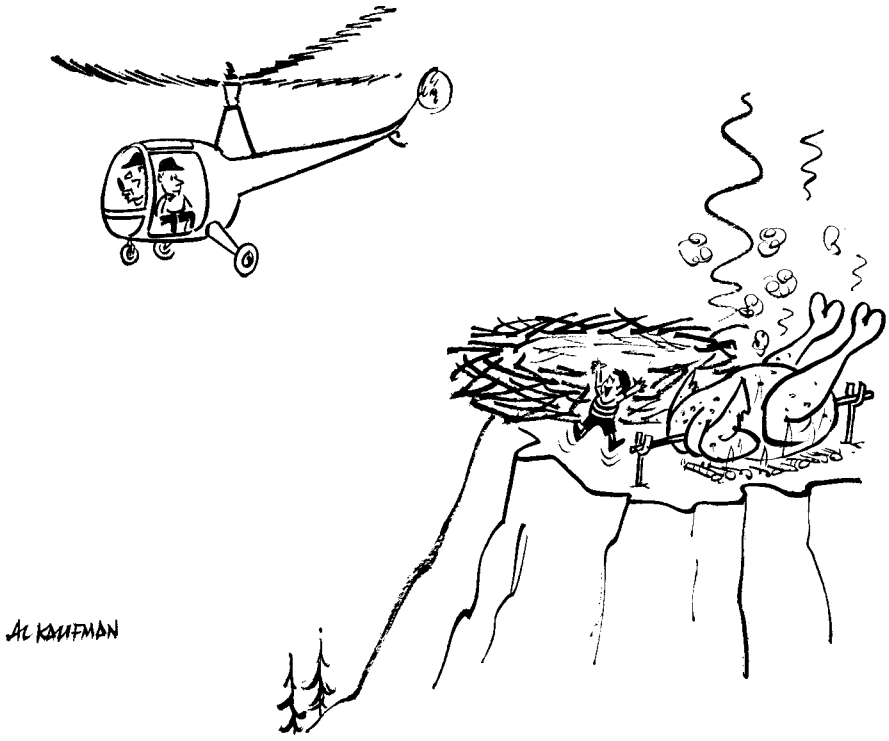
Saturday Review is to be commended for its willingness to discuss moral issues and moral responsibility in their vital relationship to maintaining the peace of the world. Realism in international relations cannot exclude moral principles and human values.

We should concentrate a little less on "images" and a little more on reality, since it is the reality of what we are by which we are judged abroad. We think of ourselves as being noble and generous. We are puzzled and hurt when recipients of our bounty do not seem to respect us. In all international—as in interpersonal—relations respect begets respect and arrogance produces frustration and resentment. It is indicative of our lack of respect for others and of our arrogance that we increasingly speak and act in disregard of the involvement of all nations in everything we do.

Most of the nations of the world must be experiencing a terrible sense of frustration that there is so much pressure on the administration to bypass the U.N. and play unilateral power politics in Cuba and Berlin. We must be continuously reminded, as we are in *SR*, that this is the nuclear age; that mankind, as never before, shares a common destiny; and that the U.N. is man's last best hope for preserving the peace.

ELIZABETH S. FRENCH.

Bethesda, Md.



"We've located that kid who was carried off by the eagle."

TRIBESMEN IN AMERICA

IT IS LUCKY that Horace Sutton didn't come in person along with his stories on the Masai [*SR*, Nov. 17], or he would have found himself fallen on with a fervent embrace and many thanks.

I learned Masai before I learned English, and sometimes I think I should have known when I was well off. My mother and father were missionaries there until just a few years ago, so we five children more or less have black hearts under our white skins. More than once someone has offered my father cattle in return for my teen-age sister as a bride.

I wish, however, that Mr. Sutton had not left the impression that the Masai are only the colorful curiosities he described. Government officials prized a Masai clerk (when they could even get one) above any other tribesman, for his aptitude. For many years the only native physician, and one highly respected within his profession, has been Dr. Jason Lekimani, a Masai.

Just recently some Masai have come into contact with our own form of uncivilized barbarity here in this country. Writes my brother, a physician now working for the Tanganyika Government with the Masai:

"Chief Edward Mbarnoti and two other Masai just returned from a few months in the U.S., including some time at the King Ranch studying U.S. ranching techniques, and one day in Houston. Unfortunately, they lost your address. Instead, they spent the day trying, unsuccessfully, to get relief for their homesickness by seeing 'Hatari.' But not one of the nine moviehouses it was showing in that day would let them in. They were the wrong color."

MRS. R. E. WILCOX.

Houston, Tex.

SOCIAL SERENITY

IN NEIL MORGAN'S excellent piece, "The Great Westward Tilt" [*SR*, Oct. 20], he says "no settlement house exists in the West." Actually, there are fifty-five settlement houses on the West Coast, including two in his home city of San Diego.

Maybe this is one of the reasons for the comparative social serenity he reports.

RICHARD D. PETERS, President,
National Federation of Settlements
and Neighborhood Centers.

New York, N.Y.

FLASHBACK

I AM PUZZLED by Granville Hicks's attitude toward the utopian novel, as revealed in his review of Chad Walsh's "From Utopia to Nightmare" [*SR*, Nov. 24]. In his final paragraph he calls these books "frivolous" and states that "we can let the future take care of itself." These would be valid statements if the novels were, in intent, dealing with the future. I believe, however, that most utopian or anti-utopian novels are more concerned with current errors, despite their placement of the story in the future. . . .

DOROTHY E. WYNNE.

Washington, D.C.

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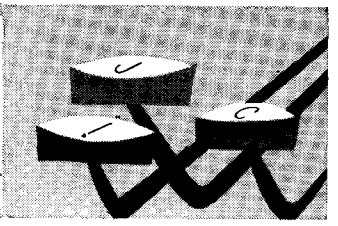
Manner of Speaking



THE AIR AGE: I have been riding the lecture circuit for years now, air-lifting around the country at happy random. As part of a madness left over from my days in the, then, Army Air Corps, I like banging around in airplanes. Whatever neurosis it is that finds pleasure in consuming distances half-meaninglessly, it is so deeply ingrained in the national psyche that it might almost be unpatriotic to apologize for it and I shall not: let me brush it aside as a minor addiction. If nothing else, an airplane is a good place in which to watch the cloud tops drift by, and cloud tops are somehow an invitation to self-rewarding reverie. Whatever the truth of the case, I have generally been happy to grab the next plane to wherever.

A few months back, however, a genial but demoniacally efficient lecture agent named Harry Walker pointed out to me that my kind of random was wasteful and persuaded me to sign on for something he called—rather impressively, I thought—a fall and spring "Tour," promising thereby to make me the richest poet on my block, whereby I should be free to sit at my desk for the remaining ten months of the year.

It seemed a happy arrangement. Congenitally, I dislike working for money. Work is too important a thing to give away for cash. Work is what I do lovingly at my desk for pennies an hour, in something like the same passion in which another man plays golf. Skylarking around the airlines, on the other hand, is a kind of fun at which a man can pick up a tax problem almost as a joke on the economy and in exchange for nothing more than surplus gab. Considering, moreover, that half my friends and all my family have been trying for years to get me to shut up, it seems almost a sweet revenge to be overpaid for just talking.

Harry Walker's Fall Tour turned out to be thirty-five lectures in thirty-five days. In the course of it, I boarded exactly *forty-one airplanes* between Boston and Los Angeles. I found myself in the Dallas airport five times, at the Minneapolis Airport six times, and at Chicago's O'Hare nine times. As nearly as I can estimate my earlier jaunts this year, I have boarded more than ninety airplanes, and that total, I submit, gives some sort of painful authority to my impressions. For whatever they may be worth before I go back into my hermitage for a while, I conclude, first, that the Air Age is here to stay, and, second, that it is poorly adapted to such deficient mechanisms as mere people.

I also conclude that it is all but impossible to design an airport that is not obsolete or obsolescent by the time it has been built.

The first phenomenon to overwhelm mere people in our big-city airports (once the people have taken the hour-long ride out in the limousine) is distance. Practically all of the major airports now have to offer bus service from one airline to another, but that much can be let pass as a matter of course. The appalling distance in these days when our airports send out their spider arms farther and farther is the distance from the weighing-in station to the boarding gate, a distance which is no longer a matter of yards but of mileage. You no longer walk out to your boarding gate: you hike.

Dallas's Love Field was wisely designed with moving sidewalks for part of the pilgrimage from the ticket counters to the far-flung ends of those spider arms, but O'Hare, a much larger spider, leaves it all to your hiking gear. As nearly as I could count paces, your hike may be something very like a half-mile from United's weighing-in stations to the farthest boarding gate. A half-mile, to be sure, is not an unwalkable distance: stretch your legs and go. But with packages it can be something of a nuisance. For the elderly it becomes a matter of wheelchairs. And for young mothers with a babe in arms, a toddler at the hem, and two rucksacks of baby equipment, it can be a trial. All such, of course, are people-trials and, as such, are half foreign to those cavernous corridors to the future. Yet trials they are, and I am happy to note that Continental Airlines at O'Hare now offers courtesy-car service to your plane: you board a limousine in front of the terminal and are driven out to the ramp.

Eero Saarinen's swooping TWA building at Idlewild was, as I understand it, originally designed with the idea of eliminating those lengthening hikes. Instead of boarding gates, Saarinen planned mobile lounges. Passengers were to check into a waiting-room-on-wheels and be driven to the plane when the flight was announced. For whatever reasons later developed, that idea was abandoned, and Idlewild's TWA passengers may hike along with the healthy. The new Washington, D.C., airport, just recently dedicated, will offer just such mobile lounges, as I understand it, and certainly such a service will become inevitable at all major airports within a few years. By that time, I suppose, the bus-lounges will start to yield to helicopter-lounges in which passengers *fly* out to their airplanes. And by that time, perhaps, the air age will have begun to catch up with itself, at least to the extent that you could enter your helicopter-boarding-gate in, say, downtown Chicago, check in there, and be flown directly to your plane; returning in the same way by passing from plane to helicopter instead of into the terminal, and being then flown to town to collect your baggage and go your way.

Perhaps by that time, too, the airport architects will have recovered from their insane addiction to the idea that great glass walls can enclose a human environment. I can understand that all those ramps with their coming and going of monstrously beautiful machines invite the idea of a picture window, especially at night when an airport becomes some sort of Mars-scape of mysteriously colored lights on the ground, below blinkers and floodlights on dark shapes coming and going.

IN the daytime, however, the sun is sometimes known to shine. And when it begins to beat down on some of those bright inhuman walls, no amount of tinting is enough to mitigate the Dutch oven effect. I have spent my mortal quota of hours while awaiting flights trying to read in such glass houses and being driven to pace mindlessly on the benchless dark-side or to try to read standing up. As a result of bitter reflection I hereby recommend to Congress enactment of a law to the effect that any architect who designs for a public building a glass wall that faces into the sun in any of the sun's position's, shall be sentenced to stand, sit, kneel, or just lie down and pant in front of that wall for as many hours of the day as the sun shall be in position to shine through it, and that his sentence shall not be remitted until he redesigns his building to specifications that include a range of temperatures within which beings may hope to survive, and an atmosphere certified by the American Medical Association to be fit for human inhalation.

If nothing else, let them smash their windows and board them over. People that live in such glass houses *have* to throw stones. It becomes a matter of survival. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Tales from Palermo to Tuscany

"Two Stories and a Memory," by Giuseppe di Lampedusa, *translated from the Italian by Archibald Colquhoun (Pantheon. 189 pp. $3.95), preserves the few prose fragments left by the late author of "The Leopard." Thomas G. Bergin, professor of Italian at Yale, has been reviewing Italian novels for about thirty years.*

By THOMAS G. BERGIN

AS THE title suggests, "Two Stories and a Memory" is a mixed lot—a kind of grab bag. One could say, uncharitably, that it represents an effort to pad out to book size the few fragments of prose the author of the unforgettable "The Leopard" left behind him and so make their publication commercially viable. And, in truth, publishers must live; therefore one cannot entirely discard the hypothesis.

Yet it would be hardly fair to leave it at that; the Lampedusan fragments, if not large-size nuggets, are yet genuine and well worth the price of the book, and the other items are something more than mere padding. Let us leave aside the ways of publishers and examine the contents of their package.

"The Professor and the Mermaid" (to begin with the creative items in the books) is a short story that may be further defined as a kind of fable for our times. The mermaid is pagan, seductive, and immortal, as mermaids should be; she is also a symbol, and the moral of her light-hearted affair with the young classical scholar suggests that our times have lost, in the pursuit of a shabby sentimentalism, the clean, healthy life of instinct.

As a fable, this is not very original nor very convincing; through its Nietzshean overtones it reveals its own motif of decadent romanticism to be hardly more appealing than the empty idealism it attacks. Nor is the story as such particularly gripping; we know the end before it begins, and can guess pretty accurately at the details. Just the same, the tale merits reading for the sake of the portrait of the "hero," who is, when we meet him, an old, austere, proud, well-lettered, and engaging Sicilian. It is his character that is the unifying key to the book, at least so far as the contributions of the author are concerned. It is a Sicilian book, and Sicily is at the heart of it—a Sicily, to be sure, of long ago, seen through a filter at once nostalgic and astringent, but a true Sicily just the same. This strange country, embellished with memory and refined with irony, is the native land of "The Leopard" we know.

I find the pages of childhood reminiscence, "Places of My Infancy," the most affecting and the best written of the book. Here is the old town house "Casa Lampedusa" (which the author, in reverse snobbery, refuses to call a "palazzo") as it once stood in all its multi-cameral glory, on a "secluded street." It eves the world indifferently through a "façade of no architectural merit," but it is vast, comfortable, and full of shrines, such as the great ballroom and "my mother's boudoir." And, if the Americans destroyed it in the Forties of the twentieth century, the author remembers that in his childhood it still bore the scars of the Neapolitan-Sicilian war of 1848.

Magnificently evocative, too, of an age that has passed is the description of the country house in Santa Margherita, which in those days was a full day's journey from Palermo; the details of the trip are recalled in all their elegant discomfort in a few poetic pages. Not for nothing are we reminded that Lampedusa was a faithful reader of Proust.

Sicily, in sad truth and savage caricature, is also the real theme of "The Blind Kittens," the first and only chapter of a projected novel. It should have been a good novel, too; but as the chapter stands it suggests comparison with certain short stories of Verga—and is not quite up to them.

E. M. Forster's foreword, which he calls "a meditation rather than an introduction," is, as one would expect, delightful and honest. He admits that the present work is not "another masterpiece . . . Leopards do not grow on every bush." Yet his affectionate regard for the author is gently defended; he thinks especially well of "The Mermaid," for his own reasons.

Archibald Colquhoun, the able translator, supplies an informative note which all admirers of Lampedusa will be glad to have. But I wish Colquhoun had not written the phrase, "a couple more lucrative marriages"—it's not the kind of untidy English one finds in his translations.

Admirers of "The Leopard," so long

The Five Who Tell These Tales

Lampedusa

Pratolini

Rosso

Ottieri

Silone

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as they don't expect another Leopard, will be very pleased with this book. I think it has enough vitality to stand on its own feet, and to lead the uninitiated to "The Leopard."

MAN'S CONDITION: In the preface to Harvey Fergusson II's excellent translation of the revised **"Bread and Wine"** (Atheneum, $5) Ignazio Silone explains the main reason that compelled him to give a different shape to his old novel. First of all, he wanted to suppress passages that were too topical and belonged therefore to a bygone era. Secondly, he felt that his work, coming "out of the fullness of my heart just after the Fascist occupation of Ethiopia and during the Purge Trials in Moscow," was over-emotional. The author was too affected by the passivity of most liberals before the shameful events in Africa, and too horrified by the Stalinist terror, which he defined at the time as "red Fascism." In this state of mind he was prone to "exaggeration, sarcasm, and melodrama." Although he does not mention Joyce, Silone seems tacitly to agree with him and to put the epic and dramatic modes of fiction far above the lyrical one. Thus the lyrical and the sentimental elements of a self-projection are sacrificed in the new version. And, finally, armed now with a long experience of literary craft, Silone wanted to correct stylistic defects of a novel written a quarter of a century ago. Hence the pruning of the narrative, the elimination of theatrical, inflated features and external descriptions, and the striving for simplicity and directness. Only what helps one understand the inner life of the characters should be left in an exposition, says Silone with his usual integrity. Esthetic considerations and the sense of the writer's moral responsibility guided him in his task of revision.

What results is a more streamlined narrative, freed from secondary incidents and subplots, a division of the book into twenty-nine compact chapters instead of twelve long ones, a more carefully planned structure, and a more direct presentation of the process that led the hero from errors to a glimmer of wisdom.

One may regret that the author weeded out such racy episodes as the story of the poor Monster, who for a few liras attacks foreign girls in the parks of Rome, and of his accomplice, who gallantly comes to their rescue; or that he deleted such touching scenes as Don Benedetto's death and Uliva's suicidal explosion—but it is quite obvious that Silone made these omissions because he is now condemning the coarseness of the grotesque and sees how close pathos is to bathos. On the other hand, Silone has added new pages to throw light on the inner struggles of his hero and to make him more real, more down to earth. Pietro Spina, the autobiographical revolutionary who comes to Italy to organize clandestine, anti-Fascist cells, meets, while in hiding, Margherita, a peasant girl, and makes love to her—and this new chapter is refreshing and attractive.

For the most part, Silone resorted in 1937 to lengthy explanations of Spina's doubts and hesitations; now they are represented through dialogue and action. In 1937 Spina's allegiance to the Communist Party was only alluded to; in 1962 it is frankly spelled out. And the main inner conflict between the reality of life and the abstractness of an accepted dogma is now rendered in a more concrete fashion.

Two stirring scenes are added to the description of Spina's adventures in Rome: an unknown nun talks to him in the church and, guessing his sadness, tries to give him courage; and he meets Battipaglia, the Party regional secretary, who wants him to approve the resolution of the Russian Communist majority against Bulharin. Spina rejects it and is in danger of being dubbed a heretic.

The religious sources of Spina's revolutionary activity are more evident in the new version. Uliva, the little violinist who asks Spina (in a memorable conversation) why all revolutions begin by liberating the people but end by enslaving them, remembers how his friend dreamt of making a Soviet out of his native Valley of Fucino and of nominating Jesus as its president: after all, was He not the son of a carpenter from Nazareth?

In its present form "Bread and Wine" is undoubtedly a better book—more incisive and dramatic. Although its original anger and bitterness have been toned down, it has lost none of its forcefulness and spiritual ardor. Like all works written on many levels and summing up a genuine human experience in an expressive, artistic diction, "Bread and Wine" seems as fresh and absorbing today as it did when first published, on the eve of World War II. Its theme—like that of the German *Bildungsroman* — is that of individual enlightenment, of the search for self-identification and for truth. Pietro Spina is shown in the process of moral growth, and he comes to understand the value of bread and wine—the symbols of basic food and of the brotherhood of men, of religious communion, and of social justice. Thus he renounces the tenets of a doctrine and chooses the living lesson of suffering and love. Neither time nor revision has altered the fundamental human quality of this unique novel, which remains not only an authentic picture of man's condition but also a poetic vision of his aspirations.

—Marc Slonim.

PLIGHT OF THE POOR LAND: Sociological writing on Southern Italy tends to fall into three categories: those works that dramatize the social and economic plight of the poor land, those that probe one small facet of the effort to raise living standards, and those that essay a wider understanding of the people themselves. Ottiero Ottieri's **"The Men at the Gate,"** translated by I. M. Rawson (Houghton Mifflin, $4), falls into the second category; the author is an industrial psychologist who was engaged as personnel director of an experimental factory opened by Olivetti just north of Naples. The book, a sociological analysis thinly disguised as fiction, examines the problems that faced the author in his task of hiring workers for the firm. Among a quantity of good fictional reportage on Italy, Dr. Ottieri's novel stands out for the seriousness of its intentions and for the sociological reflections, which bring to mind the works of Ignazio Silone. Though "The Men at the Gate" lacks the significance and power of observation of Silone's "Bread and Wine," it succeeds in illuminating the tragic quality of life in Southern Italy.

The factory the author describes was built in the midst of a vast bog of unemployment. The project was an idealistic one, for this is an area of great stagnation, of occasional cholera outbreaks, of hungry existence for the population, of villages seething with political unrest. The factory was clean and well lit and provided the workers with all kinds of amenities; but it was an oasis of enlightened modernity that mocked its sordid surroundings.

Of the thousands of applicants who besieged the factory, 400 were selected by Dr. Ottieri. In choosing this small percentage he used intelligence tests, personal interviews, and his own intuition. He was constantly confronted with desperate appeals for work that he could not grant. A multitude of the rejected haunted the factory for months; and their desperation led to repeated suicide attempts, acts of violence, threatening letters, rumors of graft and corruption in the personnel office, and denunciations of the intelligence tests that decided their fate.

Dr. Ottieri's novel is written with a delicate quality of observation that gives its many vignettes a sense of underlying tragedy. Yet, what makes the book significant is the author's plea to his countrymen for tolerance and understanding of Southern Italy. He

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invites them to accompany the "colonial administrators" from the North, "to discover unknown gold" among the fishermen without boats and the peasants without land. It is the intelligent and educated Italians whom he seeks to convince that "the man of the South is not different from others."

Thus, almost, might an anthropologist have written about tribal Africa, or a European sociologist about the life of the Indian ryot. A century after Italian unification, the South is to the rest of the country a neglected, backward, alien dependency. Only recently has the public conscience been stirred into action. Apart from the various projects of the Fund of the South, private industry is venturing gingerly into the unknown land and making surprising discoveries, of which the Olivetti experiment is an example.

Few Italians are likely to contribute to this awakening of the public conscience with more devastating impact than Dr. Ottieri. He has written a tragic and moving study of a human problem, without rhetoric and without any easy, superficial appeals to the emotions. Excellent as a factual novel of industrial development in Southern Italy, "The Men at the Gate" has the rarer quality of rendering the Southern Italians for what they are: men seeking economic security and human dignity in a world that offers them little sympathy or hope. "The Men at the Gate" is a work of fiction, but it has a compelling ring of actuality that will make it endure in the literature of reform.

—Gabriel Gersh.

FATHER TO THE MAN: A scene erotic, a scene exotic, a scene psychotic—these are the visions of life summoned up by the young Italian writer Renzo Rosso, in three long stories collected under the title **"A Distant Summer"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). The most successful is the title story, which deals with the casual, voluptuous encirclement of a seventeen-year-old boy by a dreamily beautiful married woman who, before the boy's eyes, shockingly turns from ethereal to earthy in a lusty liaison with a transient at a summer hotel. The other two tales—"The Bait," an account of the fascination of a shy and uncertain boy with a Communist *bravo,* and "A Brief Trip Into the Heart of Germany," which tells of a visit to a former Nazi war criminal—are less effective, because their themes are less clear and compelling. Indeed, at times they seem more like inchoate novels than finished stories. But, like "A Distant Summer," they testify to the skill and facility of this talented author.

It is clear that Renzo Rosso has insight into the workings of the mind: without obviousness or exaggeration he occasionally weaves together conscious act and subconscious motivation with real brilliance. He knows that the child is father to the man, and he uses that knowledge to illuminate the character of the protagonist in "The Bait," who "grew up with a deeply ingrained sense of unfathomable absence . . . forced through no fault of his own to put off forever . . . the hard and painful operation of grafting into his consciousness the reality of a father." Then, too, Rosso is an observant writer with considerable descriptive power, as in the account of the loose, full-figured Venus of "A Distant Summer." And he knows how to enlist in his cause the simple, telling metaphor: "Her eyelashes [were] like restless insects on his skin," he remarks in a moving moment in "The Bait."

After reading "A Distant Summer" one is left, if not entirely satisfied, at least very hopeful. The dissatisfaction comes largely from the very nature of the book; three stories, related only in the broadest sense, cannot give the deeper pleasure transmitted by more sustained narrative. There is a further danger that Rosso will sink into obscurantism or sensationalism (such tendencies appear in "A Brief Trip"). Sometimes his dialogue is curiously stilted and unreal—not at all, for example, like the dialogue of Ivy Compton-Burnett, which is stilted but very real indeed. From the evidence here, there is reason to hope that this writer has in his arsenal much of the weaponry he needs to produce a mature, full-length novel.

Two of these stories have appeared in Italy's best literary magazine, *Botteghe Oscure.* The present translation by Archibald Colquhoun, who did such a marvelous job with "The Leopard," is impeccable.

—Walter Guzzardi, Jr.

DEATH AND EXPIATION: Not a new work, nor exactly "a novel" as the dust jacket announces, **"Two Brothers"** (Orion, $3.95) was originally published just after the war as *"Cronaca Familiare"* ("A Family Tale"). In the same year (1947) the author, Vasco Pratolini, published his best and best-known novel, *"Cronache di Poveri Amanti"* ("Tales of Poor Lovers"). The similarity and the differences between the two are telling. For, as Sergio Pacifici remarked in an excellent chapter on Pratolini in his recent "Guide to Contemporary Italian Literature," the novelist has become one of the half dozen leading writers of fiction in Italy today through "expanding from the restricted 'frame' of family life"—which is exactly the frame of "Two Brothers"—"into a vast interpretation of Italian life."

"Two Brothers" is a short autobiographical memoir of Pratolini's relationship with his younger brother, Ferruccio (the book is in fact addressed to Ferruccio), and the relationship of both with their grandmother and mother and with Ferruccio's adoptive parents at certain meaningful and vivid moments between 1918 and 1945. It is probably factual; but through its uncluttered lyricism of tone and feelings and its steady sense of the tears in things, the pathos of sheer mortality, it rises toward that broader significance that mere fact can only suggest. More-

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over, its Tuscan purity of style is excellently rendered by the translator, Barbara Kennedy.

Death punctuates this little story, not psychological or metaphysical death, but the flesh's fatal weaknessses and the body's extinction. We begin with the death of the mother, a housemaid, three weeks after Ferruccio's birth and as a result of it; whereupon Ferruccio is adopted and brought up by a well-to-do couple of higher social position, overseers of the Tuscan estate of a wealthy English baron. The turning point, years later, is the death of the stalwart old grandmother, also a servant, in an Old People's Home. Out of their common affection for her the long-estranged brothers have come together. And the final pages deal, at somewhat harrowing length, with Ferruccio's painful death at the age of twenty-six in a Roman hospital, of an undiagnosed intestinal disease. Between death and death, the two brothers lose and find one another and are again separated, to be reunited finally in and by the older one's imagination.

Pratolini says in a forenote that "Two Brothers" is a work of expiation, written out of his regret "that he but faintly, and too late, divined his brother's nature." I myself have yet to divine that nature fully; it seems to be a disturbed and wistful ghost, capable of modest heroism but charged with stifled and undefined aspirations. What one can perceive, though faintly, is a parable of environment and its effect upon character and especially upon the would-be communion between persons—a theme Pratolini, here as elsewhere, handles with delicate insistence and great comprehension. "You had an exaggerated and misguided respect for the educated, privileged classes," Pratolini tells his brother. "You lived in a kind of moral prison." —R. W. B. Lewis.

POETRY QUARTERLY

To Each Man His Own Muse

By ROBERT PACK, *the author of "Guarded by Women."*

THERE is a lot of talk about simplicity of style these days, as if it were the easiest (if not the only) way of achieving honesty in writing poetry. As always, such criticism is the result of fear or snobbism that needs, for its own self-esteem and aggrandizement, to reduce poetry to one thing, to pronounce negative judgment on all poetry that does not conform to certain limitations.

There is no limit to how a poem may sound, or what it may be about. The proper questions are: *when* is stylistic or linguistic simplicity appropriate, and when is rhetoric — high-flown and hopped-up language — appropriate? When is a strict, symmetrical form appropriate, and when an irregular, open form? (Let us avoid calling an irregular form "free": no good poem has a "free" form, and the word is drowned in misleading overtones.) When we must ask such questions, let us beware of generalizations. They rarely work. It is better that we ask about a particular poet, or, better still, a particular poem.

Winfield Townley Scott (**"Collected Poems 1937-1962,"** Macmillan, $7.50) is a poet who uses essentially simple, almost-as-if-it-were-prose language:

> Beyond grown taller pines there's the same house.
> Below the house the pond, shrunken by drought,
> Is pocked with red and yellow leaves.

Richard Eberhart in his **"Collected Verse Plays"** (University of North Carolina Press, $5) uses a more elaborate, often outrageous, "fantastical" language:

> This knotted animal, this freight of growth,
> This ego hit between the eyes with love
> From the mere look and propagation of the air,
> This spirit in a world of worsening spirit
> Is face to face with brazen violence,
> His blood cut off from the roots, his blood dying,
> His anger engendered and his whole force engaged
> And we should hail him the modern man of wrath
> Who in creative ecstasy is come
> To purge the world and make us see again.

Given their gifts and their intentions, both are absolutely right. Both have written rich, true books. Scott's is marked by an easygoing sense of what is satisfying in the physical world and by a strong love of human excellence. Eberhart's group of plays, which in many ways are really one play, is a masterpiece of comic extravagance, of prestidigitation; the collection is an avalanche of ideas, a Fourth of July of images and round rhetoric. It has in it, rolled together, Shaw, Pirandello, and Wallace Stevens. And, in **"The Jacob's Ladder"** (New Directions, paperback, $1.55), Denise Levertov's language (no less fitting for her intentions than the others), is colloquial yet quietly eloquent, more melodious than Scott, less exalted than Eberhart.

Scott is at heart a narrative poet, though several of the poems here are lyrics and descriptive pieces. His strongest poems seem to come from an impulse to tell a story or to present a character. The autobiographical source of many of these poems become objectified in scenes or situations, in tales, in episodes, so that the poet's sensibility rather than the poet himself shows forth. In his narrative strength he is like Robinson and Frost, and it is here that his simplicity is most appropriate, most effective; for, were he to draw attention to the language itself, were he to move and excite us with rhythms and images, the unfolding of the details that constitute his "story" would be too slow; their primary importance would be obscured. Image and rhythm are used, rather, to support the movement of the narrative as if nothing stood between the storyteller and the presentation of his character:

> Let us not begrudge Mr. Whittier his white beard, his saintliness, his other foibles;
> Let us remember him when he was young, not to begrudge his rise
> As a goddam Abolitionist hated not only in the South,
> Hated by manufacturers, politicians, the neighbors, our folk, all
> Who hate the outspoken radical and know a safer way.

Although it is essentially true, I believe, that Scott prefers (or is better at) portraying character through action and detail to expressing feelings through images, nevertheless these two approaches sometimes come together with marvel-

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ous effect. For example, I know of no stronger poem to come out of the last war than "The U.S. Sailor with the Japanese Skull," a poem that maintains perfectly its exquisitely painful balance between a tone that is flatly factual ("Bald-bare, bone-bare, and ivory yellow: skull") and ironic ("Carried by a thus two-headed U.S. sailor"). And, all the while, images that are obviously and merely brutal are gathering to reveal a brutality that is beyond physical description.

Unlike Eberhart and Levertov, there is nothing mystical about Scott, nor is "the mysterious" one of his main themes. He is not rhapsodic or romantic, and he does not fall into the modern substitute for romanticism — excessive cynicism and a love for the perverted and grotesque. He concerns himself with what is most palpable, most near; and it is his sense of pain that moves deepest. We do not find him, as we do Levertov, in the presence of holy forces when he beholds pain; and yet it is a dignified sense of pain. He sees pain that degrades and destroys; but, more often, he dwells on those who endure or survive it, as in "The Mother."

Bowed down she turned but, halfway
up the stairs,
Broke over—fingers, gray head, on the
banister.
She cried out: "Everyone I met today
Had someone to take care of them
but me.
Everyone wishing me a Merry
Christmas,
Then I come home to this dark and
empty house.
Aren't you two children grown
enough by now
To know what it's been to bring you
up alone,
Earn every cent it took? And you
don't give
A damn to be with me on Christmas
Eve."
And we stood frightened there,
seeing her cry
For the first time: deserted, shamed
to be
Shamed by having not known what
we did,
And seared by shame and pity then
we cried
For the first time since we were
children, and
She hurried down to us and put her
hands
On both our shoulders and said "Oh,
my dear boys!
What did I do wrong to hurt you so!"

At a time when most people have no concern for poetry at all; at a time when many people are distracted by the antics and publicity seeking of bad poets; at a time when critics and poets both are arguing ideologies and worrying about movements, what's in and what's out—strangely, at this time, poetry is flourishing more richly than at any other time in America.

Perhaps it is so that times of stress tend to produce the truest art: the Ireland of Yeats, Joyce, Synge, O'Casey being the best example. But stress is universal today; there is only the most tentative hope that our world won't end or that human values won't be destroyed by automation, mass communications, too many people, the complexity of social organizations; and poets now are singing truly as they always have wherever men have suffered and felt their values threatened. The problem today is the loss of an audience: the educated public is misled and confused about what to expect from a poem, and, for the most part, the critics have added to their confusion and even to their hostility.

Hostility to poetry is generally due to two main factors: unwillingness to read a poem as a poem, not as prose or social criticism—in other words, hatred of art —and the snobbism that tolerates only "greatness" (which is also the hatred of art). In America, within the last decade, William Carlos Williams published his two best books, "The Desert Music" and "Journey to Love," although his latest, "Pictures from Breughel," is dull and flatly anecdotal. Theodore Roethke produced his titanic "Words for the Wind," as good a book as an American has written; Richard Wilbur wrote his exquisite and profound (not only poets of violence are profound) "Things of This World," although his subsequent "Advice to a Prophet" was a falling-off. And, even if Robert Lowell's last book, "Life Studies," seemed to me a fraud, as if he were trying to catch up with the times, one does not have to look too far back to "Lord Weary's Castle." Another typical American irony: Robert Frost's worst book, his recent "In the Clearing," is a best-seller; his first book, "A Boy's Will," had to be published in England. On the other hand, John Hall Wheelock's last two books contain by far his best work, defying the ins and outs of fashion. Within the last few years, while all the chatter has been about the Beats who merely vulgarized and simplified the protest of the good minds they despised, dozens of excellent books have been written, by Philip Booth, John Ciardi, R. P. Warren, Galway Kinnell, W. S. Merwin, Sylvia Plath, Howard Nemerov, Vassar Miller, Anne Sexton, W. D. Snodgrass, Ted Weiss, to mention only a few, along with the three reviewed here.

In 1960, Eberhart published his "Col-

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lected Poems"—a book with all the riches that language and thought can offer. I know of no American critic who has even begun the immense job of digging deeply and comprehensively into Eberhart; only the English critic A. Alvarez has broken ground in his "Stewards of Excellence":

> Eberhart writes as though in protest against sharp and painfully baffling feelings. His language has a kind of physical complexity which makes him sound as though he had been surprised into it almost unwillingly.

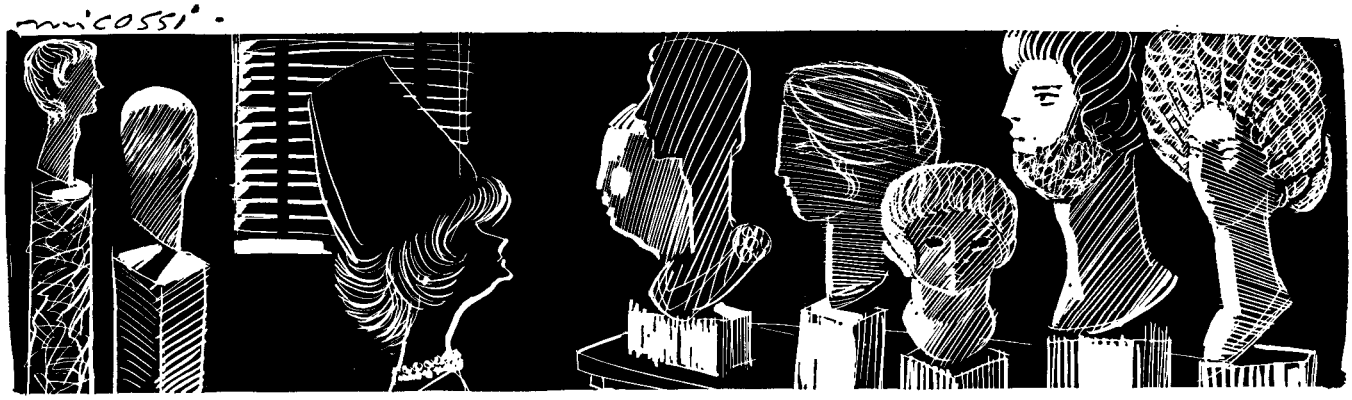
Mr. Alvarez then goes on to make another important observation that is worth repeating, for, in the light of Eberhart's verse plays, it is doubly significant. He says: "I cannot believe in Eberhart's Blakean mysticism, ... Eberhart's mysticism, like his metaphysics, is theoretical." This mysticism is used by Eberhart as a kind of weapon to make assault against what is unknown or incredible; it is not indigenous to his perceptions as is Levertov's mysticism. This makes Eberhart a less thoroughgoing mystic; but it generates a tremendous tension and energy in his writing, which results from the intentional collapsing of his most complex ideas and the reconstruction of those ideas—and all the while the real struggle is not intellectual at all. Eberhart is not seeking a system as an end in itself, as did Blake, a system to be believed in; but his system-making and system-breaking are the signs of human energy, of human dissatisfaction and search spent outward as expression.

This becomes overwhelmingly clear when one reads Eberhart's verse plays, where ideas abound but are clearly subservient to his characters. Not only are philosophical ideas ripped up by the roots, but all conventional narrative and dramatic rules of continuity are interrupted. There is no trustworthy logic, no reliable esthetic forms or norm. What we have is a sense of crisis, located in the one inescapable moment of a man's history, as if all his life refers to that moment and is drawn forward or backward into that moment, so that sequential time is not the deepest reality of time. Character, then, is not revealed through development, but is fixed in a life's pose, and the function of language is to surround that pose, to catch its divergent qualities through eloquence, philosophical abstractions, irony, storytelling. And, because that pose is divergent in its qualities, it is necessarily seen by Eberhart as comic; because it is many-sided, Eberhart must keep a distance from it to see it, and this too is comic. He accomplishes this simply and brilliantly by having his main characters make up the play as it goes along; they interrupt themselves, Eberhart interrupts them, and the sum of our vision is the complexity of the interrelationship between the real imaginary world and the imagined real world. In this he is most indebted to Wallace Stevens, though in no way does he merely reproduce him. This duality, the principle of comic self-consciousness, makes it possible for Eberhart to use language self-consciously without being embarrassed by it: he can let go, and for the reader it is a joy to listen.

Author:
It is my originality
To stand and tell you that I am original.
I am a philosopher and a showman,
A man upon whom ideas have impinged
As impressions of the world have hit his senses,
Who between the sensory data and the ideational
Clatter, bemused, transfixed, and fascinated,
Has seen himself a clown of time, a clown
Of passage, a lightsome, lissome jester
Trying to make light of experience,
Testing reality—I can pinch my arm—,
An apparent solid mass in a massive flux
Of time, chance, incident, and possibility.
(Pause)
Whew! that was a long one. In all seriousness,
I have won my life by losing it.
I am going to try to show the truth,
In a certain way, about events,
Where character, which ought to be apparent,
Is not yet sufficiently emergent;
Where involvement may lead to the rim of ruin,
The ruin of love that is the involvement,
Because of an ancient purity of malice,
Or evil, or the Devil, whatever blasts the heath
Of heady adventure.

The limitation of the novel as a form is its scope. I do not mean by this that the novel is more difficult to write than other literary forms, but that because of its size it must necessarily deal with society and with evil, and it must take a large view of human events and their causes. It must take a stand. It must present a view of life, even, as with Flaubert, when the style of observation is most detached or objective. Now this may be true as well of the *body* of a poet's work over a lifetime; it may even be true of a volume of poems, but it is not true of the individual poem—and only in the poem itself does poetry live. Within the single poem, the poet does not have to take a large view of things, and thus it is true to an aspect of life which the novel cannot emulate—that sense of self that is immediate, the thrust of mood or emotion which, for its moment, is not concerned with past or future or with moral issues. The moment of deep feeling—happiness that has forgotten death, or intimate sorrow free of the complexities of thought—that is the moment only the poem can capture. And, for the most part, our lives are made up of such moments. We do not live from hour to hour in the atmosphere of our "world view" or our vision of society.

The best of Denise Levertov's poems, and they are many, move rapidly and deftly, with gentle but sure rhythms, toward epiphanies, the intense rendering of a moment. Rather than create a drama that develops to a climax or a situation that moves headlong to a crisis, she creates, with great economy, an aura in which something is waiting to shine forth. And it always does. There



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is a sense in which her poems do not move through time. Her narrative sequences or sequences of images seem to be there all at once, as if remembered, as if divined. This is what creates the hush in which these poems are enveloped—a hush through which we hear and see what is at the heart of the living instant.

What I am saying is that her poems are mystical. Fortunately, there is little of the bombast and pomposity, the recondite machinery, the egotism, the look-what-a-divine-creature-I-am kind of self-consciousness that usually goes with mysticism, especially in its contemporary form. The reason for this, and for her immediacy, is that she does not begin with an apparatus, a system, a dogma, but with perception, with her eyes and ears. Her sense of the invisible spirit of things is rooted in what she sees, and through precise description, through intimation and evocation, she leads the reader to the brink of mystery without trying to push him into the abyss. For example, in a poem called "The Presence," the narrator imagines her lover in solitude, perhaps waiting for her. The scene is beautifully evoked:

To the house on the grassy hill
where rams rub their horns against the porch

and your bare feet on the floors of silence
speak in rhymed stanzas to the furniture,

solemn chests of drawers and heavy chairs
blinking in the sun you have let in!

The scene "contains" expectancy. How the poet has done it is hard to say. She did not announce, "expectancy stirred in the air;" rather, she created an activity—"rams rub their horns," and a silence—"solemn chests of drawers," which together form a tension. That tension will reveal something, like the "sun you have let in!"

We must remember that the narrator is imagining this, and part of the action of this poem is to see whether the lover possesses a corresponding imagination and if these two imaginations, somehow, will touch. The narrator, knowing her lover, guesses (is it more than a guess?) what her lover's waiting will be like, as if her anticipation of arriving on the scene is echoed in his expectancy:

Before I enter the rooms of your solitude
in my living form, trailing my shadow,
I shall have come unseen. Upstairs and down with you
and out across road and rocks to the river

to drink the cold spray.

But he is deep in his own solitude, an air that divides, through which she must enter. It is not easily done; it is not like calling on the telephone. Perhaps something stirs in him, perhaps he anticipates her coming, has a true boding of her presence which is not yet physical—do lovers ever know surely what they communicate? She believes that something of her has already reached him, though not necessarily in ordinary or recognizable form:

You will believe
a bird flew by the window, a wandering bee

buzzed in the hallway, a wind
rippled the bronze grasses.

And, questioning, she hopes he will acknowledge this intimation as something of herself, like "a shadow":

Or will you
know who it is?

A perfect poem.

There is, however, a criticism of Levertov that I feel is worth mentioning, for it points to a weakness that, at this time, is inseparable from her strength. She too often seems predisposed to see things as beautiful or holy. At such times she forces her mysticism, as in her fine but flawed poem about a blind man, "A Solitude," which ends: "He says, *I am.*" Mystic vision without sufficient doubt or terror, without a firm grasp of unequivocal evil, easily becomes sentimental. To me, Levertov's world is not yet complete, for as yet I find in it no unredeemed pain, no aspect of reality that is insupportable.

But for a reader to criticize what he thinks is the limitation of a poet's world-view is not to diminish the achievement of individual poems. In Levertov's poems, such as "The Presence," "The Rainwalkers," "Partial Resemblance," and many others, the sting and elevation of a moment's insight—a moment's deepened connection with others, with the world—is sung with sharp images and true rhythms.

A Man Walked Under a Plastic Decoration

By Ralph Robin

A MAN walked under a plastic decoration.
The sun was shining through it and around it.
The violet look of death was on his face
From the light transmitted by the piece of plastic.
I knew this when in a moment he was young again.

That he was young is all I can say about him
With certainty approached. That his personality
Was a system of foolish opinions
I can offer as highly probable:
A good guess about anybody on any street.

I could have superstitiously walked
To avoid being even for a moment
Maltinted, even for a moment near even
Imaginary death. I did not. I walked
Through the filtered light, the violet light
(Similarly, though in the opposite direction)
And let others look at death on me:
At least, I did not stop them from looking.

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No Sale

By David Wagoner

SHUSHING their ankle dogs,
The women behind doors
In curlers, saying No,
All wore their lipstick thin,
Waited till I would go,
Then latched themselves back in.

At the corner in his car
The siding salesman said,
"A high-class canvasser
Tickles them through the screen.
Look them straight in the chest.
Quit telling the truth."

And after pounding weeks
Through showers and heat-waves
At a glance I knew the worst
Weatherboards and shakes
Or paint like blistered heels
Hundreds of yards away,

And talked only to wives
Who leaned on shaky walls.
I said an engineer
Was waiting at their pleasure
To insulate their sides,
To hold their windows up.

I slummed them, saying floors
Would warp them out of place.
Get ready to play house
Like cards, as serious
As mothers playing trumps.
What else can save your face?

I said a house needs skin
Thicker than powder-base
To stop the sagging, keep
The plaster in its cast,
Packed around bones for years.
But nothing turned their heads.

Swindled by someone else,
They sat in curls all day,
Waiting to be let down,
Waiting to fall straight
And stringy at midnight.
So I went straight, and quit.

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Memo to a Foundation

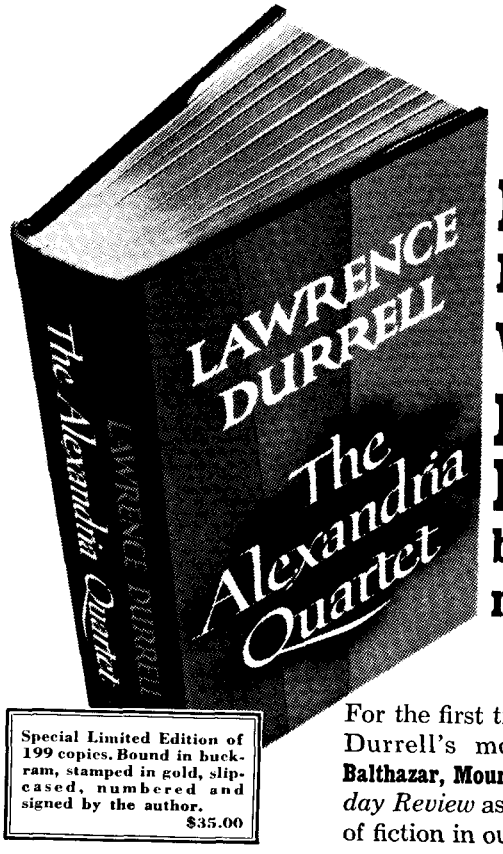
STATION KHJ-TV in Los Angeles has applied to the Federal Communications Commission for a renewal of its license, which expired this year. The continuance would be routine in the ordinary course of events, despite increasing efforts of the commission's understaffed Broadcast Bureau to scrutinize all renewal applications. But something new has been added this time, and it should give the FCC pause. It is a documented report on KHJ-TV's total program schedule during a single test week last August. The factual analysis was prepared by Frank Orme, a free-lance reporter, for the National Association for Better Radio and Television (NAFBRAT), a fourteen-year-old nonprofit listener-viewer organization based in Los Angeles. It carries on a national campaign to upgrade the content of TV and radio.

NAFBRAT did not protest KHJ-TV's application for renewal, but it sent its own fifty-seven-page report to the FCC as information worth considering in the application proceeding. The station, according to the report, was on the air 127 hours during the monitored week; 105 hours (82.5 per cent) were filled with films made primarily for theatrical release, many of them twenty years old, or even older; fifteen hours were scheduled with TV films; one and a half hours were TV tapes; three hours were wire service films and news copy; and only two and a half hours consisted of live programs produced by the station staff. An estimated one-third of all programs were directed at children. The major portion of these programs consisted of old cartoons, live-action short subjects, and crime Westerns. Forty-three program hours were devoted to programs featuring crime activities (60 per cent in the daytime and in the evening hours before 9 P.M., TV's allegedly bloodless, nonviolent hours for children's viewing). "So far as we are able to determine," NAFBRAT's analysis reports, "the statistics on crimes presented by KHJ-TV during the survey week are the highest . . . ever reported in the study of a single station's programing for any single week."

The Los Angeles station, in its 1959 renewal application, reported (for composite promise-of-performance week) 323 quarter-hour periods during which commercial spot announcements were telecast. NAFBRAT, *in* its own 1962 survey week, actually counted 507 such periods. More specifically, the station's quarter-hour periods, which included five or more commercial spots, jumped from two to sixty-three (an increase of 3,050 per cent). KHJ-TV's most consistent advertiser during the survey week was an awning company (ninety spots in seven days, many exceeding the station's promised ninety-second maximum for each commercial). This company is "unfavorably known" to the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau; its advertising "has been challenged . . . as being false and misleading." The NAFBRAT survey also documents the station's "significant deficiencies in religious, discussion, and agricultural programs."

KHJ-TV's management, according to Mrs. Clara S. Logan, NAFBRAT's president, has received the report "with good grace," and has asked for discussion with the author. At least one new useful show, about children's books, has appeared on the station—perhaps as a direct result of the report. The station's owner, RKO-General, Inc., also operates seven other stations around the country. It has made an effort to improve the public affairs performance of WOR-TV, its New York outlet. The FCC, in deciding whether to grant KHJ-TV full or limited renewal or to revoke, might do well to ask the owner to justify its West Coast operation. As for NAFBRAT, it has demonstrated again how useful it could be on a much broader scale if it could get strong financial support. Chairman Minow recently urged viewers who wished to improve TV to join organizations like NAFBRAT and the American Council for Better Broadcasting; yet the former, in its fourteen-year shoestring operation, has been unable to get a penny from any of our large foundations. Do businessmen think it's too controversial? It wasn't controversial to the H. V. Kaltenborn Foundation. The veteran commentator picked up one-third of the $1,500 tab for the report on KHJ-TV. As a pioneer broadcast newsman, he must have reacted strongly to the station's practically nonexistent news service (mostly wire, only one commentator, ten minutes at night). During the survey week, KHJ-TV went on the air at 7:40 A.M. every day. Not until ten hours later did the station's viewers get their first news information.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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. . . OR TWO Double your enjoyment by picking two islands. To the delights of OAHU, add the island of Hawaii and its giant volcanoes, mysterious beaches of black sand, lush fern forests, and beautiful flowering orchids. Hotel rates on HAWAII begin at $8 per person (double occupancy). And the inter-island air fare is only $24 when combined with California/Honolulu air fare.

. . . OR THREE If OAHU and HAWAII add up to paradise, wait until you discover MAUI, the Valley island. Guarded by a spectacular coastline, MAUI's native customs still live on in this land of sparkling waterfalls dominated by Haleakala Crater. Hotel rates on MAUI begin at $7.50 per person (double occupancy). Inter-island air fare is only $24 when combined with California/Honolulu air fare.

. . . OR MORE Why stop with three? When KAUAI, the Garden Island, still beckons. KAUAI . . . where Captain Cook stopped first . . . greenest, most fertile of the islands . . . magnificent canyons, sheer cliffs . . . could any place be more like Eden? Why not see KAUAI, and all the other islands, too? Your Travel Agent will tailor just the tour to suit your vacation plans.

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—*Stockpile.*

THE WARM PACIFIC

In a season in which some traditional havens have been nettled by international plottings, the Pacific is still warm and was, at last look, pacific. The folio that follows offers a number of beguilements available in that enormous pool, fringed as it is by such diverse borders as California and New Caledonia, Oaxaca and Osaka. Steaming into Mexico's Pacific ports is Kate Simon, whose new book, "Mexico: Places & Pleasures," a companion piece to her celebrated work on New York, is due late in February. Arthur Knight, an SR movie reviewer who journeyed to Tahiti to watch the making of "Mutiny on the Bounty," reflects, with rare stereoscopic vision, on both the island and the film. Rochelle Girson, recently returned to the book desk of this paper, reports on a trip to Japan that rendered her all but speechless. And strolling an uncommon venue is the famed conductor André Kostelanetz, who waves a pencil in support of the sounds of Hawaii, an archipelago he visits as often as the heart and the local podium demand. Paintings of Christ in the Orient, in color and black and white, are taken from the new Harper book, "Ecce Homo." The whole issue is wrapped in a painting from a cave at Tun Huang on the old silk route in northwestern Kansu, which was copied by Tuan Wen-ch'ieh, and appears in Fritz van Briessen's new book, "The Way of the Brush." It is published by Charles E. Tuttle, a company which maintains offices in Rutland, Vermont and Tokyo. Happily for them.—HORACE SUTTON.

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—*Silberstein from Monkmeyer.*

THE TEQUILA RIVIERA

By KATE SIMON

EVERY patch of palm on the Mexican Pacific coast, from the pretty little slobs to the plushy, positively-no-Spanish-spoken-here glories, has one ambition: to grow up to be Acapulco. The more isolated the place, the tighter the actual horizon, the more vaulting and limitless the ambition. Near the village of San Blas, for instance, there is the enchanting Bay of Matanchén, a curve of honeyed waters and marching palms. It has a hotel (or had; one is never sure, knowing the Mexican-tropical voodoo which affects such matters) whose owner-builder? manager? touter?—was a small, sparse man whom the aggressive sun had seared and flayed, but by no means sapped. Flying on the Acapulco vision, he gestured a lordly arc before him and painted the picture: very shortly, probably next week, he would have the whole expanse of bay and beach sprayed to make them insectless; marinas would soon spring up to serve the flotillas of yachts eager to jostle each other in; a cornucopia of Hilton money was waiting poised to pour out glittering hotels and high-life; the whole world would echo with the name of San Blas while Acapulco dissolved in the sadness of disuse. And, adding the inescapable *macho* touch, if the so nice *Norteamericana* would come to live with him and be his love—and lure rich Americans—he would all these pleasures prove. There he stood, leering, grinning out of his mouthful of ten teeth, his faded shirt drooping off his skinny shoulders, his fringed pants slipping off his skinny hips, a Croesus by proxy, a builder of empires—soon.

San Blas proper is a village that comes close to the clichés of tropical "Paradise," including deep clouds of mosquitoes in the beautiful summer dusk and a torpid scorpion or two under sun-bleached floor boards. Although it has its hopes, it hasn't the ambition to move toward them. No fishing fleet soars bravely out to sea; in the pearly dawn five or six fishermen drag a net a few hundred yards out and, when it feels like time to go home, pull it in and ooze back to the village, an utter still-life of benches under profligate trees and a couple of dormant *cantinas*. Somewhere from behind a melting house comes the sound of a machete striking down a bunch of bananas and the plop of a ripe mango as it falls from a tree. Otherwise, a midday silence like the halt of time.

The village once roused itself to the construction of two hotels, a small one in town and a larger one on the beach, whose staff, like that of Sleeping Beauty's castle, fell asleep some years ago. They are not unwilling, just incapable of response—and the malice of the tropics is too sneaky to beat. It swells and splits wood, smears rust over metals, infects concrete with green mold, slits wire screens, and what can one do about it? Nothing lasts, says the Mexican; decay and destruction are basic conditions of life. Only a fool would try to impede the inevitable and he's no fool.

As in all coastal towns there is remarkable fishing here and, through the

(*Continued on page* 48)

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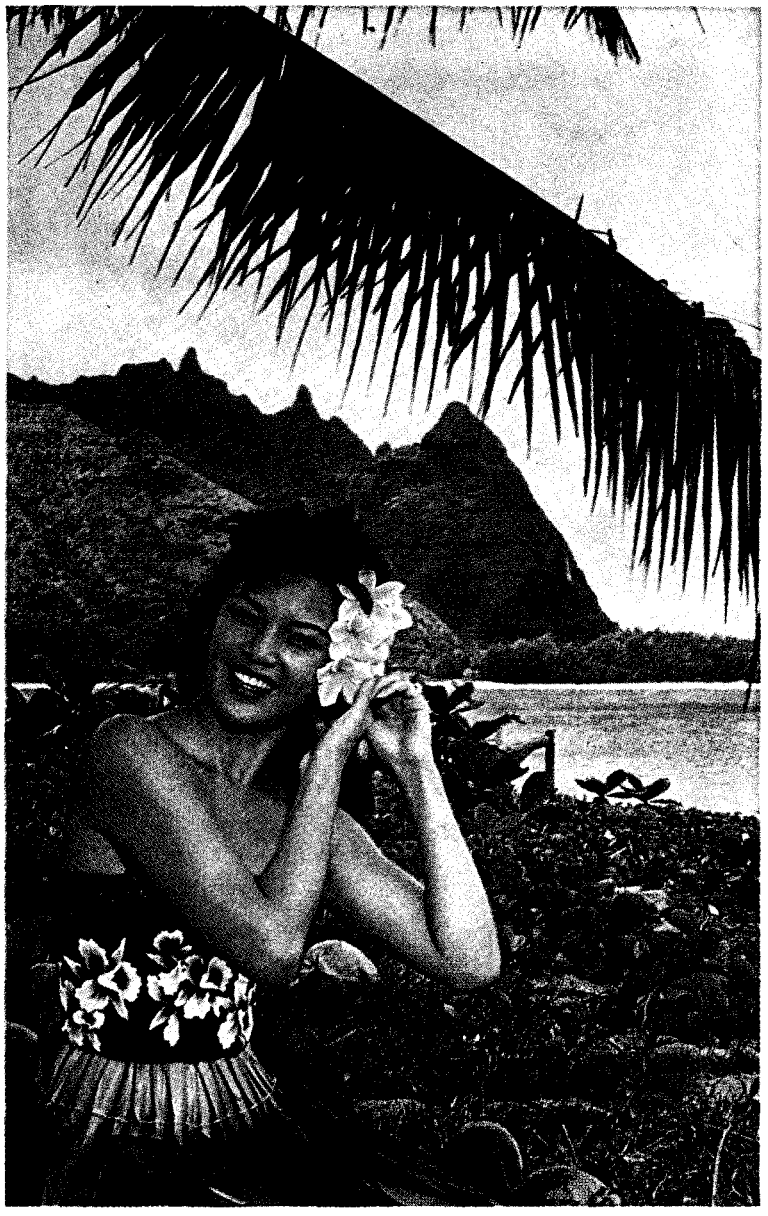

Our Garden Island of Kauai is a setting of green valleys and golden beaches. It is a land of flowers, music and quick, friendly smiles. It is a place to lose your cares.

We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of HAWAII

The people of Hawaii delight in the bright beauty of these Islands—and invite you to share their enjoyment. Just 4½ hours from the Pacific Coast by jet, 4½ days by luxury liner, Hawaii is easily within your reach in time and cost. Many fine hotels offer you a wide choice of accommodations. Plan to see all our Islands; Kauai, Maui and Hawaii are just minutes from Honolulu. Come now—the weather is delightful—and travel light and get "Island things" here.

There's more for all this fall: Hawaii is a wonderful place for a honeymoon (including a second one) and the Islands have a special Aloha for newlyweds, Dec. 1-15. A last call for big-game anglers—the 100-day Fishing Derby continues through Dec. 15.

You'll see orchids by the acre on Hawaii Island – and wear them by the hundreds, in lovely leis.

Petroglyphs on Maui give you a fascinating look into the past —a picture story of Old Hawaii.

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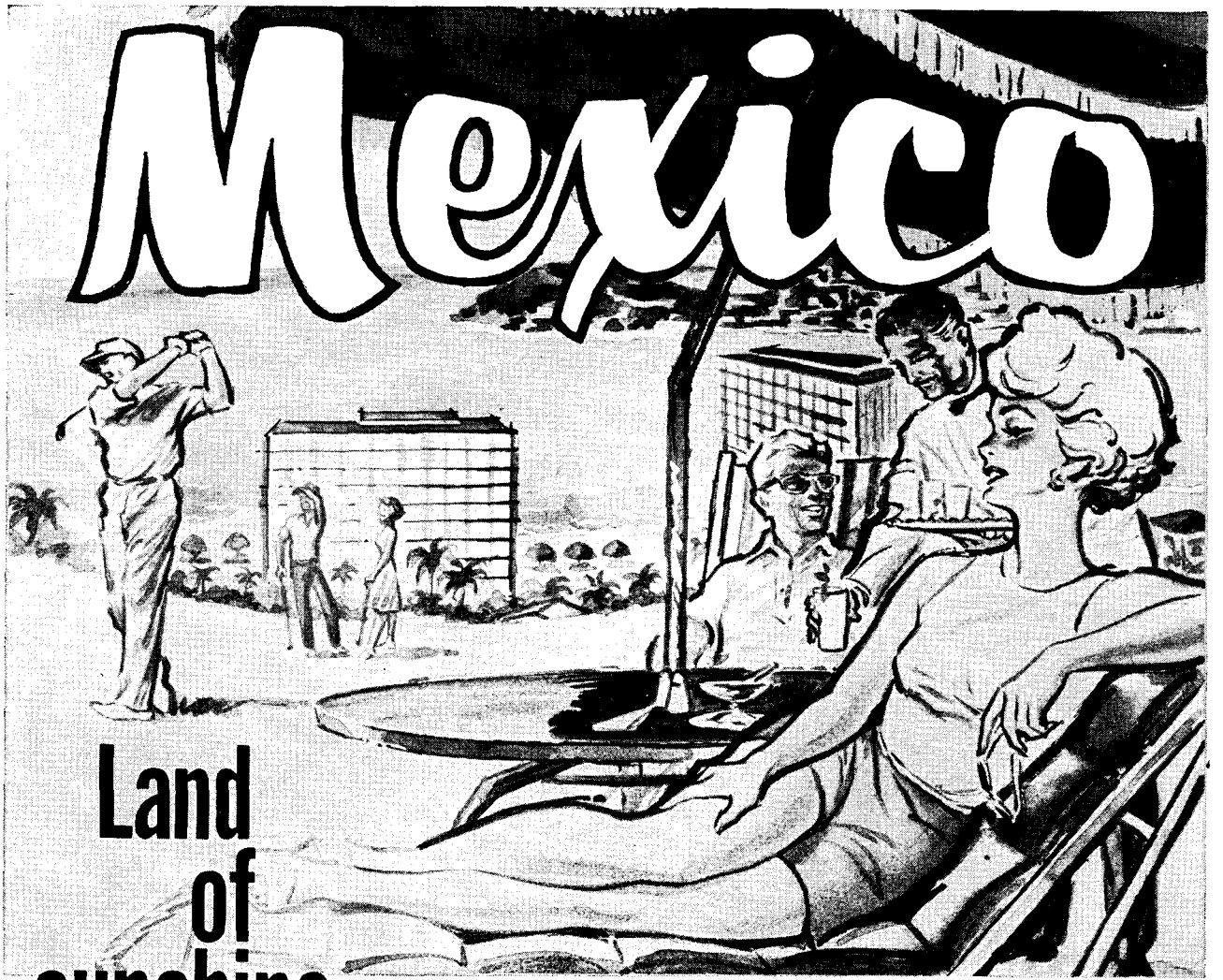

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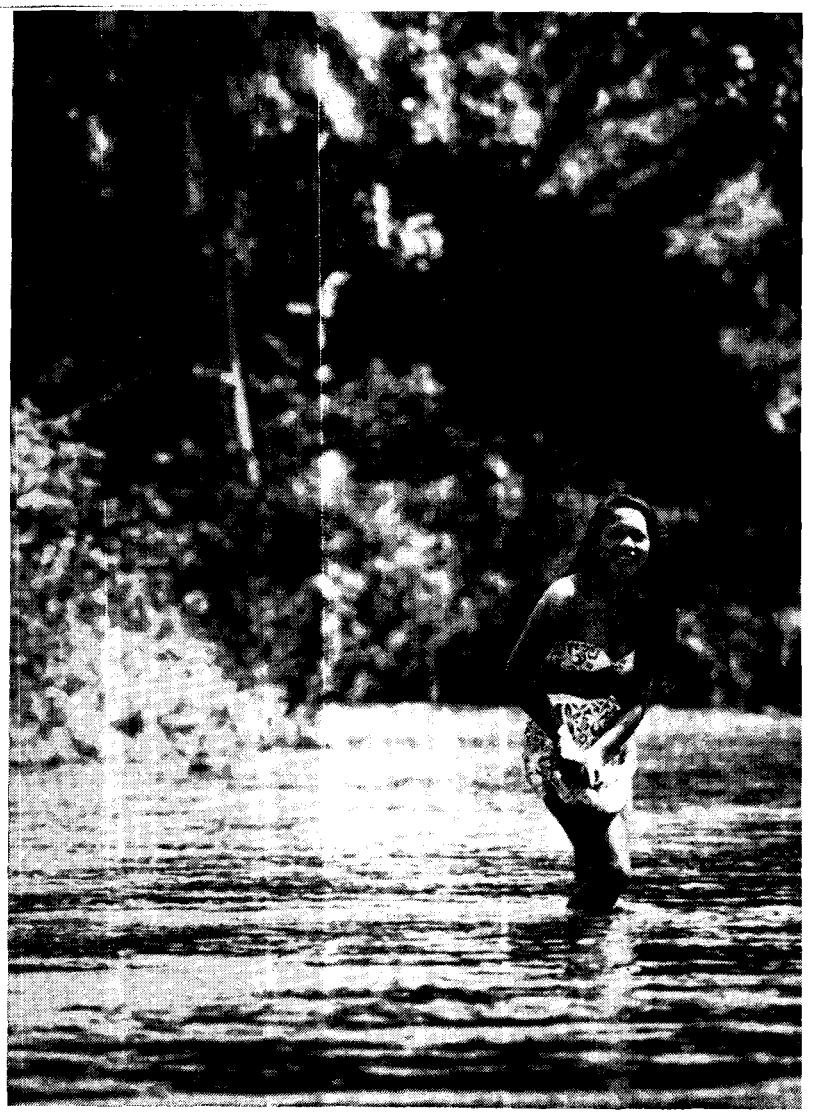

—Fred Lyon (Rapho-Guillumette).

THE TROUBLE WITH TAHITI

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

DESPITE jet-age "package tours" that bring Tahiti within seven hours of Los Angeles and San Francisco, and within striking distance of many travel budgets, most Americans will probably get their first glimpse of the fabulous island from the decks of M-G-M's new super-production, "Mutiny on the Bounty." They will not be disappointed. The Technicolor cameras fill the wide screen with shots that faithfully capture the special softness of Tahiti's green, and the diamond-bright sparkle in the blue of the seas that surround her. And the Ultra-Panavision lenses give full scope to the vast curve of Tahiti's palm-fringed bays and beaches. For good measure, there is also a shot of the all-but-impassable interior of the island, a tangle of dense foliage clinging to the sheer slopes of towering pinnacles. Altogether, "Mutiny" is the biggest, and most expensive, travel poster of all time.

Like any poster, however, its is limited in what it can show—a limitation augmented by the fact that the cameras had to avoid scrupulously those segments of the island that had changed since Captain Bligh's day. Even so, Tahitiphiles are audibly wondering how it was possible to go so far, stay so long, and bring back so little of this paradise on film. They miss its dreamlike waterfalls, hazy and distant; those parts of the island where the sea surges up against naked volcanic rock; and, above all, the thrilling majesty of the cloud-capped peaks of Tahiti's interior.

For Tahiti is, above all else, an island of views. Because of the narrowness of its rich coastal plain, one can climb (or drive) a mile or two into the hills and command vistas that change from moment to moment. Look to the north, where breakers reveal the slender long line of a coral reef. The horizon is a misty, pearly gray until, always quite suddenly, the clouds part and the sun streams down on the purple pyramid of Moorea, twelve miles away (and the original of James Michener's Bali H'ai). Look down, and the green of the forests changes hue with the play of each new breeze riffling the palm fronds. Or wait for the sunsets—each one different, each more spectacular than the last. Small wonder that Tahiti has always beckoned the painters and the dreamers.

If this is the Tahiti you have longed to see, there will be no regrets. Apart from a rainy season that runs from November through the end of January,

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the climate is delicious—a pleasantly languorous 85 degrees by day that drops off into the 70s at night. The atmosphere is sultry without being humid, which means that it is fun to stroll, but brisk walking is out. Also out, surprisingly enough, is swimming, unless your hotel has a pool. Although the sea looks inviting, the water is quite warm, the bottom spiked with rock and coral, and the black sand beaches blisteringly hot underfoot. Tahiti is a place to stroll, to sit, and to look.

How this fits in with the average tourist's notion of what he wants for his vacation is something else again. When I landed there in May of 1961, I learned that the first jets had touched down on the new airstrip only the day before. For the next few days, I kept running into irate travelers who could not wait until the jets returned and took them away again. Some were people who confessed that they had waited all their lives to see Tahiti, senior citizens who had dreamed of a tropical paradise but couldn't stand to have their dream come true. All too obviously, their dream did not include relatively primitive quarters at luxury prices, rooms that seemed to be constantly invaded by two-inch-long red worms that wriggled into everything, and large, hairy spiders that invariably made their home in the bathroom sinks. (The spiders, by the way, are completely harmless, and actually perform heroic feats in limiting the island's mosquitoes. They just aren't very pretty.)

More important, they claimed there was nothing to *do*. Naturally, the island has a golf course, although I gather that it is not a particularly good one. And most of the hotels have pools (but again, nothing spectacular). There is little shopping to be done. Bargains in liqueur, bargains in French perfumes, bargains in cloth both native and imported—but only a handful of very ordinary little stores to find them in. The two moviehouses in Papeete, the main town on the island, are dark, dirty, and hot beyond belief. Not only do they lack air conditioning, but literally the only ventilation comes from opening the doors in the evening. During the day, Tahitians will spend hours eating, drinking, and gossiping at Vaima's, a big, open-faced bar and café that overlooks Papeete's harbor. Gossip is a major occupation in Tahiti, and Vaima's tables are always crowded. Not by tourists, however. The tourists drink and run.

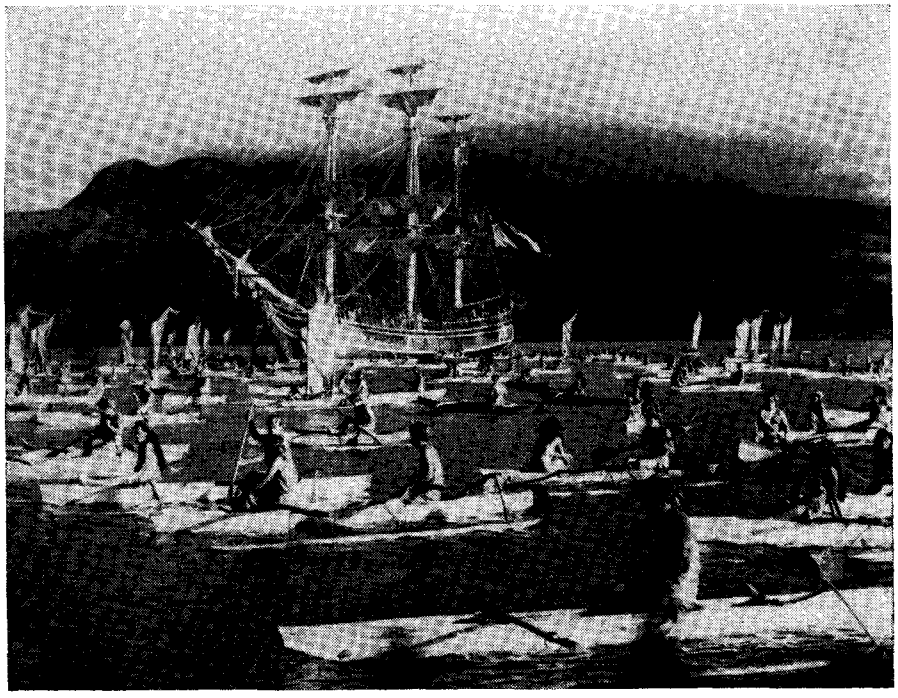
NOR is the night life much better—at least, not by more cosmopolitan standards. The larger hotels, particularly when Matson Line tour ships are anchored in the harbor, will run in special floorshows of "authentic" Tahitian music and dances. On those evenings, teams of well-trained girls and young men in floral *leis* and fireproofed grass skirts make their way from one dining room to the next presenting a packaged entertainment that is as skilfully routined, and innocuous, as anything offered at the Radio City Music Hall. The boys perform vigorously; the girls are sinuous, shapely, and their hips seem to be activated by some violently eccentric rotor mechanism. But the expression on their faces indicates all too clearly that they couldn't care less—an impression invariably confirmed a few hours later when you see them cutting loose on their own at Quinn's, the Bar Léa, or, for Tahiti's late, late show, the Lafayette, where festivities never get under way before 2 A.M.

Quinn's, a few doors away from Vaima's and also on the waterfront, becomes Papeete's social center the moment the sun goes down. A sprawling barn of a place, it is dominated by a vast horseshoe bar behind which native musicians perform mainly American jazz—old tunes, but served up with a Tahitian twist. The dance floor is whatever space is left between the jam at the bar and the booths that line the walls. But Quinn's is no fancy tourist trap. You fetch your own (reasonably priced) drinks, fight your own fight for the table of your choice—and both sexes share the same malodorous toilet facilities. The Bar Léa, tucked away on a narrow back street, features more authentically Tahitian music; but it is one of those dark little holes where you are convinced they never wash the glasses. At 2 o'clock everything in town closes down; and the young Papeeteans climb into their jalopies, or rev up their motorcycles, or climb onto their bicycles, and converge on the Lafayette, a raw wood dance hall a few miles beyond the town limits. The musicians from Quinn's, the Bar Léa, and anyone else who might happen to be around come along with them, and it's *tamuré* till dawn. (The *tamuré* has been described as rock 'n' roll *à la* Tahiti, but with a high-powered hip action that takes a lifetime to master.) The Lafayette, when the crowd is right, can be the most exhilarating experience on the island. But again, the tourist who has invested well over $1,000 in transportation may want something a little less primitive for his money than a dance hall where, when you ask for the men's room, the waiter points to the bushes outside.

The jet airstrip, financed by the French Government, was a calculated bid for the tourist trade. Since the island had only 300 rooms for transients at the time (most of which had been taken over by members of the "Mutiny on the Bounty" company), an intensive building program was also under way. And everyone was wondering what the promised influx would do to Tahiti. Would Papeete end up looking like Honolulu, a complex of ultra-modern hotels and garish, neon-lit bars? Would they have to introduce a gambling casino and perhaps dog racing to give their rich visitors something to do?

I gather that nothing so drastic has occurred in the twenty months since the first jet landed. Certainly the hotels and annexes that were going up while I was

(*Continued on page* 49)



Bounty in Tahiti—"Biggest travel poster of all time."

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HAWAII IS TO HEAR

—*Hawaii Visitors Bureau.*

By ANDRE KOSTELANETZ

AS election results filtered into my Manhattan apartment recently, high above the East River, certain returns would, I knew, have distant implications that were not merely political. It was becoming clear as the computers in the studios juggled and shook, that Hawaii's Governor William Quinn was losing out to John Burns. There, in the autumn night, so far from Waikiki, I found myself wistfully recalling the parties and the receptions when Governor Quinn and Hawaii's First Lady had stood together singing their melodic version of the Hawaiian Wedding Song, "Ne Kali Nei Au." Now, I have no doubt that Burns will be an able governor, a vigorous leader, and a credit to the islands. After all, it was he who shepherded the Statehood Bill through the Houses of Congress. But the important questions are: Can he sing? Or hula? Or pluck a ukulele?

The upset of Governor Quinn and the loss of his fine gubernatorial voice was, as things were turning out election night, only part of a Democratic sweep in Hawaii. Ben Dillingham was losing the Senate race against Representative Daniel K. Inouye. The first Congressman of Japanese descent, Inouye will unquestionably prove himself a distinguished member of the nation's most exclusive club. But Dillingham, in addition to political prowess, had musical heritage. At one gathering in the islands I remember his eighty-nine-year-old father, the distinguished Walter F. Dillingham singing "Three Blind Mice" —in Hawaiian. His gracious and charming wife later in the evening danced a hula that would have done credit to one of the lithe belles who meet the boats.

The big question for the Hawaiian body politic now is: What are the Democrats going to do after they have taken office and someone twangs the first note of the Hawaiian guitar? In these islands this is a bigger question than you might think. For whether you're a new visitor or an old Pacific hand, a violin virtuoso or stone tone deaf, music is as much Hawaii as sun, sea, pineapple, and poi.

Here one should close the eyes and listen to the music, both of man and of nature. For good sounds are a caress of the good life, and no place I know offers more wondrous auditory delights than Hawaii.

Whether the music in the islands is made by man and his voice and instruments, or by the wind and the sea, it acquires a dimension of heightened meaning that it seems to have nowhere else. There is a relationship, however difficult to describe to someone who has never been lucky enough to experience it, between what the ear hears and what constantly enchants the eye. Somehow they complement each other; every musician in Hawaii will tell you how nature seems to inspire both audience and player, making both into finer instruments than they would otherwise be.

Hawaii is such an extraordinary musical setting that sounds which would seem incongruous anywhere else take on a strange beauty in the islands. Listen, for example, to the Hawaiian guitar, which many people find as unpleasant as an overdose of maple syrup. A

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not too distant cousin of the Japanese samisen, it produces a rolling tide of glissandos that prompted one unimpressed wag to remark, "They're bound to hit the right note some of the time—they've got the law of averages on their side." But in its meltingly haunting way, the Hawaiian guitar characterizes the islands just as castanets characterize Spain, and it does so in a manner that, to my ear, couldn't be more appropriate.

Or listen, on a beach at dusk, to a man singing in the characteristic falsetto of the islands, his voice perhaps blending with a trio of women singers. Or hear the curious staccato of the Tahitian drums, thumping out their background of rhythm. All these have brought cries of outrage from musical purists, but in the islands nothing could seem purer.

—*Stockpile.*

And this music is everywhere. Never was there a greater spirit of participation. When people entertain at private gatherings, there is almost always a group of musicians, and the host and hostess, more often than not, will entertain, too. Ukes are strummed on the sand by beachboys, by sailors riding the Pacific swells on catamarans, and by youngsters taking lessons on the lawn of the Royal Hawaiian.

This pervasive sense of participation, which makes the people of the islands musical doers rather than just listeners, gives the Honolulu Symphony Orchestra an inspired quality. In three seasons of conducting this group of eighty men and women, I have come to admire and love the eager, sensitive response of musicians and audience alike. Although most of the players pursue other vocations during the day, they are musicians during their evening rehearsals and at their concerts. The rehearsals are informal enough, with the musicians, who are of all races, in shorts and in many cases barefoot, but the music itself is filled with as much enthusiasm as any conductor could ask for. At a Gershwin concert which I conducted last summer, 8,000 people, an all-time record, jammed the Waikiki Shell; 5,000 of them overflowed the seating capacity and had to find space on the grass. When it was over they refused to let us go home.

The islands seem to attract people of all kinds with interests in music. The dean of British conductors, Sir Malcolm Sargent, finds Hawaii as appealing as I do, and as conducive to musical endeavors such as composing, arranging, and orchestrating. He returns, as I try to do, every summer.

On a Honolulu night I shall always remember, I went to a concert with Dr. Tom Dooley, who was an enthusiastic pianist (in Laos he had a piano lined with zinc, to keep out the moisture). When the singers did the folk song "Tom Dooley" and came to the line "Hang down your head, Tom Dooley, you're surely gonna die," they changed it to "Hold up your head, Tom Dooley, you ain't agonna die."

After learning that Dooley played the piano, I suggested we give a benefit concert for Medico in New York, with Dooley as soloist. But Dooley hesitated, saying he was needed in Laos and wouldn't return to New York except for one reason. The next February he was dead of cancer.

It is the sounds of nature, the sounds that were in the islands long before there were any musical instruments or men's voices here, that have the most peculiar charm and that ring in the mind long after one has reluctantly returned to whatever home he came from. As James Michener has said of those sounds, "Even today, miles from peninsulas that I once loved, I can hear the thunder of surf as it crashes upon lava rocks. I can catch the whisper of birds as they dart in and out among tall trees. . . . Sounds live! Once set free, they seem to echo around the world, or through the chambers of the human mind. They are the most persuasive of all memories." And the memories that echo in my mind today, several months and several thousand miles from Hawaii, are memories of the tides, as soft as the gentlest drum roll, on the sloping sands of Hanauma Bay; and the shattering, percussive mountains of foam at Makaha, sounding like something out of Stravinsky's "Sacre Du Printemps"; and the gong re-echoing in a far-off Buddhist temple at sunset; and always, everywhere one goes in the islands, the trade wind blowing with its warm and sonorous insistence.

But the sights and sounds are not all languorous and romantic. One day I went with two Hawaiian friends to the volcano of Kilauea, which is said, in a legend of the islands, to be inhabited by the goddess Pele. It was a time

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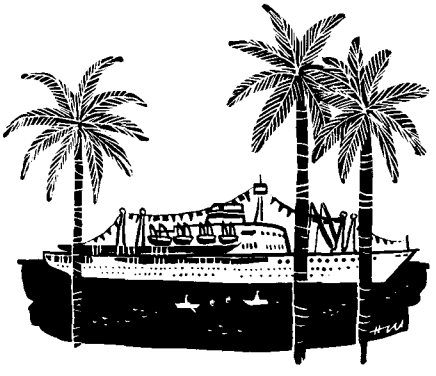
The New Continent Series

Horace Sutton's travel pieces on Africa, which have been running serially (*SR*, Nov. 3, 10, 17, and Dec. 1), are omitted this week. The last article, on Ethiopia, will appear December 15.

of fogs and mists and darkly menacing weather, driven by howling winds that were anything but music to these ears. As we clambered over the face of the volcano, skirting the edge of a river of lava, we saw through the fog a woman with streaming white hair, walking alone. The reaction of my Hawaiian friends was instantaneous and unmistakable—they were, they had no doubt, in the presence of Pele herself. Then the woman disappeared behind a curtain of fog and steam, like an apparition in a Wagnerian opera. It wasn't until later, when we had moved farther down the slope, that we saw her again, standing eerily in a wasteland of volcanic ash near a road. In a few moments a car drove up and the woman got in. *This* Pele, at any rate, was nothing more supernatural than one of the island's hardy mountain walkers.

Nearly a century ago Mark Twain offered a description of the islands that remains as true today as it was then. Hawaii, he said, "lies out there in the midst of the watery wilderness, in the very heart of the limitless solitudes of the Pacific. It is a dreamy, beautiful, charming land. . . . It is a land that seems ever so vague and fairy-like when one reads about it in books. It is a Sunday land, the land of indolence and dreams, where the air is drowsy and lulls the spirit to repose and peace, and to forgetfulness of the labor and turmoil and weariness and anxiety of life." Yes, even today the visitor can know the magic Hawaii that Mark Twain knew, if he will let his eye perceive its loveliness, and his ear listen to its music.

And now, exciting as the winter season is in Manhattan, the thought of that Sunday land sets my dreams in motion. I must go back again and yet again. I must go back to listen.



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—*Drawings by Susan Perl.*

how I saw JAPAN without language records or living guide

By ROCHELLE GIRSON

IF ONE is emotional about traveling, I mean really hooked by geography, then I think the best way to main-line it is alone, preferably by wandering off the track into areas wholly native. This is easy for me because, having absolutely no sense of direction, I am often confused even on Fifth Avenue and readily get lost in labyrinths more exotic. Obviously, in a country like Japan, where little English is spoken, the possibilities for playing Wrong Way Corrigan are endless for one stubborn about not engaging a guide. So maybe it was lucky, during a recent three-week visit there, that I was presented at a temple in Kamakura with the Buddhist counterpart of a St. Christopher's medal.

In fact, it may have been doubly lucky, since I not only enjoy breaking tourism's Rule No. 1—hire a guide—but also Rule No. 2—learn how to say at least *"la plume de ma tante"* before you go. There are veteran travelers who will warn you with dour emphasis that it's better to stay home than trifle with these rules, but I'm not one of them. If you really want to see a country the rugged way, shake off the guides, forget that cram course in the language, and strike out on your own.

Anyhow, since I'm not what even a prejudiced parent would call a quick study with a foreign phrase, I thought it no loss this trip to forego the pre-breakfast drudgery of parroting yet another set of language records. After all, nobody has understood a single word I've ever said in Serbo-Croatian, Portuguese, or Greek. Moreover, the phrase books I toted inspired cheer; in general, vowels appeared to alternate with consonants with a reliable precision, and one was advised that the former maintain inflexible Latin values. I didn't take too seriously the caution that there is no syllabic stress in Japanese, and confined my frets to the paucity of memory-building English associations.

However, I don't wish to appear too self-effacing. Because I managed to become fluent with *ohayo*, the impolite form for "good morning"; *yen*? meaning "how much?"; *moshi-moshi* or *mosh-mosh* (pronounced, with an utter lack of respect for Latin values, "mushy-mushy" and "mush-mush"), which on the telephone is equivalent to "hello"; *hai*, meaning "yes," and that marvelously onomatopoetic *iie!*, or "merciful Buddha, no!"

As an apprentice gourmet, I had long before my pilgrimage to their homeland been acquainted with *tempura* and *sukiyaki*. So the problem of nourishment didn't worry me: I felt that if worse came to worst I could subsist on them. Nevertheless, my confidence was badly shaken in a resort, or national park, north of Sendai called Matsushima. I could have eaten at the Matsushima Park Hotel, an expansive establishment with pagoda roofing and large, bosomy bay windows, but the white linen, eyelet-embroidered slipcovers and absence of other guests made it a real Meiji mausoleum. Besides, the food was pure roadside American. Instead, I slipped into a modest village café—well past noon to avoid slurs about my table manners, since, to be frank, I was at that time still knitting and purling the chopsticks, and there was quite a bit of droppage.

After thoroughly studying the menu, printed entirely in pictographs, I reached a decision. "*Sukiyaki*," I said. "*Iie*," responded the waitress. "Ah well," I said amenably, "*tempura*." "TEHM-pur-uh," she corrected me. I shrugged, adding, "And *cha*, please." "*O-cha*," she contradicted, acting terribly pedantic. Perhaps it's just as well that I remained serene, because I later learned that *o-cha* is the bowl of green-tinted

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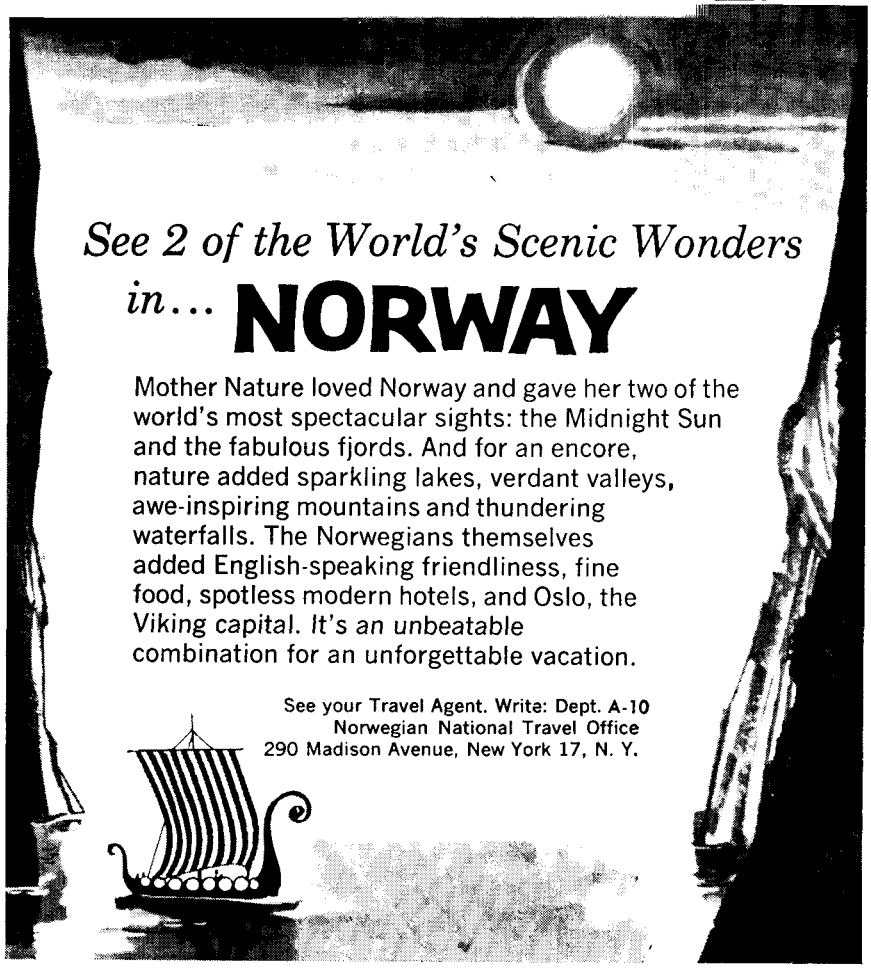
hot water served with a sweetmeat the moment one arrives at an inn, average restaurant, or any kind of appointment, while *cha* is the powdered ceremonial tea they whip with a coarse-haired, balding shaving brush into the consistency and color of pea soup.

Trains usually have dining cars, but the stewards pretend to Westerners that they serve only Continental food. I found it both peptic and less pauperizing to scamper after the natives, who, heeding an unintelligible public-address announcement, would take advantage of a three- or four-minute station break at mealtimes to rush to the platform newsstand, purchase a small, plywood-boxed luncheon, then dash back to their seats. In this way, at 40 cents a lapful, I became acquainted with many lovely regional dishes, including broiled eel partitioned off from rice decorated with caraway seed and a pickled cherry; bean curd; custard; a medley of marinated and fresh vegetables; rouged ginger slivers, a vial of the ubiquitous soyu sauce, and a solitary shrimp. Teams of slack-clad girls trundle tea and soft-drink carts through the train to assuage the subsequent thirst, and shortly thereafter an attendant sweeps from under the seats the repasts' remains. People are always sweeping in Japan—on the streets, in the parks, stations, and buses; one becomes very tidy about disposing of the butts of Peace and Hope cigarettes, which are the brand names dispensed by two particularly upbeat Japanese tobacco manufacturers.

Lest I give the impression of being anti-Caucasian, may I credit an enterprising Australian with having advised me, en route to Nikko's spectacular shrines, not to miss the rice paddies and plumed trees in Aso National Park in Kyushu. I had not planned to spend more than one night on the island, at the conclusion of the rather overtouted Inland Sea voyage, since the attractions of its terminus, Beppu, are principally hot springs and mud, and I'm too healthy for that kind of loafing.

Instead, I vigorously assured a moonlighting Boniface that I never needed a guide and entrained for Mt. Aso, one of Nippon's active volcanos. It wasn't the Australian's fault that we caught the tail end of a Nagasaki tempest, and I was swung by cable car over a teeming canyon, ultimately to weep with disappointment at the sight of a quenched, soaking wet crater.

It was cosier at the inn, where, in semi-Western style, I was provided with a small table and two chairs on a balcony overlooking a fragile bridge and waterwheel nestled in the cool green of the rock garden. In fact, concern there for one's creature comforts knew no bounds, for sliding panels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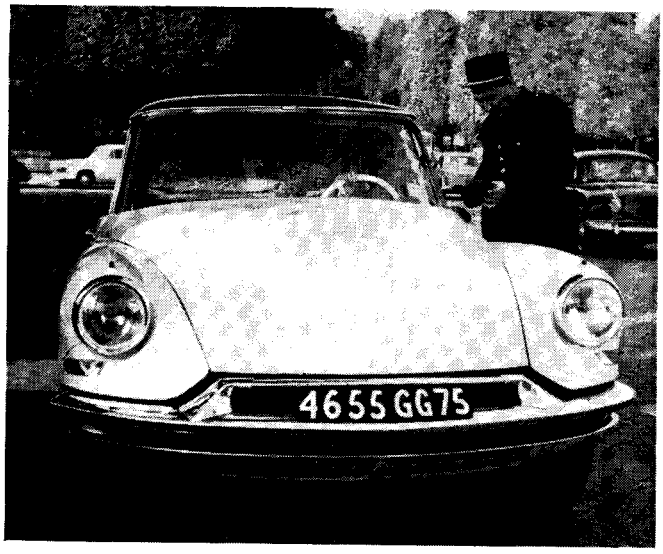

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revealed a pair of closets equipped respectively with American plumbing and floor-level Japanese *benjo*—enough to drive a burgeoning Orientalist like me into a fidget of indecision.

However, sensitivity is not unusual in Japan. There was, for instance, that modest hostelry in the city of Nagoya run by a pair of plump, merry sisters and a bent old man who scurried fore and aft, bowing to his knees and smiling. Right after four o'clock *o-cha* they figured I must be wanting my bath, but when I shook my head and scribbled on a scratch pad "10:00 PM," only the briefest of glances were exchanged—even though nothing but swine have dinner without prior submersion in blistering water. Perhaps they realized that this was my crafty, Puritan way of avoiding community in some capacious tub.

And when I indicated by phrase No. 320 that I should like a cab, they summoned a lad of fourteen, who drove me in the family car to the cloisonné district. I wasn't troubled about finding my way back because taxis are plentiful in the cities, and one can choose between handsome, eighty-yen Dodges with lace curtains or less prepossessing bantams charging seventy yen for the first mile and a quarter. As it happened, I stood so long on the wrong corner trying to flag one that a twenty-year-old, taking me perhaps for the Statue of Liberty, came over and said, "Please, may I have English conversation with you?" The large number of students now studying English have been instructed never to shirk an opportunity to be of assistance to Americans—which can be a boon to one incapable of Japanese conversation.

That's in the cities. In rural areas, miming does it. Take the village of Gora, which is located in Hakone National Park on the legendary Tokaido Road, about an hour's ride southwest from Tokyo. Gorakadan, my *ryokan*, or inn, there, was exquisite—set high in the mountains near Fujiyama and with a view so exciting I almost forgot to kick off my pumps before entering its portals. (The eight million gods of Shinto help you if you step on the threshold with your shoes on; from the stricken looks I got the couple of times I so blundered I gathered that it means *endless* purification.)

It was at Gora—early in the trip—that my love of Japan had its birth, for it was there that I first knew rapport without speech. Exhilarated by an excellent night's sleep on the floor pad and a hearty breakfast of cold ham and eggs—efficiently prepared the previous evening—I had set forth immediately thereafter for Mt. Fuji. But by one o'clock, after three changes of bus, I had climbed only to what appeared on my tourist map to be the outskirts of the celebrated cone. Now I well knew that Orientals giggle in times of embarrassment or stress, but when I pointed to the picture of Fuji on the chart, the bus attendants went into a

paroxysm of merriment such as I haven't experienced since I was fourteen. Trying to control himself, one explained with sign language that it would take nine or ten hours to get there; I could only hope to reach Lake Kawaguchi—about a third of the way.

It occurred to me when I arrived at the lake that, since the journey had already consumed more than six hours, I probably ought to hurry home. No such thing. I'd missed the last return bus. Well, I've always found that there's nothing like a resolutely optimistic attitude. "Train? Railroad?" I parried at the ticket window. "No train." "Yes, yes," I persisted. Finally, a hovering hack driver recalled a nearby town named Matsuda, which did not appear on the map but which, upon reflection, was indeed a railroad junction.

The three-hour bus ride over slippery mountain roads to Matsuda was enlivened by the pranks of four teenagers and the driver, who kept turning back to me—the only adult present—for approval of their song fest. I clapped for an exuberant repertoire of falsetto folk tunes, not to say "The Volga Boatman" and "Old Man River" in Japanese. It was nearly 9:00 PM when I got back to Gora, weary but not famished, thanks to the fish skins stuffed with cold rice shared by my peppy companions.

The inn's entire staff was on the verandah, looking anxious. Where was the American? One kimono-clad servant peeled off my shoes; another stuffed me into scuffs. Two women hustled me to my quarters, where a Japanese smörgasbord, including three kinds of raw fish, was wilting on the table six inches above the floor. The first started filling the square, sunken tub. With a compassionate expression, the second lifted an imaginary jigger to her lips and made a quick bottoms-up gesture: did I, after my ordeal, want a drink? *Did* I? *Hai, hai!* A nice hot saké. We were *communicating*.

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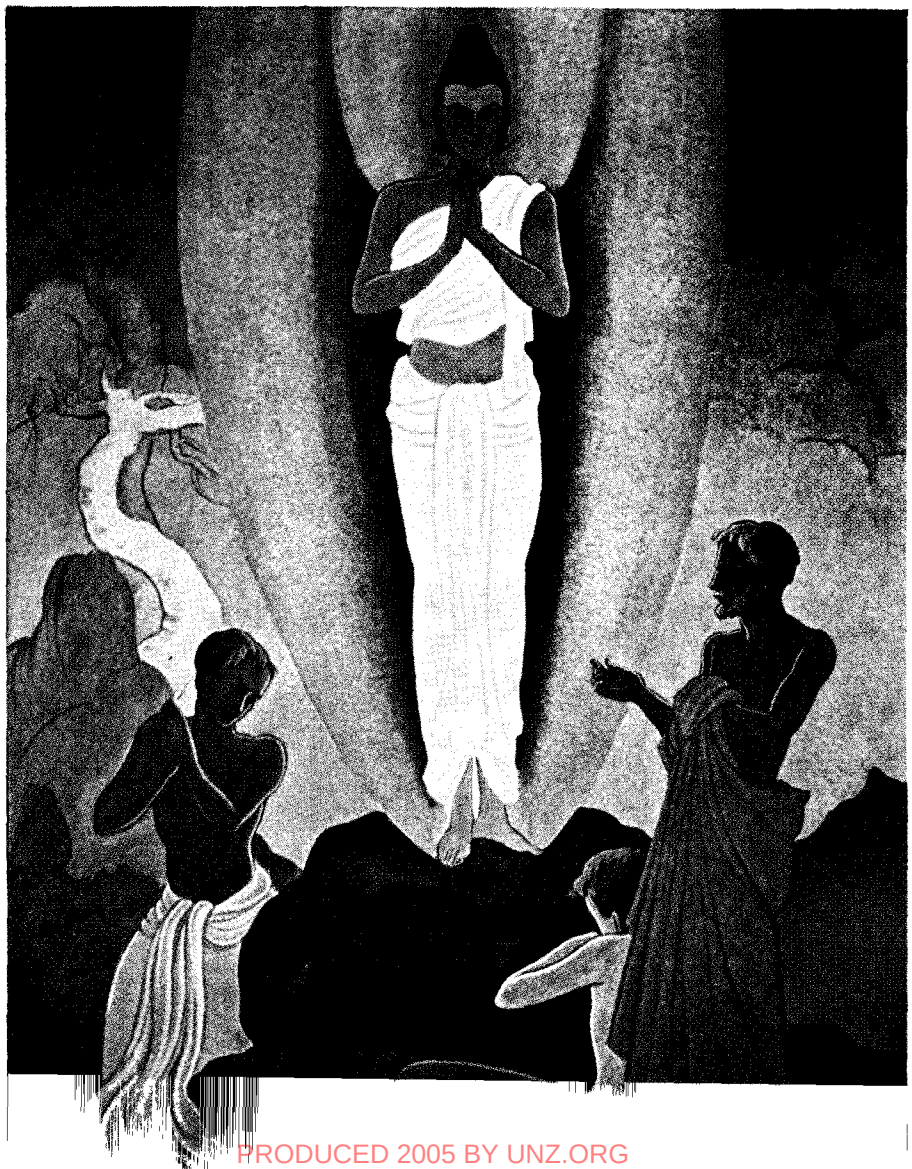
CHRIST IN THE ORIENT

in Western religious art Christ's features represented the highest ideals of human beauty. He was always a white man, usually a European, rarely a Semite. Asia and Africa resented this alien representation. Christ, said the Asians, was an Oriental who had been turned by Europeans into a European god, a stranger. Developing their own images, the Chinese imparted their delicate spiritual style, the Indians their rich forms of expression. With the demise of colonialism, says Swiss author John Jobé, "the Asiatics will at last express in their art the figure of Christ who was born and died among them." In a handsome new book, "Ecce Homo" (Harper and Row), Jobé shows a global collection of ecclesiastical art which will awaken Christians to "the great spirit of brotherhood uniting them with their brothers in God to form the great family of Man."



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Viet-Nam—Virgin and Child by Vantho

Korea—The artist called it "Confidence"

China—Painting on silk by Luc-Tcheng who founded a pre-war Peking art school.

China—George Wang's Olive Grove, Chinese girl as angel

(Opposite) India—The Transfiguration, by Alfred Thomas.

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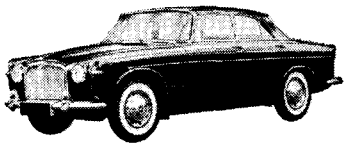

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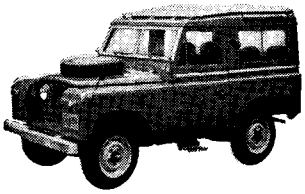

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Tequila Riviera

Continued from page 34

inland hills, good hunting, but making arrangements is often too enervating. One slips into the lassitude of San Blas, rousing oneself, maybe, to take a ride in a dugout along an estuary of the sea. Overhead the greens, the young greens of pea-pods, the hard greens of old bronze, green carved, green tendrilled, green swinging, green enlacing, meet in a low ceiling of green. On the meshed branches sit surrealist birds like dignitaries of primitive kingdoms, heavy, with withered cynical eyes, wearing purple epaulets and orange busbies. Through the shallow waters glide strange fish: globes of sequined red and gold, slim silver flutes, bristling submarines, and mercurial little arrows, all of them wearing the outraged expression of fish. One begins to search for a Rousseau gypsy asleep in the dim, thick softness and comes instead to a Gauguin hamlet, so absurdly perfect that it appears handmade, finished just this minute. The slow waters gather in a smooth lagoon surrounded by fringed banana palms and the top-heavy grotesques of papaya trees. A few tipsy thatched huts with deep overhangs shade gently swaying hammocks. While mama rocks the hours away, the babies and piglets, dressed in the shining satin of fresh mud, trot around in the sun, and brown shafts of naked boys splash in the water.

Mazatlán is, on the other hand, a rather respectable young person. It, too, hopes to be Acapulco but lacks the dramatic geography and the style for extravagant gestures. The older hotels have something of a Catskills flavor: the interminable creak of rocking chairs, the banging of doors as sun-drenched children run in and out, elderly unmodish bathing suits, the unimaginative relaxation that asks only to take off its shoes and open its belt buckle. The newer hotels run to California motel style in the light, cheerful colors of modern hospital wards and as yet their only touch of special indulgence is the thatched huts on the beach where, through a mist of rum in coconut water, one watches the sun quench its broad pink and orange flames in the blue sea.

Mazatlán ambles along its graceful sea walk, shaking down its undistinguished *comidas* and for further salubrious pleasures engages itself in fishing or going down to the fishing piers to watch the morning catch slip, slide, slosh, and shine onto the docks, always scrupulously observed—as if it were a study assignment—by an arrangement of half-naked boys with passive, silent Mexican eyes. To advertise its big excitements, its excesses, the town keeps talking about its abandoned Carnival rivaling the hot, sweet, salacious transvestite glamor of Veracruz's bacchanal. (It doesn't, but then there is very little that can.)

Like many sun and sea resorts and much more than most, Acapulco indulges itself in the privileges of remote islands—who is there to judge us but the blind sea?—wallowing in middle-aged infancy, beamingly crazy, unshaven and ungirdled, impatiently shedding restraints and money, engaging, idiotic, as sensuous and mindless as velvet. Cradled by the womb-sun and sweetly laved in the amniotic waters of the Pacific, the visitor allows himself all dispensations and eagerly enters his favorite fantasies. Paunchy Mr. Jones becomes a lean whip of an Ahab struggling with a giant of the deep. Mrs. Jones emerges from her cocoon of cotton housedress and slips into purple pants embroidered with forbidding Toltec snakes; on her head, the "Acapulco" hat laden with miniature straw bicycles and other, tinier hats. They let themselves be pulled along with the other lemmings to the crowded "fashionable" beach while golden strips nearby lie yearningly empty. They rent an enormous pink house on an almost inaccessible cliff staffed by an army of servants with whom they can't speak and envy the greater freedom of the beatnik who is living his dream on a pad (literally) in a beach dormitory which offers him two meals and a choice of amiable girls for two dollars a day.

Their tranquilized eyes take with equal acceptance the pink jeeps which

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beetle up and down the hills; the modern Taj Mahals used one month each year; the casual sale of marijuana; desperate boys leaping off a sheer cliff into a tight cauldron of rocky waters; the big explosive clubs and the steamy little dens where the music and bottoms can't stop and the hair is long and wild, to cast an aura of passion; the Hollywood celebrities with strong teeth and insistent voices who try to stage-direct the shapeless, restless town. (But the old town has seen a long variety of conquerers and ships' crews and has survived assaults, sieges, and countless gringos. It nods courteously and goes on its slap-slippered way.)

Among Acapulco's famous commodities—of startling natural beauty, of teeming fish and fruit, of hotels which hand-feed and anoint, of waterskiing and Technicolor suntans—there is, of course, sex, the free-form limitless sex of amorous dreams. Accommodating, talented ladies are in as abundant supply as the tropical fruit they resemble, but it is the willing boys who are superb and flagrantly tolerant. One of them, a long arch of *torero* arrogance with a face of dark furies, devises his own "*traje de luces*," a bright jacket adorned with vivid, contrasting colors, a lure devised for men, women, mermaids, satyrs, hippogriffs, anyone. Once the battle is joined – for a fee – he speaks English well, dances like the first day of spring, and mesmerizes with his antique Olmec eye and jaguar mouth. He is the most adaptable of companions, as respectable as fresh paint or as lower depths as a slum brothel. Occasionally he is picked up as a mover of the events leading to a theft and the overlong immersion in the sea of an American laden and drowned—as were Cortez's soldiers—by an excess of gold and jewels. He is rarely the prime mover (so lovely a thing is kept for display, not the backrooms of planning) and after a short stay in jail as proof that the authorities are making strong gestures of investigation, he holes up with relatives in Iguala and then returns in his resplendent jacket and brooding, flamenco face.

In the meantime, Acapulco holds its wary breath. But soon the tropical face begins to grin and charm again, the tropical personality expands to its usual undiscriminating amiability, rum and the sun blot out dimensions of time, and the gold-plated Disneyland begins to spin and dazzle again.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. chicanery. 2. privation. 3. extinction. 4. recuperate. 5. journal. 6. protuberance. 7. hypothesis. 8. conjugate. 9. transaction. 10. harbinger. 11. asphodel. 12. unfortunate.

Tahiti

Continued from page 38

still there preserved the traditional architectural style of the island, with great soaring roofs and a tasteful use of woods and pandanus, the intricately woven rattan-like leaves that are the Tahitians' main building material. In fact, apart from the so-called Grand Hotel, a hideous four-story structure whose sole boast is that it contains the only elevator on the island, most of the newer hotels are strung out along the shore on either side of Papeete. These are more like motels, consisting of groups of small bungalows clustered about a pool and/or the common dining oom. Off by themselves, they can afford to be quite individual—and often quite charming as well. The worms and the spiders are still with them, however.

TAHITI has one other attraction that involves no risk or effort whatsoever—girl-watching. It is a curious thing, but one sees almost no middle-aged women in Tahiti. They are either quite old or—and far more abundantly—very young, with slender, graceful bodies and long, lustrous black hair. Few of them are full-blooded Polynesians; years of intermarriage with Chinese and Japanese have fined down the features and added a slight, intriguing slant to the eyes. These girls know they are handsome, and delight in it. They show it in their dancing, in their straight carriage, and in the way, twittering among themselves at Vaima's, they suddenly cast a coquettish, questioning glance in your direction. When they smile, which is almost all the time, you can see that their teeth are invariably bad. Indeed, M-G-M spent a small fortune just to cap the teeth of the girls they used in their picture. But then, one mustn't look gift horses in the mouth, either. These *vahini* are real beauties.

Gone now are the "banana tourists," those picturesque beachcombers who, in the Gauguin tradition, scraped together just enough money to reach this promised land where nature is so bountiful that one can live without working. The ever-practical French see to it that no one arrives in Tahiti without a return trip ticket—and preferably with a good bundle of traveler's checks to tide him over in the interim. Gone, too, are the days when a few francs could do a man for a month. Hotel rooms start at $10 a day, while restaurant prices soar to Stateside levels. But so long as the dream of a paradise on earth continues to stir the heart of man, Tahiti will beckon. And to the extent that your dream has remained unsullied by a need for the blessings of civilization, Tahiti will answer.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bring on the Dancing Girls

THERE are always at least two ways to do everything, and presumably one pays his money and takes his choice. When the money mounts up to the staggering sums required to produce a movie musical, however, one might imagine that there would be an especially watchful eye out for value received. Why shoot a movie that costs millions so that it looks exactly like the original stage production put on for a few hundred thousand? Even more to the point, why cramp the picture within the arbitrary confines of the theatre proscenium when the camera can open up a world of fantasy and fun? An urge to be faithful to the original show is only part of the story—and scarcely the most convincing part in view of other liberties so frequently taken along the way. But to reproduce any kind of stage presentation on celluloid is purely journeyman's work, a matter of picking the pieces and pasting them together. True adaptation, on the other hand, calls for imagination, finesse, and creativity. Perhaps that is why it is so rare.

It is, therefore, a special pleasure to be able to report that, at the tail end of a year singularly devoid of musicals, "**Billy Rose's Jumbo**" fully meets the above specifications. Based loosely on the Rodgers and Hart show (book by Hecht and MacArthur) that never quite filled the Hippodrome back in 1935, it wisely subordinates a completely predictable plot to a succession of production numbers that are lavish, colorful, and gay. It blithely reaches back into the Rodgers and Hart songbook for more tuneful numbers to supplement such "Jumbo" standards as "Little Girl Blue" and "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World." From the original cast (but not in his original role), it has garnered the inimitable Jimmy Durante, then surrounded him with such agreeable performers as Martha Raye, Doris Day, and Stephen Boyd. And it has tossed them all together with the most engagingly abandoned camera work since the Busby Berkeley musicals of the Thirties. Not surprisingly, the circus sequences are credited to Berkeley.

In these sequences, all semblance of stage, circus, or real life disappears completely, and we are in the exhilarating presence of pure film. "Over and Over Again" and "The Circus Is on Parade" provide cinematic syntheses of the show under the big top, quick flashes of the peak thrills of the aerialists, the trapeze artists, the iron-jawed young ladies who twirl in mid-air by their teeth. The clowns come tumbling in, and their gags are cut together in a rhythmic crescendo of sheer joy. Or Doris Day stands singing alone in the blue darkness of the empty tent when suddenly, through camera magic, the entire circus surrounds her—and fades away, tent and all, to leave her standing in the early morning on the lot where the circus had been.

Charles Walters, who also directed "Lili," obviously is a man with a special affection for the tinsel, the humor, and the pathos of circus life. Here the pathos is minimal—no more than is absolutely essential to keep some semblance of a plot alive. But not the humor. Worth the price of admission alone is the scene in which Durante, as the slightly larcenous circus owner, tries to make off with his show's prize attraction, Jumbo. "Where are you going with that elephant?" a sheriff roars at him. And Durante looks around bewildered, nonplussed, innocent, and indignant. "What elephant?" he asks. The joke may be old and corny—but, like "Jumbo," it works.

At the opposite extreme is "**Gypsy**," so closely welded to the Broadway production that one almost expects the star to make her initial appearance by walking into the screen from the audience. It is unfortunate, too, that the star is not brassy, belting Ethel Merman, but that great lady of the cinema, Rosalind Russell. It would seem that Miss Russell's greatest concern these days is to make it clear that, whatever role she may assume, she is only *acting*. But acting and being are two different things when a camera is looking on, and consequently her Rose emerges as an irritating travesty on all stage mothers rather than a deftly drawn portrait of one. Natalie Wood, who is rapidly becoming quite an actress herself, fares far better in the title role.

For a glimpse of real film acting, however, try to catch Peter Sellers and Richard Attenborough in "**Trial and Error**," a slender little one-acter from England that these two pros have turned into an actor's holiday. They have even learned how to understate understatement, leaving the camera—and the audience—to embellish the meanings of their every look and word.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The World of Reasonable Madness

STRATFORD ON AVON, ENGLAND.

IN THE recollective calm of a short two-hour flight from Stockholm to London, the dilemma of Eugene O'Neill's "More Stately Mansions" (reviewed in last week's *SR*) had become increasingly clear. Here was a great work but one nearly impossible to produce effectively. Indeed, three Swedish stars that America would have difficulty matching had exhausted themselves heroically to keep us continuously fascinated for four and a half hours, but could only suggest the play that O'Neill envisioned.

If it is any comfort to O'Neill's ghost, and to his valiant Swedish producers, the same difficulties have always existed with an analogous masterwork. Shakespeare's "**King Lear.**" It is currently being revived here in a new production by Peter Brook, whose "Titus Andronicus" established him as the world's best director of impossible plays.

While Mr. Brook cannot be said to have performed the miracle of making this play work totally, he has made considerable progress toward an objective that is perhaps more important to Shakespeare production in our time. He has begun to find a realistic and at the same time poetic way of performing what is traditionally presented as grand pronunciamentos and pure silliness, to be accepted only because the actor pumps artificial emotional force into them and because they are by Shakespeare.

This "King Lear" begins by establishing a rhythm of behavior and speech in which courtiers dressed in scuffed leather and burlap seem to be taking their own time and to be speaking less operatically than usual. Whereas some method actors have in the past tried to do the same thing in order to generate genuine emotional reactions to situations, they usually disrupt the shape of the play in so doing. Here Mr. Brook has preserved a shape by adding such logical formalities as having Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia presented with an orb which they must hold as they tell the king how they love him.

As a gray and grizzled Lear, Paul Scofield seems almost Teutonic, and his early behavior proceeds out of his stern efforts to keep both his parental and monarchical authority in the face of a steadily deteriorating situation. This Lear is not senile. Furthermore, he refuses to ask for sympathy, not because he is proud, but because, as a man used to commanding, he knows that such tactics would rob him of a status he could not live without. Mr. Scofield, who has a low voice—an excellent thing in Lears—seldom raises it very high against present troubles, and appears more concerned with the total disaster which faces a crumbling old order and which he cannot prevent.

In a Brechtian way everyone in the play seems to be behaving as ordinary human beings might in the same situation. Irene Worth's Goneril exhibits understandable nervousness about reducing a kingly father to an unobtrusive guest in her house. And Alan Webb plays Gloucester as the not very bright representative of a generation of conservatives who have abused privilege under the cloak of tradition.

In the first half of the play, Mr. Scofield's most moving moment comes when we see him fight back self-pity as he promises to perform the terrors of the earth at the very instant he is newly aware that he has lost the authority that might enable him to do so. And in the second half, when the mad Lear and the blind Gloucester meet as two completely useless old men, we are touched by this tragic picture of impotence and naked mortality. Mr. Scofield is particularly fine in portraying Lear's madness in the scene where he is reunited with Cordelia. We see him fight with his mind first to recognize the reality of the person in front of him, and then to appreciate the larger reality of what it must mean to her to forgive him. Finally we share his exultation as he goes off with her to jail, where they will sing "like birds in a cage," a salvation that is more than he deserves in a world of grotesqueries, horror, and despair.

This world Mr. Brook has most successfully conjured. His settings, which consist of three huge adjustable white screens in front of which he suspends or places various rough-textured abstract objects, both unify the play and keep our perspective non-literal. And the action often has a simple poetic beauty reminiscent of Samuel Beckett. If Mr. Brook has not yet found a way to include the intensely emotional heights we rightly or wrongly have come to expect from this impossible masterwork, he and Mr. Scofield have achieved a rich, memorable, and convincing theatrical creation.

Back on Broadway, where producers have learned how to make passable shows out of just barely possible mediocrities (and indeed often do the same for first-class works), the newest successful entertainment is the musical "**Little Me,**" based on Patrick Dennis's "The Autobiography of Belle Poitrine."

The show frequently seems to be a parody of "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," as Neil Simon's book follows the rise of lowly but well-built Belle Schlumpfert, who exhibits a similar buoyancy in the American social swim. However, in "Little Me," Belle, who is attractively portrayed by Virginia Martin, is less the heroine than she is the straight woman for comedian Sid Caesar. The latter, in various wigs, moustaches, and uniforms, plays the men in her life. These include Noble Eggleston, a combination of a mother's spoiled rich child and Frank Merriwell; Mr. Pinchley, an American Scrooge; Val Du Val, a French entertainer who doggedly mixes clickety-clackety sound effects with his debonair tap-dancing to impress his audience; Fred Poitrine, a naïve and near-sighted American soldier who is ridiculously goodhearted and clean-minded; Otto Schnitzler, a Hollywood director who accepts unreality and the inefficiency of subordinates as an inevitable condition of employment; and Prince Cherney, who is right out of every old operetta.

This protean life suits Mr. Caesar, and one might say that he does for "Little" what Phil Silvers did for "Do Re." His use of one comic device after another keeps us laughing at suitably spaced intervals throughout the evening. Perhaps what makes his performance so effective is the way he approaches these characterizations, exploring the vacuum of absurdity in each of them, only reluctantly to discover that their essences, like their destinies, are accidental.

Bob Fosse's choreography and co-direction are colorful and astute, and Swen Swenson's delightfully lascivious dance as a rapacious suitor stops the show. One must also salute co-director Cy Feuer for at last having recognized that a quiet number also has its place in a musical. And if Carolyn Leigh and Cy Coleman have contributed a score that seems terribly subdued, possibly this is because of the lack of involvement we feel for those who sing the songs, and because of the hilarious comedy around them. For while it would not be quite correct to call Sid's performance the niftiest Caesarian operation in history, "Little Me" is mostly little him.

—HENRY HEWES.

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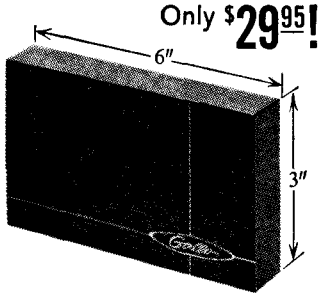

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SR 12-8

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Simionato's Rosina, Crespin's Marschallin

ALMOST any good performance of an operatic role is the outcome of a contest of wills—the interpreter's versus the composer's—but Giulietta Simionato's Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" just seen for the first time at the Metropolitan is a triumph of perseverance over physical means. To be sure, it is the kind of voice that Rossini imagined when he created the part, now usually sung by the lightest of *leggiero* sopranos. Such command as Simionato displayed of its florid involvements does not come easily for a mezzo these days for the simplest of reasons: the demands put upon the voice in the post-Rossini operas of Verdi, Ponchielli, Mascagni, etc., which are the normal concern of such singers.

Thus, for vocal discipline alone, Simionato's Rosina makes a kind of lightly ornamented capstone for her prior achievements here as Azucena, as Amneris, as Santuzza. It actually does not carry her much lower than, or even as high as, the others, but it demands a wholly distinctive gradation of values and effects, which she provided with virtuoso ease. Meanwhile, with one flick of comic touch after another, she showed the reverse of the talents for drama, even tragedy, hitherto admired. And despite her years of application, Miss Simionato retains the vivacity of mind and the flexibility of body to suggest the youthful heroine.

As to which kind of voice has stronger appeal, Miss Simionato's mezzo or the more customary soprano's, this is a proposition happily arguable on either side. The mezzo undoubtedly provides a bottom for the ensemble as Rossini conceived it; the soprano lines the total sonority with a silvery border that gives it a welcome touch of brilliance. Either can be enjoyed on the appropriate level of artistry.

That level was best sustained otherwise in this "Barber" by Cesare Siepi in his immensely entertaining, roundly sonorous Basilio, in the properly petulant Bartolo of Fernando Corena, and in the attractively pliable Almaviva of Dino Formichini. For my taste, Robert Merrill's Barber is overbusy and sung with more volume than unction, but he does fulfil a resonant place in the ensembles. Thomas Schippers kept his performers well in hand, once he had disposed of some rather crude sound in the overture. The Berman sets and the Ritchard production retain their well-tested values.

In the week of Simionato's Rosina it was a pleasure to welcome also the Marschallin of Régine Crespin, for a good "Rosenkavalier" without a qualified performer of its most celebrated female role is an impossibility. In this French soprano, the Metropolitan has not only a good but a very good Marschallin, whose voice, musical intelligence, and dramatic artistry could qualify her for inclusion in the select class of Lehmann, Lemnitz, Schwarzkopf, et al. But a really good "'Rosenkavalier" requires a strong Octavian, a robust Ochs, and an authoritative conductor, which the efforts of Hertha Töpper, Otto Edelmann, and Lorin Maazel only provided in part.

Crespin has lightened the tone of her Marschallin while deepening some lines of characterization in the last few years. It is now beautifully vocalized, with a degree of body to make her soft effects audible in the large auditorium, and apt enunciation of the German text. Whether Lehmann's participation in the final rehearsals contributed anything to the gain since her Glyndebourne performances of 1959 is impossible to say. But as Crespin would have been blamed for their absence, she may be admired for their presence.

A woman whose appearance recalled pictures of Margarete Matzenauer, Miss Crespin could have been more becomingly costumed. But she has the irreplaceable asset of being able to act as she sings and sing as she acts, suffering no vocal inconvenience from certain trouble spots of Act I or the climax of Act III. She carried Miss Töpper to a quality of performance earlier lacking in her Octavian. It always sounded well, if somewhat tentative in Acts I and II. If she could preserve the confidence she asserted in Act III and amend her stance and stride to a more likely suggestion of the seventeen-year-old youth, Töpper could be an Octavian to cherish. Anneliese Rothenberger's vocal purity serves Sophie well, but Edelmann's bumptious kind of clowning is not redeemed by enough vocal suavity these days to make his Ochs acceptable.

As for Maazel, he was alternately riding the crest and foundering in the troughs of Strauss's carefully crafted score. Some aspects of the score's sound —in the tenor-high cello-bassoon range —were aptly observed, but the strings were driven rather than cajoled, the brasses mostly overloud. An impossibly fast tempo for the introduction to Act

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II and a lack of consideration for Daniele Barioni's vocal distress in "Di rigori armato" did not fortify one's belief in his present command of this score.

As there were two "Rosenkavaliers" this week, there were also two "Aïdas," a departure from the custom that may have interesting implications for the future. In the first, Vladimir Ruzdak from Yugoslavia showed excellent routine in an Amonasro that was more dramatic in action than sound. The good timbre of his voice would suggest, for Metropolitan purposes, better service in lyric Verdi. In the second, Flaviano Labo returned after an absence since the 1957-58 season to sing a Radames of attractive sound and good control (once past "Celeste Aïda," in which he was around rather than on the pitch), and Mary Curtis-Verna exceeded any previous vocal effort at the Metropolitan with her poised, artistically formulated Aïda. In both, Nello Santi's strong conducting gave an impetus to this work not often heard in recent Met "Aïdas."

THERE was plenty of impetus also in the conducting of Karl Boehm as he ended his Philharmonic engagement with a program that began with a suite from Gottfried von Einem's "Dantons Tod" and ended with the Beethoven No. 7. In between, Julius Katchen returned after a long absence abroad with a performance of the Schumann piano concerto, which was abundantly supplied with such relatively minor virtues as fluency, precision, and pianistic power, but insufficiently marked by a free-flowing warmly motivated feeling for this composer's mode of expression. The Von Einem, though "new" to New York, was debatably new to Salzburg when it was first given in 1947. It bears the traces of too many antecedents for the profile of individuality to show itself. As in the opera house, so in the concert hall: Boehm is on top of problems before they develop.

Upstairs and down in Carnegie Hall during the week, the impact of jazz on cultural climates far removed from the one in which it has long flourished was exposed on two interesting occasions. In the large hall, impulse dominated organization in an evening of Bossa Nova embellished by some pioneers imported from Brazil, where it originated. In the smaller Recital Hall the administration of Carnegie sponsored an evening of contemporary effort that was longer on organization than impulse. The jazz came in Milton Babbitt's carefully witty "All Set," a blend of "beat" and "row." There was rather more musical reward in George Perle's well-sustained "Serenade," in which Walter Trampler was the viola soloist.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recommended Recordings

To simplify the search for desirable items for purposes of Christmas gift-giving, RECORDINGS presents herewith a compilation of classical recordings issued during 1962 and favorably reviewed in these pages. Within each of the three major categories (orchestral, chamber and instrumental, and vocal), collections with miscellaneous content precede the listing by composers. All items are available in both stereo and mono, unless otherwise indicated. Reissues of interest are indicated by an asterisk. Especially recommended items are marked †.

Orchestral

A Beecham Anthology: Sir Thomas conducting various orchestras and soloists in short works and excerpts from longer ones, recordings spanning the period 1915-1958 (Angel, two discs, mono only).

†**Cleveland Pops Orchestra,** Louis Lane conducting, in Copland's "Outdoor Overture," Riegger's "Dance Rhythms," and pieces by Menotti, Elwell and Shepherd (Epic).

Gerard Cartigny conducting a chamber orchestra in obscure works of Mouret, Boismortier and Dauvergne (Music Guild).

Paul Paray and the Detroit Symphony in a program of French overtures, including those to Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche," Adam's "If I Were King," Auber's "Crown Diamonds," and others (Mercury).

J. C. Bach: Sinfonia for Double Orchestra, Op. 18, No. 3; W. F. BACH: Sinfonia in D minor; C. P. E. BACH: Concerto in D. *Eugene Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra* (Columbia).

†**Bach-Walton:** "The Wise Virgins"; SCARLATTI-TOMMASINI: "The Good Humoured Ladies." *Robert Irving cond. Concert Arts Orchestra* (Capitol).

†**Bartok:** Violin Concerto No. 1; VIOTTI: Concerto No. 22. *Isaac Stern, with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch.* (Columbia).

Bartok: "Miraculous Mandarin" Suite; SHOSTAKOVICH: Suite from "The Age of Gold." *Robert Irving cond. Philharmonia Orchestra* (Capitol).

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 2; MOZART: Concerto No. 17 in G. *Friedrich Gulda, with orchestra under Paul Angerer* (Vanguard).

†**Beethoven:** Piano Concerto No. 5 ("Emperor"). *Rudolf Serkin, with Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic* (Columbia).

Beethoven: Violin Concerto. *Nathan Milstein, with Leinsdorf and the Philharmonia* (Capitol); *Zino Francescatti with Bruno Walter conducting* (Columbia).

Beethoven: Symphony No. 2 & "Consecration of the House" Overture. *János Ferencsik cond. Czech Philharmonic Orch.* (Parliament).

†**Beethoven:** Symphonies Nos. 1 and 9. *Reiner, Chicago Symphony Orch., chorus and soloists.* (RCA Victor, 2 discs).

Berg: Suites from "Lulu" & "Wozzeck." *Dorati cond. London Symphony Orch., with Helga Pilarczyk, soprano* (Mercury).

Berg: "Lulu" Suite, "Der Wein," 3 movements from the Lyric Suite, Chamber Concerto, and 7 Early Songs. *Robert Craft cond. Columbia Symphony Orch., with Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Israel Baker, violin, and Pearl Kaufman, piano.* (Columbia, two discs).

Berlioz: Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo et Juliette." *Charles Munch cond. Boston Symphony Orch. and New England Conservatory Chorus, with Rosalind Elias, Cesare Valletti and Giorgio Tozzi* (RCA Victor Soria Series, two discs).

†**Bloch:** Violin Concerto; BARTOK: Rhapsody No. 1. *Roman Totenberg, violin, with Vladimir Golschmann cond. Vienna State Opera Orch.* (Vanguard).

Boyce: Overtures. *Anthony Lewis cond. Lamoureux Orchestra* (L'Oiseau-Lyre).

†**Brahms:** Violin Concerto. *David Oistrakh, with Otto Klemperer cond. RTF Orchestra, Paris* (Angel).

Brahms: Double Concerto. *Wolfgang Schneiderhan and János Starker, with Ferenc Fricsay cond. Berlin Radio Orch.* (Deutsche Grammophon).

†**Bruch:** Scottish Fantasy; VIEUXTEMPS: Concerto No. 5. *Jascha Heifetz, with Sir Malcolm Sargent cond. New Symphony Orch.* (RCA Victor).

†**Bruckner:** Symphony No. 7; WAGNER: "Siegfried Idyll." *Klemperer, Philharmonia Orchestra* (Angel, two discs).

Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1. *Bela Davidovich with Alexander Yansons cond. USSR Radio Orch.* (MK, mono only); *Guiomar Novaes with Jonel Perlea cond. Bamberg Symphony* (Vox); *Artur Rubinstein with Stanislaw Skrowaczewski cond. New Symphony Orch.* (RCA Victor).

†**Copland:** "El Salón México," "Appalachian Spring," and Dance from "Music for the Theatre." *Bernstein, New York Philharmonic* (Columbia).

Debussy: "Images"; STRAVINSKY: Symphonies of Wind Instruments; RAVEL "Pavane pour une infante défunte." *Ernest Ansermet cond. Orchestre de la Suisse Romande* (London).

Delibes: Excerpts from "Sylvia" and "Coppélia." *Robert Irving cond. Philharmonia Orch., with violin solos by Menuhin* (Capitol).

***Dittersdorf:** Symphony in F minor ("The Rescue of Andromeda by Perseus"). *Clemens Dahinden cond. Winterthur Symphony Orch.;* Symphony in E flat. *Dahinden, Radio Zürich Orchestra.* (The Record Hunter, mono only).

Dohnanyi: Variations on a Nursery Tune & "Ruralia Hungarica." *Kornél Zempleny, piano, with György Lehel cond. Hungarian State Orchestra* (Westminster).

†**Dvorak:** Cello Concerto. *Pierre Fournier, with Szell cond. Berlin Philharmonic* (Deutsche Grammophon).

Dvorak: Violin Concerto & Romance for Violin and Orchestra. *Josef Suk, with Karel Ancerl cond. Czech Philharmonic* (Artia).

Dvorak: "Czech" Suite, Op. 39 *(Alois Klima cond.),* & "American" Suite, Op. 98b *(Karel Sejna cond.). Czech Philharmonic Orch.* (Supraphon, mono only).

†**Dvorak:** Symphony No. 4 in G; BRAHMS: Academic Festival Overture. *Bruno Walter, Columbia Symphony Orch.* (Columbia).

Faure: "Pelleas et Melisande" Suite, Prelude to "Pénélope," "Masques et Bergamasques"; DEBUSSY: Petite Suite. *Ansermet, Suisse Romande Orch.* (London).

Franck: Symphony in D minor. *Pierre Monteux, Chicago Symphony Orchestra* (RCA Victor).

Goldberg: Harpsichord Concerto in D minor. *Eliza Hansen, with Pfalz Orchestra under Christoph Stepp;* Trio Sonata in A minor. *Members of the Hamburg Telemann Society* (DGG Archive).

Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 83 ("La Poule") & 100 ("Military"). *Karl Münchinger, Vienna Philharmonic* (London).

***Hummel:** Piano Concerto in A minor. *Artur Balsam, with Winterthur Symphony Orch. under Otto Ackermann;* Sonata in B minor, Op. 40, No. 2. *Balsam* (The Record Hunter, mono only).

Hummel: Piano Concerto in A minor. BOIELDIEU: Concerto in F. *Martin Galling, with Robert Wagner cond. Innsbruck Symphony Orch.* (Vox).

Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole; SAINT-SAENS: Violin Concerto No. 3. *Aaron Rosand, with Tibor Szöke cond. Southwest German Radio Orch.* (Vox).

†**Liszt:** Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2. *Sviatoslav Richter, with Kondrashin cond. London Symphony Orch.* (Philips).

†**Mahler:** Symphony No. 9. *Bruno Walter conducting* (Columbia).

Frank Martin: Etudes for String Orchestra & Concerto for Winds, Timpani, Percussion and Strings. *Ansermet, Suisse Romande Orch.* (London).

Mayuzumi: "Nirvana-Symphonie:" *Wilhelm Schuechter cond. NHK Orchestra, chorus* (Time).

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Milhaud: Suite Provençale & "La Création du Monde." *Munch, Boston Symphony Orch.* (RCA Victor, Soria Series).

†**Mozart:** "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," "Masonic Funeral Music," & overtures to "Così Fan Tutte," "The Impresario," "Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute." *Bruno Walter conducting* (Columbia).

Mozart: Piano Concertos Nos. 14 & 16. *Walter Klien, with orchestra under Paul Angerer* (Vox).

Mozart: Concerto No. 22 & Sonata in E flat, K. 282. *Philippe Entremont, with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in the Concerto* (Columbia).

Prokofiev: Piano Concerto No. 3; RACHMANINOFF: Concerto No. 1. *Byron Janis, with Kondrashin cond. Moscow Philharmonic* (Mercury).

Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2 & preludes. *Moura Lympany, with Royal Philharmonic under Sargent* (Angel).

Rimsky-Korsakov: Capriccio Espagnol. *André Vandernoot, Paris Conservatoire Orch.;* TCHAIKOVSKY: Capriccio Italien. *Pierre Dervaux, Colonne Orch.* (Command).

Schoenberg: Piano Concerto. *Glenn Gould, with Robert Craft cond. CBC Orch.;* MOZART: Concerto No. 24. *Gould, with Walter Susskind cond. CBC Orch.* (Columbia).

Stravinsky: Violin Concerto; ROBERTSON: Violin Concerto. *Tossy Spivakovsky, with Maurice Abravanel and Utah Symphony Orch.* (Vanguard).

Stravinsky: "Dumbarton Oaks" Concerto in E flat; Concerto Grosso in D; "Danses Concertantes." *Colin Davis cond. English Chamber Orch.* (L'Oiseau-Lyre).

†**J. Strauss:** Waltzes. *Fritz Reiner, Chicago Sym. Orch.* (RCA Victor).

†**R. Strauss:** "Also sprach Zarathustra." *Reiner, Chicago Symphony* (RCA Victor).

R. Strauss: "Ein Heldenleben." *Beecham, Royal Philharmonic* (Capitol).

†**Tchaikovsky:** Violin Concerto. *David Oistrakh, with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra* (Columbia).

Tcherepnin: Piano Concerto No. 2; HONEGGER: Suite Archaïque. *Robert Whitney cond. Louisville Orchestra, with composer at piano in the Concerto* (Louisville).

Varese: "Arcana," "Déserts," "Offrandes." *Robert Craft conducting, with Dona Precht, soprano* (Columbia).

Vivaldi: Violin Concertos, P. 88, 234, 236 & 419. *Nathan Milstein, with chamber orchestra* (Angel).

Wagner: "Tristan"—Prelude and Liebestod; R. STRAUSS: "Tod und Verklärung." *Erich Leinsdorf cond. Los Angeles Philharmonic* (Capitol).

Wagner: Overtures to "Tannhäuser" & "Meistersinger"; "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" and "Funeral Music," from "Götterdämmerung." *Wolfgang Sawallisch, Philharmonia Orchestra* (Angel).

Weber: Clarinet Concerto No. 2; SPOHR: Clarinet Concerto No. 1. *Gervase de Peyer, with London Symphony Orch. under Colin Davis* (L'Oiseau-Lyre).

Chamber and Instrumental

Martha Argerich, piano, in Chopin, Brahms, Prokofiev, Ravel and Liszt (D.G.).

Julius Baker and Jean-Pierre Rampal in music for two flutes by Telemann, Beethoven and Kuhlau (Washington).

Robert and Gaby Casadesus in two-piano music of Debussy (Petite Suite), Chabrier ("Trois Valses Romantiques"), Satie ("Trois morceaux en forme d'un poire") and Fauré ("Dolly") (Columbia).

Ivan Davis, piano: Five Scarlatti sonatas, Haydn Sonata in C, Mozart Sonata in F, K. 332 (Columbia).

†**Leon Goossens,** in a varied program of short works for oboe, with Gerald Moore at the piano (Angel).

†**Vladimir Horowitz** in Chopin (Sonata No. 2), Schumann (Arabeske), Rachmaninoff (Etudes Tableaux) and Liszt (Hungarian Rhapsody No. 19) (Columbia).

Gary Karr plays an Eccles Sonata for double-bass, plus pieces by Koussevitzky, Bloch, Ravel and Paganini, with Jeffrey Siegel at the piano (Golden Crest, mono only).

David Nadien in violin encores by Sarasate, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, *et al.*, with Boris Barere at the piano (Kapp).

Jean-Pierre Rampal in Sonatas by Benda and Richter with harpsichordist Viktorie Svihlikova, and Prokofiev with pianist Alfred Holecek (Supraphon, mono only).

†**Mstislav Rostropovich and Benjamin Britten** play the Britten and Debussy cello sonatas and Schumann's "Fünf Stücke im Volkston" (London).

Karl Scheit, with chamber ensemble, plays two Vivaldi guitar concertos, one by Torelli, and Galliards by Dowland (Vanguard-Bach Guild).

Andres Segovia in excerpts from Castelnuovo-Tedesco's "Platero and I" and pieces by Sor, Frescobaldi and others (Decca).

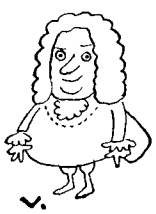
***Arriaga:** Quartets Nos. 1 and 2. *Guilet Quartet* (The Record Hunter, mono only).

†**Bach:** French Suites Nos. 1-6. *Thurston Dart, clavichord* (L'Oiseau-Lyre).

Bach: Two- and Three-Part Inventions. *Ralph Kirkpatrick, clavichord* (DGG Archive).

Bach: Toccata and Fugue in D minor and other organ works. *Carl Weinrich* (RCA Victor).

Bach: Partitas and Sonatas for Unaccompanied Violin. *Joseph Szigeti* (Vanguard-Bach Guild, three discs, mono only).



W. F. Bach: Keyboard selections. *Heida Hermanns, piano* (SFM).

†**Bartok:** String Quartets, complete. *Hungarian Quartet* (DGG, three discs).

†**Bartok:** Sonata for Unaccompanied Violin; BACH: Sonata in G minor. *Joseph Silverstein* (Columbia).

Beethoven: Quartets Opp. 59 (complete), 95 & 133 ("Grosse Fuge"). *Loewenguth Quartet* (Vox, three discs).

***Beethoven:** Piano Sonatas Nos. 14, 26 & 17. *Guiomar Novaes* (Vox, mono only).

Beethoven: Sonatas Nos. 3, 9, 12, 22 & 23. Sviatoslav Richter (Columbia, two discs, mono only).

Berg: Quartet. *Kohon Quartet;* SCHOENBERG: Quartet No. 2. *Ramor Quartet, with Maria Theresia Escribiano,* soprano (Vox).

Brahms: Clarinet Quintet; WAGNER: Adagio for Clarinet and Strings. *Alfred Boskovsky, with members of the Vienna Ocetet* (London).

Chopin: Nocturnes, complete. *Moura Lympany, piano* (Angel, two discs).

Dvorak: Trio in F minor, Op. 65. *Czech Trio* (Supraphon, mono only).

Handel: The 16 keyboard suites. *Paul Wolfe, harpsichord* (Expériences Anonymes, five discs).

Haydn: Quartets Op. 64, No. 5, & Op. 77, No. 2. *Hungarian Quartet* (Vox).

Locatelli: "L'Arte del Violino," Op. 3, Concertos Nos. 1, 8 & 9. *Roberto Michelucci, with I Musici* (Epic).

†**Moussorgsky:** "Pictures at an Exhibition"; SCHUMANN: "Carnaval." *Benno Moiseïwitsch, piano* (Decca).

Mozart: Andantino in B flat; F. X. W. A. MOZART (son): Sonata in E; ASIOLI: Sonata in C. *George Neikrug, cello, and Harry Kaufman, piano* (SFM).

Mozart: The four quartets for flute and strings. *Samuel Baron and members of the Fine Arts Quartet* (Concert-Disc).

Mozart: Quartets in D, K. 499, & B flat, K. 589. *Vienna Philharmonic Quartet* (London).

Mozart: Quintets in G minor, K. 516, & D major, K. 593. *Amadeus Quartet, with Cecil Aronowitz, viola* (DGG).

Mozart: Trio in E, K. 542; RAVEL: Trio. *Yehudi Menuhin, Louis Kentner & Gaspar Cassadó* (Angel).

Nielsen: Sonata, Prelude and Theme with Variations, Preludio e Presto. *Kai Laursen, violin, and Eyvind Moller, piano* (Washington).

Sarasate: Recital by *Ruggiero Ricci* (Decca).

***Schubert:** Sonata in D, Op. 53 (D. 850). *Artur Schnabel* (Angel).

Schumann: Quartet in A, Op. 41, No. 3; STRAVINSKY: Three Pieces for String Quartet. *Quartetto Italiano* (Angel).

J. Strauss & Lanner: Waltzes. *String quintet led by Alexander Schneider* (Columbia).

R. Strauss: Sonata in E flat; BRAHMS: Sonata in G, Op. 78. *Leonid Kogan, violin, and Andrei Mitnik, piano* (MK, mono only).

Telemann: Suite in A minor; VIVALDI: 2 concertos. *Bernard Krainis, recorder, with Krainis Baroque Ensemble* (Kapp).

(*Continued on page* 57)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK LP'S

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Bob Grossman. Grossman, guitar and vocals; Joe Lawrence, bass. Elektra EKL 215, $4.98.	Grossman, a young Californian blessed with an uncanny sense of dynamics, makes an impressive debut with these, his first, recordings. With a strongly masculine voice and an extremely rhythmic guitar technique, his first appearance is forceful and unusually dynamic. In a varied program, which includes American, Spanish, and Israeli numbers, he demonstrates very ably that he has all of the equipment to establish himself as a folk performer of the first order. His style, both vocally and instrumentally, is exciting and can be heard to full advantage in his outstanding rendition of the traditional "John Henry." These recordings were made in performance and aptly illustrate young Grossman's hold over a live audience.
The Lilly Brothers and Don Stover: "Folk Songs from the Southern Mountains." Everett Lilly, vocal and mandolin; Bea Lilly, vocal and guitar; Don Stover, five-string banjo; Herb Hooven, fiddle. Folkways FA 2433, $5.98.	Ev and Bea Lilly of Clear Creek, West Virginia, as a result of these recordings, emerge as one of the best of all of the current "bluegrass" groups actively performing today. Truly a "grass-roots" twosome, they demonstrate some beautiful harmonizing in authentic mountain style, and are also very exciting instrumentally. Everett's high tenor voice and equally adept mandolin playing are perfectly complimented by brother Bea's "bluegrass" guitar and tasteful harmonizing.
Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs: "Folk Songs of Our Land." Flatt, vocal and guitar; Scruggs, five-string banjo and vocal; unidentified dobro guitar, bass, mandolin, vocals. Columbia Stereo CS 8630, Mono. CL 1830, $4.98, $3.98.	Riding high on the crest of the present banjo boom, the Flatt-Scruggs aggregation has again come up with a winning item. Dealing solely with American ballads, they have assembled and presented a panorama of some of the best of all of the folk songs of America. Included are such well-known tunes as Merle Travis's "Nine Pound Hammer," Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land" and the traditional "Philadelphia Lawyer," as well as a group of lesser-known items such as "The Legend of the Johnson Boys" and "George Alley's F.F.V.," the latter a particularly fine "railroad" song. Outstanding is their version of the assassination ballad "McKinley's Gone," exhibiting Flatt's mountain-style singing and the by now legendary five-string banjo-picking of Earl Scruggs.
Oscar Brand: "Folk Songs for Fun." Brand, vocals and guitar; the Tarriers, guitars, fiddle, banjo, and vocals. Decca Stereo DL 74275, Mono. 4275, $4.98, $3.98.	Long a major force in the folk music field, as both a folk singer and a musical scholar, Brand is certainly among the most knowledgeable and capable of all artists in the field. To his further credit he has directed his talents and good taste to the production of this fine collection of "fun songs." The songs included are delightful, the interpretations fresh and original, and the overall effect one of a happy party. Brand is fortunate in having the able assistance of one of the better young folk groups, the Tarriers.
The Highwaymen: "Encore." Bob Burnett, Steve Butts, Chan Daniels, Dave Fisher, Steve Trott, vocals, with guitars, banjo, and autoharp. United Artists Stereo UAS 6225, $4.98.	Another of the many groups of young folk singers who have found their way to the recording studios, the Highwaymen are competent, though not particularly distinguished or outstanding. The selection of material shows wide range and good taste and runs the gamut from such folk and "bluegrass" items as "Lonesome Road Blues" and "Railroad Bill" to the Hebrew folk tune "Bim Bam" and the lovely Ewan MacColl song "Ballad of Spring Hill."
"The Original and Great Carter Family." Sarah Carter, vocal and guitar; A. P. Carter, vocal; Maybelle Carter, vocal and guitar. RCA Camden, CAL-586, $1.98.	Easily the most outstanding and influential of all groups that have performed and recorded within the "country music" field, the Carter Family has left a rich legacy which has made its mark on almost every subsequent group of country performers. The songs made famous by the group have become standards in the repertoire of virtually all folk performers, even to the imitation of their vocal and instrumental execution. So individual was their sound that it is generally referred to as "Carter Family style." This group of songs was made in the 1930s and included therein are some particularly associated with this group: "Little Moses," "Wabash Cannon Ball," and "Wildwood Flower."
Fred Gerlach: "Gallows Pole and Other Folk Songs." Gerlach, twelve-string guitar and vocals. Folkways 3529, $5.98.	One of the finest, if not the best, twelve-string guitar pickers alive today, Gerlach demonstrates an extraordinary and almost unbelievable instrumental technique. Influenced by the late Leadbelly, he is completely self-taught, which, makes his results even more remarkable. The title number alone is worth the price of the record, likewise the two Leadbelly themes "De Kalb Blues" and "Fanin Street." If there is a shortcoming here, it is the comparative monotone of the artist's voice.
Bud Dashiell and the Kinsmen: "Sing Everybody's Hits." Bud Dashiell, Bernie Armstrong, Jr., Everit Herter, all vocals and guitar. Warner Bros. W 1432, $3.98.	Even the field of folk music has its hit parade, for better or for worse. Hence all of the selections performed here, at what is billed as a "hilarious live concert," are renditions of "hits" associated with other folk artists and groups. Included are such tried and well-worn items as "Goodnight Irene," "Shenandoah," a fairly humorous version of "Tom Dooley," and three numbers associated with Harry Belafonte—"Jamaica Farewell," "Matilda," and "Scarlet Ribbons." Musically the group is adequate.
Travis Edmonson: "Travis on His Own." Edmonson, guitar and vocal. Unidentified vocal group. Reprise R-6035, $3.98.	Edmonson, formerly with the Gateway Singers and, more recently, half of the team of Bud and Travis, is featured here as a solo artist for the first time. With extensive experience as both a performer and composer he is a seasoned folk voice. He sings very well, especially when attacking a slow ballad, and demonstrates aptitude for conveying a feeling of total loneliness in some of his renditions. A fine example of this is the lovely "Cross the Plains." He is also capable of a vigorous, uptempo performance, as in "New Ashville Junction."
The Journeymen: "Coming Attraction-Live" Scott McKenzie, John Phillips, Dick Weissman. Vocals, guitars and banjo. Capitol stereo ST 1770, $4.98, mono T 1770, $3.98.	One of the more pleasing of the younger groups, the Journeymen are heard here as recorded live at a concert in Minneapolis. They are outstanding among current folk groups in the uniformly good quality of voices, making for an ensemble very easy to listen to. Among the items in which they excel are the old blues "In the Evening" and Merle Travis's "Dark as a Dungeon." At another extreme is the apt treatment of the comical "Metamorphosis." On the minus side are some of the arrangements, which tend to be over-elaborate. Since this is subject to alteration, there is much to recommend in the work of the Journeymen. —LAWRENCE COHN.

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Recordings Recommends

Continued from page 55

Opera and Other Vocal

Marian Anderson sings spirituals, with Franz Rupp, piano (RCA Victor).

†**Maria Callas** in French opera arias, with RTF Orch. under Prêtre (Angel).

†**Duets by Victoria de los Angeles and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau,** with Gerald Moore, piano (Angel).

Florence Foster Jenkins, the Great Lady of Song, coupled with a travesty on Gounod's "Faust" in English (RCA Victor, mono only).

Sandor Konya in operetta arias (DGG).

†**Victoria de los Angeles,** with Ars Musicae in Spanish Music of the Renaissance (Angel).

Theodor Uppman, baritone, in 16 songs (Internos).

Barber: "Knoxville: Summer of 1915"; LA MONTAINE: "Song of the Rose of Sharon." *Eleanor Steber, with Harsanyi cond. Greater Trenton Sym. Orch.* (Stand).

***Beethoven:** "Christus am Oelberg." *Margit Opawsky, Ratko Delorco and Walter Berry, with Vienna Kammerchor and Vienna State Opera Orch. under Henry Swoboda* (The Record Hunter, mono only).

†**Beethoven:** "Fidelio." *Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, et al., with Philharmonia Orch. and Chorus under Klemperer* (Angel, three discs).

Britten: "Cantata Academica," Choral Dances from "Gloriana," "Hymn to Saint Cecilia," "Hymn to the Virgin." *Jennifer Vyvyan, Helen Watts, Peter Pears, Owen Brannigan, London Symphony Orch. and Chorus under George Malcolm* (L'Oiseau-Lyre).

Britten: Canticles. *Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten, with John Hahessey, alto, and Barry Tuckwell, horn* (London).

†**Cilea:** "Adriana Lecouvreur." *Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Simionato, et al., Capuana conducting* (London, three discs).

Cimarosa: "Il Maestro di Capella," plus arias from various operas. *Fernando Corena, orch. under Quadri* (London).

Dvorak: "The Specter's Bride." *Jaroslav Krombholc cond. Czech Philharmonic, vocal soloists, Chorus* (Artia, two discs).

†**Foss:** "Song of Songs." *Jennie Tourel, with Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic;* BEN-HAIM: "Sweet Psalmist of Israel." *Sylvia Marlowe (harpsichord), Christine Stavrache (harp), Bernstein, New York Philharmonic* (Columbia).

Handel: "Alcina." *Joan Sutherland and others, Richard Bonynge cond. London Sym. Orch.* (London, three discs).

Leoncavallo: "I Pagliacci." *Tucci, Del Monaco, MacNeil; Molinari-Pradelli conducting;* MASCAGNI: "Cavalleria Rusticana." *Simionato, Del Monaco, MacNeil; Serafin cond.* (London, three discs).

Liszt: "Graner Messe." *Ferencsik conducting soloists, chorus and Budapest Orchestra* (DGG).

Frank Martin: "Le Vin Herbé." *Victor Desarzens cond. vocal and instrumental soloists, with composer at piano* (Westminster, two discs).

†**Moussorgsky:** "Boris Godonov"—excerpts. *George London et al., Schippers conducting* (Columbia).

†**Mozart:** "Le Nozze di Figaro." *Fischer-Dieskau, Seefried, et al., Fricsay conducting* (DGG, three discs).

Orff: "Antigonae." *Borkh, Haefliger, et al., Leitner conducting* (DGG, three discs).

***Pepusch-Gay-Austin:** "The Beggar's Opera." *Dennis Noble, Carmen Prietto, et al., Austin cond.* (London, two discs, mono only).

†**Schubert & Loewe** songs—*Donald Bell, baritone* (Columbia).

Schutz: "St. Matthew Passion." *D., L., & K. Fischer-Dieskau, et al.* (DGG Archive).

†**R. Strauss:** "Salome." *Nilsson, Wächter, Kmentt; Solti cond. Vienna Philharmonic* (London, two discs).

Stravinsky: "The Flood" & Mass (1948). *Stravinsky & Craft cond. soloists, chorus and orch.* (Columbia).

Stravinsky: "Renard," "Les Noces," "Ragtime for Eleven Instruments." *Stravinsky conducting, with Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Lukas Foss and Roger Sessions at pianos in "Les Noces"* (Columbia).

†**Stravinsky:** *"Le Rossignol." Driscoll, Grist, Gramm, et al., Stravinsky cond.* (Columbia).

Stravinsky: "Symphonie des Psaumes," "Les Noces." *Ansermet, Suisse Romande Orch., chorus* (London).

Verdi: "Aïda." *Price, Gorr, Vickers, Tozzi, Solti cond.* (RCA Victor, 3 discs).

Verdi: "Don Carlo." *Stella, Labò, Christoff, Santini cond.* (DGG, four discs).

Wagner: "Tannhäuser." *Hopf, Fischer-Dieskau, Frick, et al., Konwitschny conducting* (Angel, four discs).

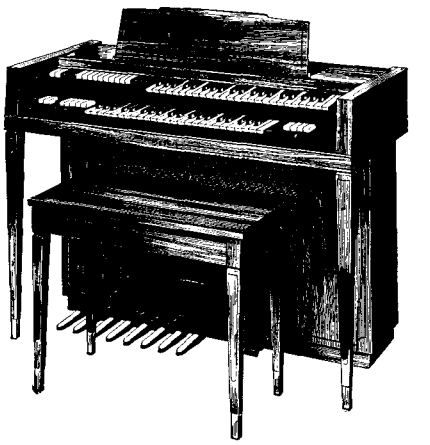
†**Wagner:** "Die Walküre." *Nilsson, Brouwenstijn, Vickers, London, Gorr, et al., Leinsdorf cond. London Symphony Orch.* (RCA Victor, Soria Series, five discs).

Wagner: "Brünnhilde's Immolation" ("Götterdämmerung") & Wesendonck Lieder. *Eileen Farrell, with Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic* (Columbia).

Wagner: Wesendonck Lieder and scenes from "Lohengrin," "Parsifal" and "Walküre." *Régine Crespin, RTF Orch. under Prêtre* (Angel).

***Weill:** Excerpts from "Dreigroschenoper" and "Mahagonny." *Lotte Lenya and other members of original casts* (Telefunken). —RICHARD FREED.

DO YOU HAVE AN OUNCE OF MUSIC IN YOUR SOUL?



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Fall Harvest of Telemann

August Wenzinger — "an opportunity to enjoy Telemann."

THE almost full page Telemann now occupies in the Schwann Catalog is surprisingly rich in variety, since only about a half-dozen of the sixty-odd titles represented have been recorded more than once. This low incidence of duplication (in contrast to the high one that plagues Vivaldi collectors) is one of the gratifying aspects of the Telemann renaissance noted in these pages last winter (*SR*, Jan. 27). Of nine Telemann items on four recent discs, the only repeats are the familiar A minor Suite for Flute and Strings and one other title now added for the first time to the short list of those duplicated. The latter not only surpasses its predecessor on all counts, but also brings with it on the same disc no fewer than three other engaging works new to Schwann.

Telemann's "Water Music," a ten-movement orchestral suite (or "Overture") in C which the composer called "Hamburger Ebb und Fluth," was not meant to be sounded over water like Handel's, but was styled a "Wasser-Ouvertüre" because of the nautical context of its nine dances. They bear such descriptive titles as "Neptune in Love," "The Playful Triton," "The Storming Aeolus," and "The Merry Sailors." The scoring is also much lighter than Handel's, omitting brass and percussion altogether and using only a piccolo, two flutes, two recorders, two oboes, and a bassoon with the strings and continuo. In its second appearance on discs, the Suite gets a marvelous performance from the Concert Group of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis under August Wenzinger, handsomely recorded by Deutsche Grammophon as the first stereophonic Telemann in its Archive series (ARC 73198, $6.98; mono, ARC 3198, $5.98). This is not only a worthy companion to the same label's four monophonic Telemann collections, but could well prove to be the most popular item in the composer's entire discography, outdistancing even the A minor Suite for Flute and Strings.

Newell Jenkins and the Milan Chamber Ochestra introduced this music phonographically five years ago, sandwiched between the "Don Quichotte" Suite and the B major Suite from the "Tafelmusik" on a still current Washington disc. Unfortunately, the "Water Music" on Washington is not only interrupted for turnover but recorded with a rather hard sound (Jenkins's notes assert that "these were the first stereophonic recordings made in Italy," but only the mono version was issued). The performance has little of the subtlety of Wenzinger's, though both were prepared from the same edition. Wenzinger not only has the advantages of stereo and of fitting sensibly on one side, but also gives the impression that he and his twenty-four excellent players have had opportunities to enjoy Telemann together more frequently than Jenkins and his Milanese. The sound of recorders, which I failed to detect on the Washington disc, adds substantially to the charm of the Archive presentation, as does Wenzinger's use of the "*alt Kammerton*" pitch (A:435, slightly lower than today's "*Normalton*" of A: 440). What is most notable, though, is that Wenzinger's tempi give the music space to breathe; there is enough contrast between sections to let each display its own character, and the flawless balance allows all of Telemann's piquant instrumental effects to be heard to full advantage. The "Harlequinade" ("The Happy Triton"), for example, with its juicy recorders and limpid plucked accompaniment to the melody carried by viole da gamba, is sufficient justification for investing in the record.

There is, of course, another side to the disc, and it is a full half-hour of additional "justification" in the form of three uncommonly attractive and typically tuneful chamber pieces, the most elaborate being the seven-movement Suite No. 6 in D minor for oboe, violin, and continuo. The continuo is made up of viola da gamba and harpsichord, as it is in the succeeding Concerto No. 3 in A for flute, harpsichord concertante and continuo. Although the data card with the record lists Willy Spilling as harpsichord concertante and Elza van der Ven as harpsichord continuo in the concluding Trio Sonata in E flat for oboe, harpsichord concertante and continuo, Fritz Bose's liner notes state, "One could, as in the Concerto in A major, score it for a continuo harpsichord plus viola da gamba, but this has not been done here, in order to maintain the number three of instruments in the Trio." Well, trio sonatas very often call for two or more instruments in the continuo, and in this case the listener may judge for himself whether the data card or the liner notes are correct. In any event, all three works are well played, Spilling providing the continuo in the other two and Miss van der Ven the concertante in the Concerto. The other members of the Nuremberg Chamber Music Circle on this side of the disc (using normal pitch) are Otto Büchner, violin; Werner Berndsen, flute; Kurt Hausmann, oboe, and Josef Ulsamer, viola da gamba.

While other composers were dealing more grandly with the seasons of the year, Telemann (whose enormous catalogue may yet yield a "Seasons" or two of his own, for that matter) offered his worshipful Hamburg audiences a musical description of the times of day. His secular cantata "Die Tageszeiten" covers both sides of another new Deutsche Grammophon disc (SLPM-138785, $6.98; mono, LPM-18785, $5.98), which is, incidentally, the first Telemann issued by DGG outside its Archive series. Actually, "Die Tageszeiten" is made up of four little solo cantatas, each following the pattern aria-recitative-aria-chorus, the whole prefaced by a robust overture in the Italian style. "Morning" is assigned to the soprano (Ingrid Czerny in this recording) with two oboes and strings, "Noon" to the contralto (Gertraud Prenzlow) with viola da gamba obbligato, "Evening" to the tenor (Gerhard Unger) with two flutes and strings, and "Night" to the bass (Günther Leib) with an appropriately nocturnal-sounding bassoon. Although this definitely does not qualify as sacred music, the final section is a splendid chorus in praise of God. Though the vocal soloists are rather lackluster, they are certainly competent, and Helmut Koch conducts the Berlin Chamber Orchestra and chorus with both vigor and style.

Some of Telemann's trio sonatas and a "Sonata Polonese" were on a Westminster record no longer current, but those on Washington WLP 9463 (stereo, $5.98; mono, WLP-463, $4.98)

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are not the same ones. The liner notes are frustratingly reticent on such matters as scoring, sources, dates, etc., but the playing of the Societas Musicas Chamber Orchestra of Copenhagen under Jorgen Ernst Hansen more than makes up for that. Obviously, Mr. Hansen and his men do not regard baroque music as an old lady to be helped gingerly across the street, and the lusty vigor of their performances is a splendid antidote for the dull approach that so often hides the charm of such material. The "Sonata Polonese" No. 1, in A minor, thrives on the energetic treatment it receives from the two Danish violinists and the continuo of cello and harpsichord. The Trio Sonata in F minor, an even happier piece, substitutes an alto recorder for one of the violins, and the side concludes with a rhythmically assertive orchestral suite in A.

Further happy additions to the baroque discography are offered on the other side of the Washington disc, on which Hansen's group plays two partitas (Nos. 1 in F and 2 in C minor) and a Canon and Gigue by Pachelbel. Except for the Canon, which has been recorded by Karl Münchinger (and, on 78s, by Arthur Fiedler), the only Pachelbel on records heretofore seems to have been keyboard music; these partitas qualify as worthwhile "new" material, then, and add to one's enthusiasm for the record, despite the misspellings and omissions in the notes.

To bring this little Telemann festival to a familiar conclusion, Bach Guild has just released a new version of the now ubiquitous Suite in A minor for Flute and Strings (BGS-5048, $5.95; mono, BG-636, $4.98), the first stereo recording of the work, incidentally, using a flute (the other two stereo versions use an alto recorder). Since the soloist is the able Julius Baker and his colleagues are Janigro and the Solisti di Zagreb, the pleasure of the performance may be safely anticipated. Thus one's choice between recordings of the Suite might depend on the respective disc-mates. In this case, it is the Mozart Concerto in C for Flute, Harp and Orchestra (K. 229), adding Hubert Jelinek to the personnel already mentioned. This, too, is played with an expected elegance, but Jean-Pierre Rampal, on Westminster, is equal to Baker, and Lily Laskine is superior to Jelinek; moreover, conductor Jean-François Paillard achieves a better balance between oboes, horns, and strings than Janigro manages. Should you prefer a recorder in the Telemann, Bernard Krainis's Kapp record, with Vivaldi pieces as backing, may be warmly recommended; if you want a flute, but a different coupling, try Hubert Barwahser's monophonic Epic, with the Haydn Flute Concerto overside.

—Richard Freed.

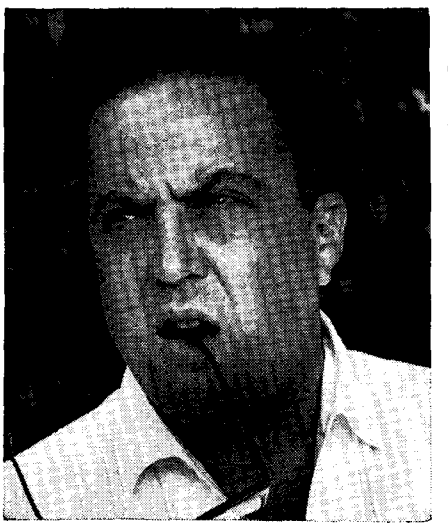
Sherman's Mighty Lyre

PERIODICALLY a bard arises in the land whose hitherto uncelebrated talents seem a convulsive expression of a long-suppressed general emotion. Abe Burrows and his travesties of popular songs was one, Tom Lehrer and his spoofing of other conventions another. An honored third to their ranks is the previously unsung Allen Sherman, whose target is folk song and whose aim is almost unerring.

Though previously unsung (except at housewarmings, confirmations, and rent parties), Sherman's talents have not been wholly unknown. A television producer and writer by trade (he is credited with the creation of "I've Got a Secret"), Sherman has been entertaining his West Coast friends with such success that Warner Brothers decided there was money in those laughs, and sure enough the record (Warner Brothers W 1475, $3.98) has been doing so well on both coasts that he has become a night club entertainer.

Sherman's lyre is, of course, the guitar which he plays well enough for his purposes of parody. These may be gathered from such titles as "The Ballad of Harry Lewis" (whose refrain is "Glory, glory Harry Lewis") and "Shake Hands with Your Uncle Max" (which is "MacNamara's Band" with a Hebraic twist). Rather than merely making fun with (rather than of) folk singers, Sherman adds a good deal of incongruous humor to the verses he has contrived, as for example "My Zelda" (a relative, obviously, of Harry Belafonte's "Matilda").

Satire being the delicately drawn thing it is, not all of the ten items match the quality of the three specimens cited above, but this does not lessen respect for Sherman's talents. Why, they even inspire Steve Allen to a citation of Stendhal, in a jacket blurb. What could be moe convincing?—I.K.



Allen Sherman—unerring aim.

crunch

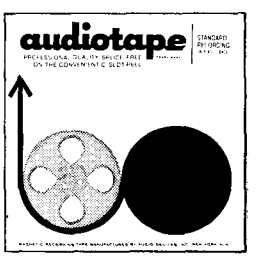
Apples taste better when you're six years old. What's more they *sound* better. Those crunching noises reverberating through your head are exciting. You keep wondering if they can be heard on the "outside." Remember?

Naturally, you'll never hear an apple like that again. But if you've retained even a little sonic sensitivity, we can offer you an experience almost as pleasant—recordings on Audiotape.

You'll find that the wonderful quality of this tape provides more clarity and range, minimum noise and distortion.

Whether you're taping a small apple-cruncher or a great symphony orchestra, there's an Audiotape exactly suited to your needs.

LOOK FOR AUDIOTAPE IN THE BRIGHT NEW PACKAGE



audiotape TRADE MARK

AUDIO DEVICES INC., 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
Offices in Los Angeles • Chicago • Washington, D. C.

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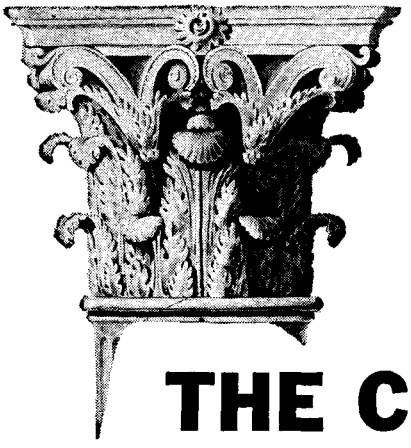
"THOSE D____* COMMER-CIALS!"

The reformer curses the commercial as "evil"; the pragmatist regards the commercial as a "necessary evil"; today's economic realist hails the commercial as "necessary". . . and in the public interest.

Advertising is public persuasion—an effort to get someone to do something—an extension of the face-to-face persuasion that is as old as Eve seeking Adam. In a complex society advertising is an indispensable substitute for this personal salesmanship. It helps create mass demand and in turn mass production, mass employment and a high standard of living.

Corinthian believes it more than coincidence that the increases in gross national product and consumer sales in the past decade have correlated so closely with the growth of television viewing and television advertising. The television commercial has become the vital ingredient of a mass production and mass consumption economy. It combines public persuasion with face-to-face personal selling.

So the next time your mother-in-law curses the commercials, remind her that THEY SATISFY ..... vital economic needs.



*Demand-producing

Responsibility in Broadcasting

THE CORINTHIAN STATIONS

CBS KHOU-TV Houston · CBS KXTV Sacramento · CBS KOTV Tulsa · CBS WANE-TV Fort Wayne · CBS WISH-TV Indianapolis

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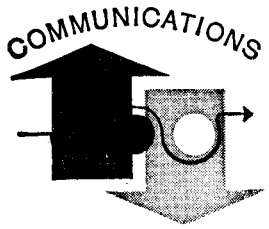
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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News as a Weapon

A FEW days ago, President Kennedy assured the American press and the American people that he had no intention of restricting information except where publication would endanger the national security. Mr. Kennedy acknowledged that his Administration had imposed strict secrecy during the Cuban crisis of mid-October and confirmed an earlier statement made by State and Defense spokesmen that news during the Cuban situation had been used as a weapon—by withholding certain facts, by controlling other facts at their source, and by the issuance of downright lies through the press.

The President said, "I have no apologies for that. I don't think that there is any doubt it would have been a great mistake, and possibly a disaster if this news had been dribbled out when we were unsure of the extent of the Soviet build-up in Cuba, and when we were unsure of our response, and when we had not consulted with our allies, who might themselves have been involved in great difficulties as a result of our action."

The story originally broke when Arthur Sylvester, once editor of the Newark *News*, now working for the Federal Government, reported to newsmen assigned to the Pentagon that the Kennedy Administration had, during the Cuban furor, "used news as a weapon." Sylvester told Washington correspondents: "In the kind of world we live in, the generation of news by actions taken by the government becomes one weapon in a strained situation. The results, in my opinion, justify the methods we used." Now, Arthur Sylvester holds the title of Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs and he is Secretary McNamara's official spokesman in the Pentagon. When the Cuban crisis was at its height, Mr. Sylvester briefed newsmen twice daily at the Pentagon and made extraordinary announcements in front of the TV camera when spot news broke. He now admits that he made the announcement of the call-up of Air Force Reservists to help let the Kremlin know that President Kennedy meant business. He admits further that he withheld news in order to keep Castro and Khrushchev guessing, and it is even likely that the President's "cold," which brought him back to the White House post-haste from electioneering in the Middle West, was synthetically created "news" to throw the American press off the scent of the biggest story of 1962 and one of the most important news breaks of all time.

Mr. Sylvester then stated with pride that the results of his news-as-a-weapon technique were beyond his fondest dreams. Not only did he completely hoodwink Havana and Moscow, but almost every American editor as well. Later, Arthur Sylvester toned down his defense of news-in-the-arsenal. He wrote to the American Society of Newspaper Editors: "Our primary concern in releasing the news [of the Cuban crisis] was to protect national security and the lives of the military personnel directly involved in the crisis."

First off, we should like to give a hearty cheer for the alert newsmen who yanked the Kennedy Administration's news control quote off the

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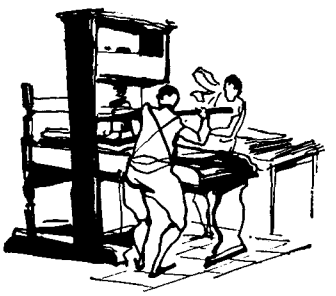
spike and into the editorial columns at a time when it might well have been totally swamped in the mass of spot copy about Cuba. By doing so, these journalistic watchdogs exploded the so-called weapon before the American public could be badly hurt and before an insidious if scarcely new device had been allowed to work its way into the official Washington handbook.

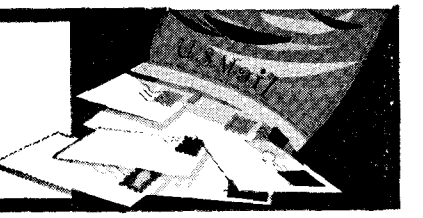
The President's insistence that the Cuban crisis required news inhibitions is by no means new to Washington. There's been a general tendency since January 20, 1961, to "manage" the news, to suppress facts, to control public information, and to give the Pentagon in particular a sort of Godlike role as judge and jury over what the American people ought to know. In the Anglo-Saxon tradition of a completely free press, the manipulation of news, the inhibition of news, the management of news are anathema. And, cry as the Pentagon will about giving aid and comfort to the enemy, a few slips here and there are an inevitable and infinitesimal price to pay for the wonder and power of truly free news reporting. There is simply no substitute for naked truth—harsh, accurate, searching facts immediately and honestly reported to



the American public. Any attempt to manage news so that a free press should speak (in Sylvester's words) in "one word to your adversary" could be, to quote the *New York Times*, "far more dangerous to the cause of freedom than the free play of dissent or the fullest possible publication of the facts." The Washington *Star* goes on from there: "Weigh these words. Their meaning is truly sinister. In an administration that is becoming quite notable in its efforts in achieving managed control of the news, Mr. Sylvester may have overlooked the likely result of 'the methods we used.' This result is that Mr. Sylvester and his superiors, from this time on, are suspect."

Though the perceptive James Reston, always his acute self, says truthfully that no experienced newsman takes an official government version of news at face value, the use of newsmen and their media as a "weapon" goes well beyond anything we have been used to in our business up to now. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



IN DEFENSE OF A NEWCOMER

After the nice things you wrote about the *Wall Street Journal* [*SR*, Nov. 10], it may seem ill-natured for me to complain that you slapped our child, the *National Observer*. But you did.

You compared the accomplishments of a publication less than one year old with those of an old-timer. This is a mistake, I suggest, even when they are members of the same family.

The *Wall Street Journal* started a Pacific Coast edition in 1929. As one of the editors who was there at the time remarked when he read your piece: "We started small and we got smaller." As late as 1941 the national circulation of the *Wall Street Journal* (which you correctly cited as being over 800,000 now) was less than 30,000. Probably the most significant part of the growth story of our past twenty years was the circulation gain from 30,000 to 50,000.

A weekly newspaper that has done as much in less than a year as the *National Observer* has done is not foundering. The *National Observer*'s first Audit Bureau of Circulations report is just out and shows 200,000-plus net paid.

Bernard Kilgore,
President,
The Wall Street Journal.

New York, N.Y.

FIRST-CLASS "REDBOOK"

I hope Hartzell Spence's article in the November 10 Communications Supplement was more accurate in general than in the specific section in which I happen to have a particular interest.

He lists several magazines "which pay first-class rates," among them *Cosmopolitan*, and a number in "the second echelon," among them *Redbook*. The fact is—and it's been true for at least five years—*Redbook*, which has more than four times the circulation, pays almost twice as much as *Cosmopolitan* and just about the same rates as the other "first-class" magazines.

Perhaps if he were more up to date in his information about markets, Mr. Spence wouldn't be so pessimistic about the future of free-lance writing.

Robert Stein,
Editor,
Redbook.

New York, N.Y.

"—THIS SHOCKING OBITUARY"

As a free-lance writer who is seeking a legitimate trade, I must say that Hartzell Spence's "The Bent and Blunted Free Lance" [*SR*, Nov. 10] is an accurate (and poignant) report on the disintegration of the magazine market. With tears in my eyes, I read Mr. Spence's review of the grim story that every free-lance writer (all fourteen of us) knows: that in America today, a free-lancer's future is almost as bright as that of a blacksmith.

Though I hated to read it, I thank you for printing this shocking obituary. Perhaps it will awaken the right people. If one more magazine disappears, I'm going to find myself some horses to shoe.

Ralph Schoenstein.

New York, N.Y.

A NATIONAL NEWSPAPER?

To me, as to many of my fellow subscribers to the Western edition of the *New York Times*, the question raised in the editorial "Is a National Newspaper Possible?" [*SR*, Nov. 10] is beside the point. To us the question is rather, what is it worth to have even a limited edition of the *Times* daily?

Out here we have two local dailies, and all the advertisements we want to look at. We do *not* have the news coverage in breadth and depth to be found only in the pages of a journal such as the *New York Times*, or an editorial page worth reading.

Believe me, to its subscribers here, the *Times* is a daily boon and a blessing.

Norman Davis.

Seattle, Wash.

The outlook for the Western edition of the *New York Times* is far less bleak than you think. Although it is small compared with the home edition and omits much news of New York that we expatriates might want to read, still the Western *Times* far surpasses California newspapers in its general coverage. Its coverage of significant California news is, indeed, frequently superior to that of the local papers.

The great disparity in quality between the *Times* and local papers was immediately noted by San Franciscans, who have been buying the *Times* at a pace that should please the staff back on 43rd Street. At several college and university vicinity newsstands in the Bay area, the *Times* outsells the three San Francisco papers, the Oakland paper, and the Berkeley paper combined.

You might also be interested to know that the Sunday *Times*, printed in New York, also outsells all local products combined near these campuses, even though it arrives the following Wednesday or Thursday. Surely, then, there is a market here for the *Times*, and its circulation will rise steadily as it becomes better known among the natives.

As for Herb Caen, whom you quote as

(*Continued on page 75*)

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LET'S ABOLISH CANON 35

By HERBERT BRUCKER

ONE DAY in April, 1960, a respected judge of Connecticut's Superior Court, Abraham S. Bordon, took the unusual step of admitting news cameras to a murder trial at which he was presiding. He stipulated only that photographers must cause no distraction. They didn't.

Next morning two photographs appeared on the front page of the Hartford *Courant*. One showed the defendant, judge, witness on the stand, and other principals occupied with the business in hand. The second showed the jury. It is evident from the picture that no one in the courtroom paid heed to the fact that pictures were being taken. Participants and spectators alike were otherwise occupied. For all that, the fact that the pictures had been taken, and published, caused the temperature to rise in Connecticut's Supreme Court of Errors.

This final court of appeals is not only the apex of the state's judicial system. It is also, through the office of the Chief Justice, guardian of all the lower courts in the state. Chief Justice Raymond E. Baldwin, former Governor, Senator, and distinguished citizen generally, let Judge Bordon know that Canon 35 of the Code of Judicial Ethics was in effect throughout Connecticut, and this canon forbids pictures in court. There was no more photography.

The trial proceeded to its end as it had begun. The day the pictures were taken did not differ from the others before and after it. There was no hint that photography had in any way affected the trial, hampered the search for justice, or intruded itself into the judicial process. All that had happened was that through the pictures citizens were given an unusually graphic, and direct and accurate, report on one day's proceedings in court.

In one sense this was hardly of note, because the photograph has long since taken its place beside the written word as a means of reporting to the citizen what takes place in the world he lives in. Throughout our society the news camera, and now also radio and TV, are accepted as reporters different in method but equal in stature with the printed word. Even our churches admit cameras and microphones, whether it is the Ecumenical Council in St. Peter's or the crowning of England's Queen in Westminster Abbey. In all the length and breadth of our society, the courts alone forbid the use of cameras and microphones as reporters.

Yet it is easy to understand how this prohibition came about. News photographers are hardly shrinking violets. They are especially noticeable when they pop the flashbulbs that used to be universal, and under certain conditions are still necessary. As for broadcasters, particularly the TV crews with their lights and wires, they not only obtrude at a public event but often dominate. At times one can't tell whether what is taking place is a public event or merely an act put on for the TV cameras.

Unless there is control like that in the Connecticut courtroom, a raffish quality is likely to follow photographers and broadcasters into court. Consider this *New York Times* account of what happened in late September of this year, when Billie Sol Estes finally went on trial:

> A television motor van, big as an intercontinental bus, was parked outside the courthouse and the second-floor courtroom was a forest of equipment. Two television cameras had been set up inside the bar and four more marked cameras were aligned just outside the gates.
>
> A microphone stuck its 12-inch snout inside the jury box, now occupied by an overflow of reporters from the press table, and three microphones confronted Judge Dunagan on his bench. Cables and wires snaked over the floor.

This mechanical mess was soon brought under control, as it should have been from the beginning. Modern techniques are such that it is not difficult to photograph and broadcast trials, even over TV, without anyone in the courtroom being aware of the fact until he is told. This is done by using modern equipment that needs only available light, by concealing bulky equipment behind special walls, and by putting camera and electronic reporters under

—Hartford Courant photos.

The camera was there—Photographs of judge and jury at murder trial in Connecticut Superior Court.

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the rules of good behavior that are enforced on everyone else in the courtroom anyway.

It was precisely a lack of such precautions that brought Canon 35 into being in the first place. The occasion was the 1935 trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann in New Jersey for the Lindbergh kidnaping. Here was a trial that had the nation agog. Inevitably the still young medium of radio moved in on it, as did news photographers using the noiseless, smokeless but brilliant flashbulbs that had recently replaced the Vesuvius-like pan of open flash powder. Between them they made a circus of it. Decent members of bar, press, and public alike were disturbed.

SO it was that a committee representing the American Bar Association, headed by the eminent Newton D. Baker, met with representatives of the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the American Society of Newspaper Editors. Their mutual goal was to set up ground rules for the future appearance of photographers in court. The two sides found themselves almost in agreement. It is noteworthy that the difference between them was one of degree, not of kind. Even the lawyers were ready to admit cameras to court. It was simply a question of how to regulate their use:

"The lawyer members of the committee believe that in addition to the knowledge and approval of the trial judge, the consent of counsel for the accused in criminal cases and of counsel for both parties in civil cases should be required and secured. The newspaper representatives of the joint committee believe that the consent of the trial judge is full protection both to parties and to witnesses, and that no further requirement should be interposed."

With so little separating them, negotiators for both bar and press looked forward to further meetings that would soon set up mutually acceptable rules. But while they still had the subject under examination the House of Delegates of the American Bar Association acted. Without so much as a by-your-leave to its own negotiating committee and Mr. Baker, it adopted Canon 35 in September, 1937. A 1952 amendment brought radio and TV under the blanket prohibition. Otherwise this canon reads to this day exactly as it did in 1937:

"Proceedings in court should be conducted with fitting dignity and decorum. The taking of photographs in the courtroom, during sessions of the court or recesses between sessions, and the broadcasting or televising of court proceedings are calculated to detract from the essential dignity of the proceedings, distract the witness in giving his testimony, degrade the court, and create misconceptions with respect thereto in the mind of the public and should not be permitted.

"Provided that this restriction shall not apply to the broadcasting or televising, under the supervision of the court, of such portions of naturalization proceedings (other than the interrogation of applicants) as are designed and carried out exclusively as a ceremony for the purpose of publicly demonstrating in an impressive manner the essential dignity and the serious nature of naturalization."

There had been no inquiry into the question of whether photography did inevitably debase the judicial process or not. It was simply decreed that it did. Nor has any lawyer yet explained how the camera coverage that in Canon 35's first breath distracts, degrades, and creates misconceptions, can in its next breath demonstrate the dignity of court proceedings.

This reconciling of the irreconcilable is but a minor inconsistency. What is startling is the fact that a crushing majority of bar and bench defend Canon 35 against any change with an intensity like that put behind a matter of religious faith. In particular they resist any attempt to make the test of experience, to establish whether cameras and microphones under court control do in fact 1) distract and degrade; 2) demonstrate dignity; or 3) do nothing at all, one way or another, to the trial itself.

THIS animus on the part of lawyers is out of character. Lawyers pride themselves on rejecting hypothetical cases. They will tolerate no hearsay, no theories, no ifs or suppositions—only facts. For some reason it is different when anyone suggests getting the facts about photography and broadcasting in court.

If you do not believe that bar and bench thus take their stand on assumption, instead of after investigation, consider No. 53 of the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure. Canon 35 applies, whether formally by court rule or simply with the irresistible force of a tribal taboo, to the courts in all our states except Colorado and Texas. Rule 53 extends Canon 35 to federal courts everywhere, without exception. Says this rule:

"The taking of photographs in the courtroom during the process of judicial proceedings or radio broadcasting of judicial proceedings from the courtroom shall not be permitted by the court."

Rule 53 has now been stretched further, not only to include TV but to apply also to the environs of the court as well as to the courtroom itself. Does this mean just the corridors? The stairs and hallways? The street outside? Across the street? Down the block? We do not know. We know only that last March 12 a Judicial Conference of the United States, presided over by Chief Justice Earl Warren, issued this unanimous pronouncement:

"*Resolved*, That the Judicial Conference of the United States condemns the taking of photographs in the courtroom or its environs in connection with any judicial proceeding, and the broadcasting of judicial proceedings by radio, television, or other means, and considers such practices to be inconsistent with fair judicial procedure and that they ought not to be permitted in any federal court."

No question here whether or not these alternate means of reporting are in fact inconsistent with fair trial. Authority simply "considers" them so to be. So that's how it is going to be.

It is hard to escape the feeling that somewhere one has been through this before. Perhaps it was when the Knave of Hearts stole those tarts and, as soon as the accusation had been read:

"Consider your verdict," the King said to the jury.

"Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit hastily interrupted. "There's a great deal to come before that!"

And again:

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterwards." I submit that this is not a matter to be settled by ex-cathedra pronouncements. Nor for that matter is it to be settled by debate. Bar and press have been exchanging arguments for a quarter-century without either persuading the other. Characteristic was a speech made in May, 1960, at the University of Colorado by Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court. His title was "The Public Trial and the Free Press." The address was replete with statements like "in my view" photography imperils fair trial; "I feel that" trial on TV is quite different; "the very thought" of cameras, no matter how silent or concealed, "is repugnant"; "one shudders to think" what could happen; "imagine the pressure" judges "would be under"; and so on, without inquiry into what does actually happen when thoughts, shudders, and imaginings give way to facts.

I could marshal a regiment of arguments to answer Justice Douglas and the all but unbroken ranks of lawyers who stand with him on the battle line. Lawyers fear that judges up for election would ham it up before the cameras, while shy witnesses would clam up. One could answer that a judge who is a ham is a ham, cameras or not. And if judges court publicity because they

(*Continued on page* 73)

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STANLEY RESOR: PORTRAIT OF AN EDUCATOR

By JAMES WEBB YOUNG

STANLEY RESOR, who built the J. Walter Thompson Company into the first and largest around-the-world advertising agency, was as little like the stereotyped adman of Madison Avenue as a man could be.

He was never a hail fellow, never appeared at an advertising men's gathering except to deliver a serious paper, and was never photographed for an advertising journal with a highball in hand.

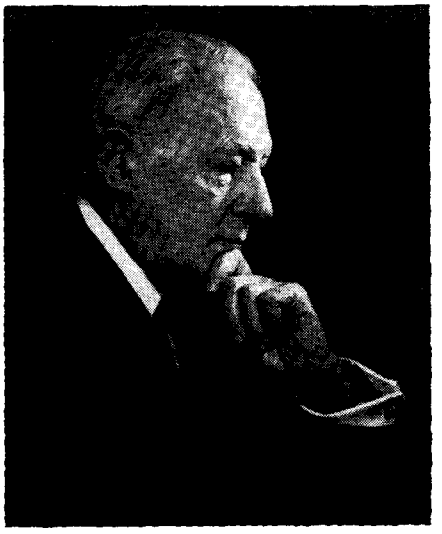
I suspect that if his family fortunes had permitted, when he graduated from Yale, he might have chosen to be an educator. Be that as it may, it was as an educator—a consumer educator and, it might be said, as educator of his own Hellas, or profession — that he approached his work.

In appearance he had more than a touch of the aristocrat, in character and personal habits a trace of the Scotch Covenanter. Yet he loved good food, had a nice taste in wines, and relished his after-dinner cigar. Had he become an academic educator he would have been at home at the High Table of a C. P. Snow tale.

At some early period—perhaps at Yale—Resor had been profoundly influenced by Buckle's "History of Civilization in England." In Buckle's concepts of regularities in the mass behavior of people, and the possibility of statistically predicting such behavior, Resor thought he saw the basis for a science of advertising. Thus, for years, Buckle was required reading for every key person who joined the J. Walter Thompson staff.

Along with this went a somewhat naïve respect for the Ph.D. Thus, early in Resor's rebuilding of the Thompson staff, there appeared on it a noted professor of psychology from Johns Hopkins; one of American history from Yale; one of economics from Harvard; and others of like ilk. These scholars, interestingly enough, sometimes became good advertising men. Certainly they helped emphasize the approach to advertising as education, as applied social science.

Resor had come into advertising early in this century, when most of it was still mere publicity for a name or trademark. Seeing it as education, plus persuasion, he made many of the earliest contributions to the revolutionizing of its content, and became marked for his advertising successes in doing so.



Stanley Resor—A talent for education with persuasion.

Thus it was his advertising that first taught American women to use a vegetable cooking fat; to use a soap for "The Skin You Love To Touch"; to turn foods previously shown only in packages into appetizing dishes shown on the table; to wash woolens without shrinkage, and delicate lingerie without damage; to find in a fifty-cent jar of face cream the same satisfaction as in one several times more expensive. In short, to teach them these and many similar practical means to better living.

To do these things soundly he employed the first domestic science woman and set up the first experimental kitchen in any agency; had on his staff a specially trained reader of medical literature; and, most of all, under the leadership of his own brilliant wife, trained able women writers to talk to women in their own language. Thus advertising became more informative, helpful, persuasive—and profitable.

But the continuing success and growth that came to the Thompson Company under Resor's direction did not result wholly from his concept of advertising as education.

He was a canny business man. When, in 1912, he tried to persuade me to leave the publishing business for the agency business, he said he would not want me to change just for money. So the starting salary would be just what I was already getting—$40 a week. I had to refuse the job before it was upped to $60!

He had vision and courage. He foresaw the future for international trade and advertising when America was in its isolationist mood; and he made a heavy investment in his foreign offices.

He had principles and integrity, for himself and his clients. Some products he would not advertise—hard liquors, "cures," or those for "feminine hygiene." He considered his agency the "trustee" for its clients' advertising appropriations and, as such, responsible for their proper expenditure. He never deviated from the "Standards of Practice" for the agency business that he himself had drafted for the American Association of Advertising Agencies.

He had the greatest tenacity of purpose of any man I ever knew. He often lost a battle but seldom gave up a cause. When he died he was still trying to implement an idea for the political health of the nation that he had been working on without success for at least fifteen years.

And most of all, he was a glutton for work and a perfectionist. No employee ever put in as long hours as he did; and all major ones learned that they could be sure of uninterrupted weekends with their families only by getting out of telephone communication. Said one who had just been through an all-day Sunday workout, with copy and layouts, at Resor's home: "Do you know what he said to me when we had finished? It was: 'Gee, Ed, wasn't this fun? We must do it often!' "

All this was rooted in Resor's profound belief in the importance of advertising as education in a free society, and in its potential uses. When I became chairman of the Advertising Council, early in the development of its program for public service advertising, he said to me: "Now you are the head of what is potentially the greatest educational institution in America." And he always gave the Council unstinting support.

Yet, paradoxically, after Resor came into command of J. Walter Thompson, the word "advertising" never appeared on its letterhead, office entrances, or with its signature on any printed matter. When I asked him why he only said: "You know that famous building at Broad and Wall streets? All it says over its door is 'J. P. Morgan & Co.' "

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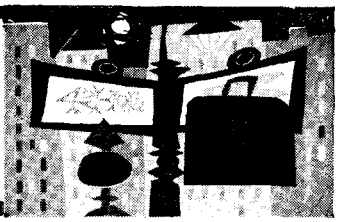
Madison Avenue



Thinking Young

By PETER BART

ALTHOUGH advertising men often complain that their industry is hemmed in by government regulations, the fact remains that a laissez-faire attitude toward Madison Avenue continues to exist in this country. Government regulatory agencies may occasionally take umbrage over a blatantly dishonest claim or a patently misleading sales pitch. But on the whole the advertising industry continues to operate in a cozily *caveat emptor* atmosphere. The government does not try to tell television advertisers that their commercials shouldn't be louder than the regular programs (which they are) or that their ads shouldn't interrupt dramatic programs at the most suspenseful moment (which they do). Nor does the government frown on ads that denigrate rival brands (as does West Germany), or on ads that associate cigarettes with health and virility (as does Britain).

Though advertisers have little to complain about, they are nonetheless a bit uneasy. And perhaps this uneasiness is justified. For there is a growing population in this country that favors a stricter governmental posture toward advertising, and its views are gaining wider attention.

The debate over Government regulation of advertising is taking on new urgency as a result of a rather startling trend on Madison Avenue—a trend arising from the efforts of advertisers to capitalize on the spectacular growth of the teen-age market.

Signs of this trend are already apparent to the ordinary TV viewer or magazine reader. Teen-age faces are suddenly beginning to adorn advertisements for every imaginable sort of product—beer, cigarettes, soft drinks, automobiles, cosmetics, and so forth. A beer commercial shows a group of adolescents happily guzzling away on an outing. A cigarette ad has a youthful couple leaving a dance to step out on the terrace and enjoy a smoke. Lucky Strike has now become "the taste to start with and the taste to stay with." The Rambler Americans this year are "the young Americans" and the Fords, of course, are "the lively ones." Pepsi-Cola is the drink for those who think young and Seven-Up apparently is the drink for those who are young.

Why this sudden emphasis on youth?

Madison Avenue, it seems, has been studying the population charts and has come up with some startling statistics. By 1965, it was discovered, half of the people in the United States will be under twenty-five. Between 1960 and 1965 the under-twenty-five population will have grown by some 30 per cent while the population as a whole will expand by only 8 per cent.

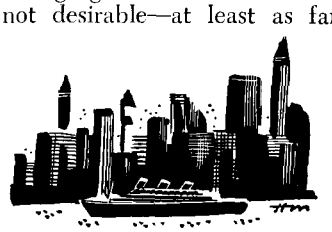
Not only are teen-agers proliferating, but they also are doing more and spending more. Although adolescent girls now comprise only 10 per cent of the female population, they account for 25 per cent of all spending on cosmetics (their bill: $300,000,000 a year). Half of the girls in the United States today marry by the time they are twenty, and 11 per cent are actually going steady by the time they are fourteen.

In analyzing the burgeoning teen-age population, Madison Avenue has decided that it is eminently receptive to the blandishments of advertising. "Teen-agers are a follow-the-leader lot," says Eugene Gilbert, a market researcher who has closely studied the adolescent trade. "Once you set a fad every teen-ager feels compelled to pick it up." Fad-setting is made all the easier by virtue of the fact that on any given day some 88.6 per cent of the teen-age population watches television. This is 19 per cent higher than for the adult male population.

There is, of course, nothing wrong *prima facie* with the advertisers' desire to exploit the teen-age market. It is basic to the free enterprise system for entrepreneurs to seek out new markets wherever they can.

The basic question is simply this: Since teen-agers have a special susceptibility to advertising, should they therefore receive special protection from the government? If teen-agers have a follow-the-leader behavior pattern, is it desirable for all the "leaders" to be induced to smoke cigarettes?

Not long ago, Britain decided that it was not desirable—at least as far as cigarettes were concerned. Britain's commercial television network announced that it would no longer accept cigarette advertising that used prominent athletes or other heroes, appealed to "general manliness," made use of fashionable social settings, or attempted to link cigarette smoking with romantic situations. Cigarette ads also were barred before 9 p.m.—presumably to eliminate at least part of the youthful audience.



In a recent speech, LeRoy Collins, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, urged American Networks to weigh similar action. Noting that over 20 per cent of all school boys are smoking by the time they reach the ninth grade, Mr. Collins said that broadcasters had a moral responsibility to "limit the promotional impact of advertising designed primarily to influence young people."

Though more and more people in this country are advocating restraints along these lines, the advertisers dissent. Once cigarette ads are restricted, they argue, where will it stop? Until now, it is pointed out, government regulation of advertising has been based on the idea of protecting consumers from advertisers who misrepresented their products. The British code, however, is based not on the idea of protecting consumer from advertiser, but on the idea of protecting the consumer from himself.

This argument has a degree of validity, no doubt. But at the same time the peculiar vulnerability of the teen-ager would appear to present a special problem. There are any number of precedents for invoking restraints to protect teenagers—e.g., state drinking laws. It is foolish to argue that similar restraints in the field of advertising would bring an end to the free enterprise system.

It would clearly be impossible and impractical to try to cut off teen-agers from all advertising. But action can be taken in certain areas. Cigarette advertising can be modified as it was in Britain. Media appealing to teen-agers should impose a strict code restraining cosmetics companies from using "scare advertising" to peddle their wares. The television networks should not accept beer commercials that make use of models who are barely pubescent.

But perhaps the most important thing is that adults—and even teen-agers—be made aware of what is happening. The upcoming generation already has been called "the television generation," but a better name might be "the advertising generation." Advertising forms an integral part of its daily diet. It is to be hoped that this diet will result, not in greater vulnerability, but in greater sophistication, and that Madison Avenue's bombardment will, by its very intensity, be self-defeating.

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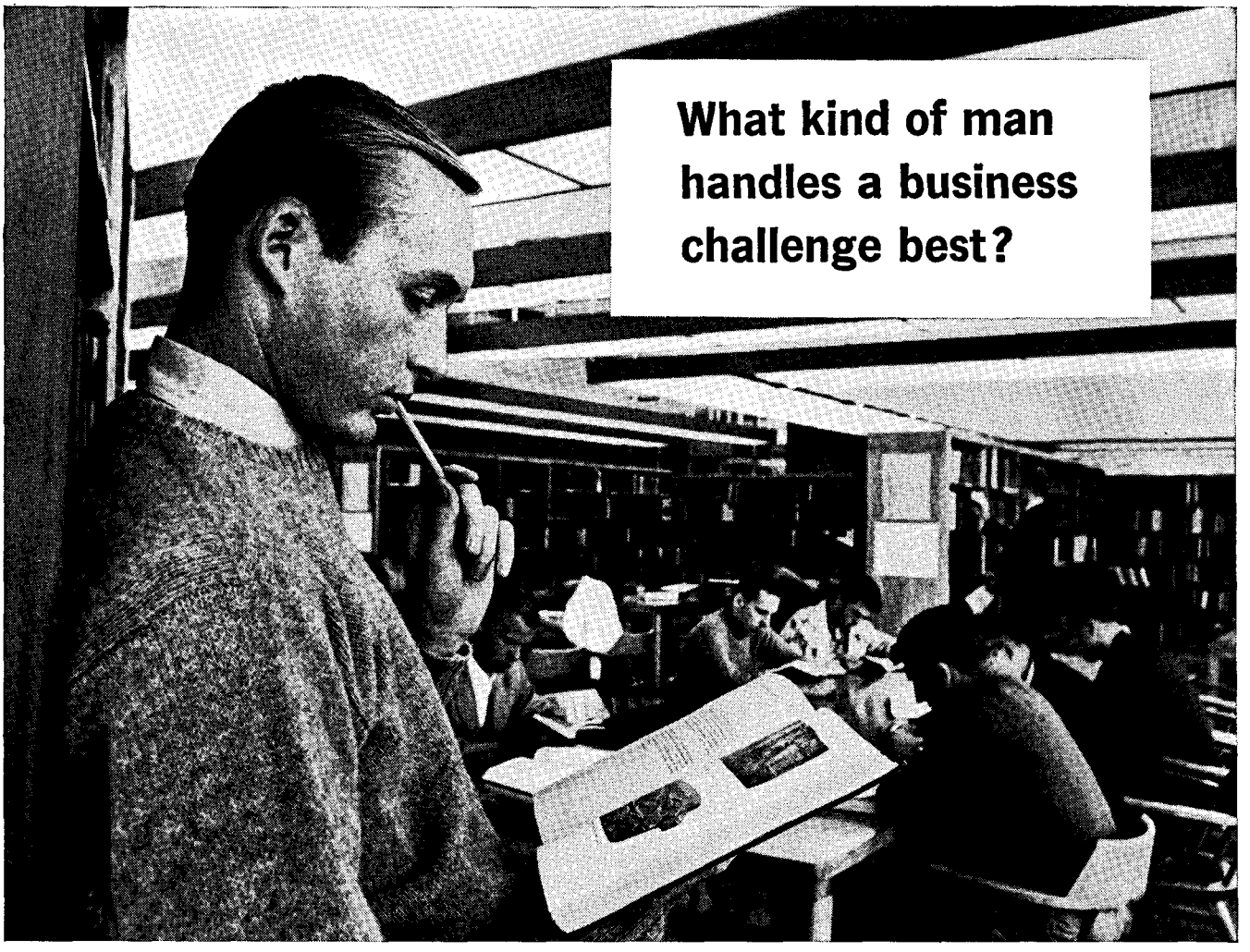

A board chairman talks about tomorrow's executives...

The Bell System has always sought men who could keep telephone service constantly improving. Men with exceptional engineering talent, men with equally outstanding managerial potential. Such men are widely sought on college campuses across the United States. And with the future of communications unfolding so rapidly, the search has intensified.

But still there is the old question to be answered, "What kind of man handles a business challenge best?" A midwestern college audience recently heard these comments in a talk by A.T.&T. Board Chairman, Frederick R. Kappel:

"...We took the records of 17,000 college men in the business who could fairly be compared with each other, and, examining their records, sought the answer to the question: 'To what extent does success in college predict success in the Bell System?'...

"...The results...

"...The single most reliable predictive indicator of a college graduate's success in the Bell System is his rank in his graduating class.

"A far greater proportion of high-ranking than low-ranking students have qualified for the large responsibilities....While a relationship does exist between college quality and salary, rank in class is more significant...

"...What about extracurricular achievement?...Men who were campus leaders reached our top salary third in slightly greater proportion than those who were not. But it is only real campus *achievement* that seems to have any significance. Mere participation in extracurricular goings-on does not...

"...What we have here, as I said before, are some hints—rather strong hints—about where to spend the most time looking for the men we do want, the men with intelligence *plus* those other attributes that give you the feel, the sense, the reasonable confidence that they will make things move and move well....They want to excel and they are determined to work at it...

"...Business should aspire to greatness, and search diligently for men who will make and keep it great..."

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, *Chairman of the Board*
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Owned by more than two million Americans

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How the British View their Press

By JOHN TEBBEL

AS EVERY visitor from America quickly realizes, the British press is different. Tourists from Boston feel at home when they see advertising displayed on front pages which are often makeup nightmares, but everyone else is astonished by the wild diversity among London's dozen morning and two evening newspapers, and the twelve national Sunday papers. The truest truism about British journalism is that it produces some of the best and some of the worst newspapers in the world.

These extremes result in striking differences between the British and American press. In both countries the general tone of the press is conservative, but there is much more criticism of the Conservative government in Britain among its newspaper supporters than a Republican government would ever have to endure in this country. Left Wing newspapers in Britain are far more vigorous than in America, and in fact the *Daily Herald* and *Daily Mirror*, under the same ownership, give nearly 6,000,000 readers this point of view every morning, dominating the field. By contrast, the entire circulation of the liberal press in America would not come near that figure.

There are more "serious" newspapers in the United Kingdom, in the manner of the *New York Times*. The quality of the daily London *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the Manchester *Guardian*, and the *Financial Times*, and the Sunday edition of the *Telegraph*, along with the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* (to name some of the best), is matched in America only by the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. In some respects, notably political analysis and critical writing, these "serious" British papers are in general better than most of ours, and more comprehensive in their coverage than all save the Gray Lady of Forty-third Street.

On the other hand, the sex-and-scandal sheets in London are far more extreme than in America, where sensational journalism has been declining steadily since the Twenties. Newspapers considered sensational in this country would scarcely cause a raised eyebrow in London, whose tabloids and pictorials, daily and Sunday, are in the gamey vein of very early Hearst and mid-Twenties New York *Daily News* newspaper making. The British public in general is more "literary" than ours, it is safe to say, but its mass readership of newspapers is satisfied only with strong stuff.

There are other differences—in methods of news coverage, the use of pictures, the construction and style of news stories—but perhaps most significant is the relationship between press and government in Great Britain. Libel law, for instance, is more restrictive there, in several important respects. However, in the continuing dialogue between press and government on both sides of the water, the prime difference is the inclination of the British government to examine and, if possible, to do something about regulating the press. In America, no Republican administration would contemplate and no Democratic administration would dare to conduct an official investigation of the press. Representative Emanuel Celler's recently launched House committee investigation of monopoly trends in the communications industry may produce some headlines, but it is more likely to be ignored and in any case, it can be confidently predicted, will not result in restrictive legislation by Congress.

IN America the press fiercely resents and fights criticism of it by anyone, much less the Federal Government. In the early Forties, when Henry R. Luce proposed setting up a Commission on Freedom of the Press, he found himself on some editorial pages in the unlikely company of wild-eyed radicals and creeping socialists. When the Commission, composed of thirteen of the nation's most distinguished academic minds and financed by grants from Time Inc. and the Encyclopaedia Britannica, published its report in 1947, it was widely assailed in the press for daring to suggest that the mass communications media had failed in their responsibilities to the public. It is editorial page ritual to speak of press critics as "academic theorists," "socialists," "bureaucrats," or, at the least, "not informed about the newspaper business."

The British press lords don't like criticism either. Some are so powerful they loftily ignore it. Others are so inextricably involved in politics that they simply put it down as part of The Game. A few are honestly fearful that the government may one day do what every free press, with or without reason, fears government will do: Regulate.

IN Britain this autumn these fears were raised again in some quarters by the publication in September of the report of the Royal Commission on the Press. This important 239-page document, the result of two years' intensive investigation by a five-man body under the chairmanship of Sir Hartley Shawcross, was largely ignored in the American press, and when it was not ignored, it was inadequately or erroneously reported. *Time*, for example, gave its readers the entirely misleading impression that the report was mainly about labor abuses in the British printing craft unions. It was, in fact, chiefly about the problem that currently worries the Celler committee and every responsible student of American journalism; namely, the trend to monopoly and the consequent shrinking of the opportunity for variant opinion which is the essence of a free society.

The Commissioners, however, were careful to avoid judgments on the performance of the press or its ethics. These had been the province of an earlier commission, in 1949, whose findings produced a great deal of controversy but few, if any, changes. The Commission of 1961-62 concerned itself with economic factors affecting the press generally.

Much had happened since the 1949 survey, the new commissioners noted in their report. Seventeen daily and Sunday newspapers had disappeared from London and the provinces, and the ownership of those remaining was concentrated in fewer hands. The mortality among local weekly newspapers

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had been even higher. Births and deaths among periodicals had continued as usual, but more and more of them were being drawn into group ownership. These occurrences had been climaxed by the expiration of two old and respected London papers, the *News Chronicle* and the *Star*, and the sudden expansion of the already formidable holdings of Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., through the acquisition of Odhams Press, Ltd., publishers of the *Daily Herald* and *The People*, as well as several periodicals.

After summoning and examining an impressive variety of witnesses, and being snubbed by two unions and one publisher, the commissioners prefaced their voluminous report by noting ruefully "how much easier it is to diagnose the disease than to prescribe a cure." Nevertheless they ventured to offer a series of recommendations that may have significance for Americans who are involved in many of the same problems. Among the Commission's conclusions and recommendations:

1. It noted "gravely inefficient" production in newspaper plants, some of it due to union featherbedding, other restrictive union practices, and extravagant union demands on an industry whose profits "must not be taken for granted." Another cause of inefficiency, the commissioners noted, spreading the blame, is that employers "lack unity and pay insufficient attention to the interest of the industry as a whole." The remedy: More authority granted by members to the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, and by unions to the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation. Better machinery for negotiation and consultation. Removal of the causes of inefficiency by a thorough revision of manning standards.

2. There is still a range of opinion in the press, but less than there was in 1949, and "it would be better if there were more." Concentration of ownership threatens the variety of opinion, and chain ownership in the provincial press may deprive the local press of its local character.

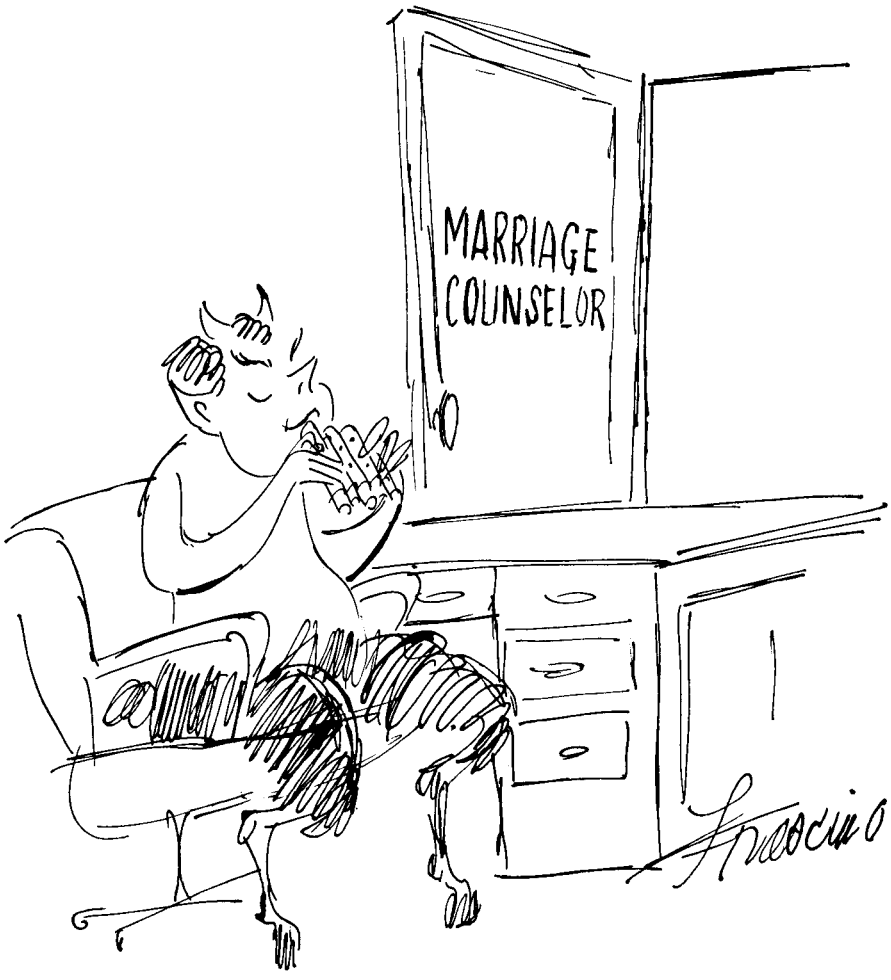
3. The Commission came out flatly against all proposals to aid the press economically, including a reduction in postal charges, tax relief, a wider spread of the government's own advertising, printing facilities subsidized by either state or industry, a general government subsidy, and various schemes to help weaker newspapers by penalizing stronger ones.

4. Companies should be required to declare what holdings they have in other companies owning newspapers or periodicals, and if this is not done by legislation, the Board of Trade should use its powers to make regular investigations of the true ownership and control of neswpapers. All newspapers should be required to carry on their front pages "the name of the company or individual in ultimate control of their affairs."

5. The Commission recommended a revival of the General Council of the Press, proposed by the 1949 Commission—not to encourage a sense of public responsibility and public service in the press, as the earlier commissioners intended, but to study long-term developments and the influencing social and economic factors, as well as to do other research. When the Council was finally set up in 1953, after the 1949 report, it ignored one important recommendation—that the body have a lay chairman and lay representation. The new Commission insisted again on the inclusion of laymen. It also went much farther by recommending that if the press did not set up a General Council voluntarily, the government should establish it by law. The new Council, said the commissioners, should report and publish the full facts about ownership, control, and growth in the press, and serve as a tribunal for the profession, to hear complaints against advertisers who might use undue influence, or news executives who deliberately distort the truth "or otherwise engage in unprofessional conduct."

6. Perhaps more far-reaching than any of the other recommendations, especially in American eyes, was a proposal that future mergers involving publications whose aggregate weekly circulations exceed 3,000,000 copies, either before or as a result of the transaction, should submit the proposed deal to a Press Amalgamation Court which would consent to the merger "only if it is established by means of statutory criteria that the transaction is not contrary to the public interest."

All of these recommendations, and others, were humbly submitted for Her Majesty's gracious consideration, meaning in this case the Macmillan government which appointed the Commission. Whether any of the proposals would ever be implemented by legislation, or more desirably by action of the newspapers and the unions themselves, was a question more susceptible to opinion than accurate prediction. The betting was that in the end the British press, like the American, would go right on doing what it damn well pleased.



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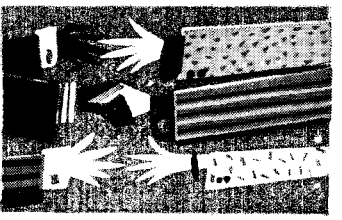
Public Relations



When Washington Investigates

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

ETHICAL standards of public relations practice have long been of deep concern to many in the field. There are no criteria of admission to practice in the business. The field is a relatively new one. All sorts of weird jobs are being done under the umbrella of public relations. It is therefore no wonder that the honest practitioner, with pride in his work, is worried about the activities of some operators calling themselves public relations men.

Two investigations now under way in Washington do not make the ethical practitioner any happier. One is the investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission. The other is by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. In both cases public relations firms and individuals are involved. In both cases the aura surrounding the investigations is not very pleasant to public relations people.

The Securities and Exchange Commission has for some months been examining various aspects of the stock market, with special emphasis on the placing of new issues before the public. As part of the investigation, attention is being given to the role public relations activity has played in the market. Investigators have asked a number of companies to answer questionnaires designed to draw out information on how public relations practices have been used in launching new issues. These questionnaires have been sent to public relations agencies and public relations officers of companies.

The Foreign Relations Committee is conducting an inquiry into the "non-diplomatic" activities in the United States of representatives of foreign governments and other foreign principals. These include public relations agencies as well as law firms and private individuals. A preliminary study prepared by the staff of the Foreign Relations Committee gives several examples, without mentioning names, of activity by public relations agencies on behalf of foreign governments and individuals.

Until all the evidence is in, and the SEC and Senator Fulbright's committee have made their reports, there is very little reasonable comment that can be made on these aspects of public relations activity. To prejudge would not only be unfair but foolish as well.

IT CAN, however, be said that there is a legitimate and ethical place for public relations techniques, properly used, in providing information on new stock issues. There is a legitimate and ethical place also for public relations techniques, properly used, in providing information about foreign countries in the United States, particularly since many of these countries understand neither the U.S.A. nor the media through which the information has to reach the American public.

The question is whether or not there has been abuse, and that of course cannot be decided until the results of both investigations are completed and published.

However, these two investigations aside, the problem of ethical practice by public relations practitioners remains. Where is the line between accurate provision of information and honest practice, and misleading information and dishonest practice? And who is to police these areas? Who is to impose penalties for malpractice?

The Public Relations Society of America, an organization of some 4,500 public relations men and women, has a code of standards of practice. So far there has been little application of that code except where there has been an offense by one member of PRSA against another member, as for example in attempts to woo away clients from each other.

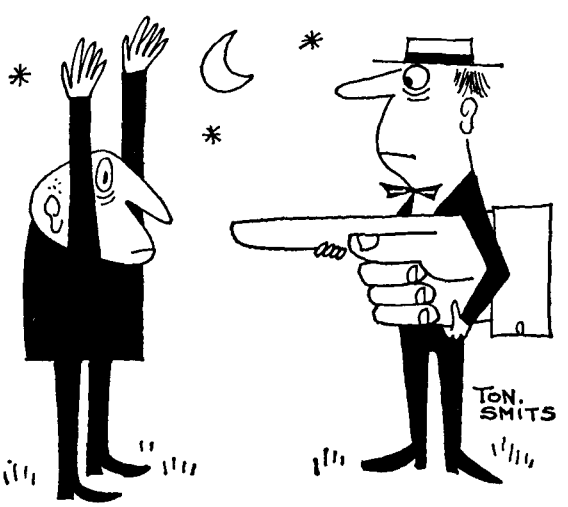
Licensing has been suggested for the practice of public relations. That would be an unwise course, for there are no easily definable standards for the entrance into, or the practice of, public relations. Indeed, licensing would raise more problems than it would solve. Who, for example, would license whom?

Of course there are charlatans in public relations, as there are in every sphere of human activity. But there are probably no more frauds in public relations than in any other line of work. Most public relations agencies and individuals adhere to ethical standards. One of the great problems in the new business of public relations is the refusal of many practitioners to face the fact that they are special pleaders. But if they themselves recognize their role, and others with whom they deal are not given a false impression, part of the problem is solved.

The time will come, and this is probably the only answer, when those who hire or retain public relations people will be sufficiently sophisticated in the area of public relations operations to recognize the faker for what he is.

ONLY then will there begin to be some sorting out of those who call themselves public relations people. Ultimately, of course, it will be management that decides if the people they hire or retain can do an honest job. As for the outright crooks, they will be caught up with sooner or later. The major problem does not lie here. It lies with the practitioner, for example, who promises the moon. The innocent client only learns to his sorrow, after the expenditure of his stockholder's money, that he has been fooled.

There is obviously no easy way, but this seems the only long-term solution. Meanwhile it is a good omen that many public relations practitioners are so deeply concerned about the ethical problems of their business. For concern about the ethics in this field means that ways and means will ultimately be found to get rid of unethical practitioners in public relations.



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A new study* by Politz measures the female audiences of McCall's, Look, and Life as they are now:

Magazines	Female Audiences
McCALL'S	15,732,000
LOOK	15,136,000
LIFE	14,962,000

*Based on a national area probability sample of 4,135 females aged 15 and over, conducted by Alfred Politz Research, Inc., May–June 1962

McCall's... first with women because McCall's puts women first

It is no longer necessary to base 1963 media plans on audiences measured in 1961. The efficiency of reaching women through McCall's is not only a matter of reaching more women than ever before, it is also a matter of reaching them in a more persuasive editorial environment, and at a significantly lower cost-per-thousand.

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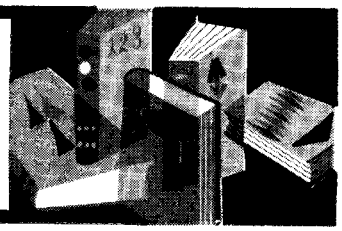
Books in Communications



No Excuses

By JAMES F. FIXX

"THERE can be no possible excuse for many of the most popular television programs of the present and past," says the anthropologist Ashley Montagu, wryly misquoting Shakespeare to hammer home his point and leave his victim limp with defeat:

> But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
> It speaks, and yet says nothing.

This is but one of many barbs aimed at television in **"The Eighth Art"** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5), as delightfully rowdy a romp through TV land as the current publishing season is likely to see. In twenty-three no-holds-barred essays by an impressively informed roster of contributors, television's perpetrators and audiences are pilloried, panned, and occasionally (very occasionally indeed) praised.

But what is most remarkable about this book, which leaves the rotten tomatoes dripping from both sides of the TV screen, is the auspices under which it was prepared. The articles were commissioned, surprisingly enough, by the CBS Television Network (which is carving out quite a reputation as a glutton for punishment—it also was patron two years ago to Joseph T. Klapper's "The Effects of Mass Communications"). The network originally planned to use the articles in a proposed quarterly magazine, but when the project was abandoned they were gathered into a book that will give ample aid and comfort to anyone who has ever had the impulse to take a sledgehammer to his set.

Here, for example, is the political scientist Leo Rosten, arguing in his essay "A Disenchanted Look at the Audience" that "most intellectuals do not seem to understand . . . that the mass media are meant for the masses, not for the intellectuals," and that television is like a department store that sells both cheap kitchenware and good books. Marya Mannes, *The Reporter*'s able critic, argues that if television seems to have abandoned the intellectuals, it may be because intellectuals have failed to support the best in television. And CBS's Walter Cronkite offers some remarkably candid criticisms of TV news coverage and the people responsible for it. Among the other contributors are such observers, both within television and without, as Eugene Burdick, Charles Siepmann, Gilbert Seldes, Moses Hadas, Rowland Evans, Jr., Tyrone Guthrie, Alan Pryce-Jones, and Richard H. Rovere. An introduction to the volume was supplied by Robert Lewis Shayon, *SR*'s television critic.

There are some repetitions that could have been avoided by some judicious blue-penciling (the Army-McCarthy hearings, pivotal as they were in TV's evolution, are too often cited), and the lag between the writing of the articles (they were commissioned in 1960) and publication of the book dulls the timeliness of some of it. But neither of these lapses seriously undermines a volume that's worth reading and thinking about—even if you have to miss "The Untouchables" a few times to do it.

FOOTLIGHTS AND FANCY-FREE: Until 1959 Elaine Shepard was an actress, model, and television moderator and interviewer. Then, through a succession of freakish breaks, she found herself, as the jacket of her book has it, trading "footlight fame for round-the-world newsgathering." **"Forgive Us Our Press Passes"** (Prentice-Hall, $4.95) is the breathlessly anecdotal story of her assignments for Women's News Service and the North American Newspaper Alliance, which in two years sent her through the Middle East and South America with President Eisenhower, to Russia for the American Exhibition, and here and there in this country to chat with the mighty and the mighty windy. Much of the time, as Miss Shepard never wearies of telling us, she was the only woman in the press entourage.

Miss Shepard's anecdotes are occasionally illuminating. She reports, for example, that at the American Exhibition the Russians, seeing some strange object, would ask the U.S. guides, "What is that?" Then, when they were told, they would say quickly, "We have that."

But too many of her anecdotes simply peter out in irrelevance and are gossipy rather than revealing. Even though she is talking about the basic stuff of history—conversations with Eisenhower, Kennedy, Chou En-lai, Nehru, and what seems like several thousand dignitaries, celebrities, and newsmen. Nor is the tone of "Forgive Us Our Press Passes" helped much by Miss Shepard's somewhat giddy style, in which minutes "tick by," Chile is an "enormous string bean of a country," and airplanes "wing" their way across the blue.

I am perhaps verging on the fundamental error of comparing the book Miss Shepard wrote with the book she might have written. But it does seem to me that something is missing here. A witty and anecdotal approach is not, after all, incompatible with a sense of the seriousness of serious events. But "Forgive Us Our Press Passes" would seem to suggest that it is.

SAY IT WITH FOWLER'S: If the literary quality of many newspapers is only a cut or two above comic-strip prose, it's certainly not the fault of Theodore M. Bernstein, the *New York Times*'s resident word-watcher. Bernstein, assistant managing editor of the *Times*, not only issues his "Winners & Sinners" bulletins for the paper's staff (he calls it "a carping collection of the magnifique and the miserable"), but also published, four years ago, his well-known "Watch Your Language," a lineal descendant of "W&S" tailored for outsiders.

Bernstein's latest, just published, is **"More Language That Needs Watching"** (Channel Press, $2.50), a compendium of bloopers and beauties that ought to find a place on every copy desk in the country. A more or less random collection of examples created under the crushing pressure of getting out a great daily paper, "More Language" does not pretend to be complete, but is richly suggestive of the pitfalls that await the unwary writer or editor. Bernstein's own style is brisk, conversational, and tidily pruned. In discussing the word "famous," for example, he disposes of the matter in one deft thrust of logic that would do credit to Fowler's "Modern English Usage": "Why use such a word at all? If a man is famous, everyone knows it and you don't need to say so; if he is not, then the word is an exaggeration."

The book, despite the abundance of its gloomy exhibits of literary anarchy, has at least one cheerful side: It suggests that no writer, however bad, is entirely worthless; even the worst can serve as a horrible example.

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Canon 35

Continued from page 64

must run for election, then why not appoint them, as the Federal Government and some states do, instead of condemning them to the hustings?

As for witnesses, I can testify that the last thing a witness cares about is whether he is being photographed or broadcast. I have been a witness and I know. A witness is painfully aware that, even under Canon 35's protection, he is already in the full public glare, with every movement being watched, and with court reporters writing down his every "ah" and "er." He is worried about that lawyer trying to make a monkey of him. He has no more time for worry about being photographed than the football player, trying to snare a pass, has for worry about whether he is on camera or not.

AGAIN, I could argue that courtrooms will one day be built like the assembly halls of the U.N., with unobtrusive, built-in booths for electronic and photographic equipment; and that once this is done bar and bench will take them for granted just as they now take courtroom seats for spectators for granted. And so ad infinitum. But I submit that all these and other pro-camera arguments are irrelevant. They are just as irrelevant as lawyer's nightmares about what *would* happen *if* cameras were admitted to court. Surely the only material question is one of fact: Do news photography, radio, and television interfere with fair trial, or do they not? As one Texas judge put it: ". . . I see no reason in law for preferring one form of reporting above another. If telecasting in any way impairs the right to a fair trial, it is bad; if not, it should be permitted."

For the present any such conclusion is far too radical for the American Bar Association. Nevertheless, over the years some lawyers have come to believe than Canon 35 is not accurate in stating that photography is calculated to degrade. By 1955 there was enough such sentiment to prompt appointment of a special committee of the American Bar Foundation to see what might be done. Like subsequent committees, this one included lawyers known to be adamant against any relaxation of Canon 35. Nor is there evidence that the committee so much as invited a single demonstration of modern equipment, or sought a word of testimony from judges and lawyers who had trial experience with such equipment.

When this committee reported, in November, 1957, it did recommend leaving out the offensive language about degrading and distracting. But the prohibition remained. The committee had merely reached around for a different reason on which to base it, much as medieval schoolmen manipulated their logic so as to arrive at the requisite foregone conclusion. Thus the committee proposed a new Canon 35 that after admirable preliminaries threw this punch:

"The taking of photographs in the courtroom during the progress of judicial proceedings or during any recess thereof and the transmitting or sound-recording of such proceedings for broadcasting by radio or television introduce extraneous influences which tend to have a detrimental psychological effect on the participants and to divert them from the proper objectives of the trial; they should not be permitted. . . ."

No psychologist had served on the committee, and there was no indication where this psychological conclusion had come from. The proposed canon was not adopted. Then in August, 1958, the House of Delegates adopted a motion by its Board of Governors that a fresh committee make further studies. The committee was given these instructions:

"To conduct further studies of the problem, including the obtaining of *a body of reliable factual data on the experience of judges and lawyers in those courts where photography, televising or broadcasting, or all of them, are permitted.* In the meantime, Canon 35 will remain in effect." (Italics added)

Here at last was promise. And there followed attempts to set up a professional fact-finding study, after the fashion of public-opinion polls or other sociological measurements in obscure areas. But no one could turn up a technique by which to make such a study. And media representatives kept urging that no study could reveal the truth as accurately as those "reliable factual data" from courts that actually knew what they were talking about.

THE 1958 committee has been continued since then, under succeeding annual chairmen. But when last heard from, it had not yet gathered that "body of reliable factual data" based on experience. The committee is to report to the ABA in February. Meanwhile an interim report of more than 100 pages does quote a handful of those who speak with the authority of experience. But the overwhelming majority of its pages restate the same old opinions as to what *might* happen *if* the prohibition were lifted. Characteristic is Section II. This fills a dozen pages not with factual data but with "significant comments" invited from officials of the 50 state bar associations, plus those of the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico. Not surprisingly, a tabulation of the replies shows

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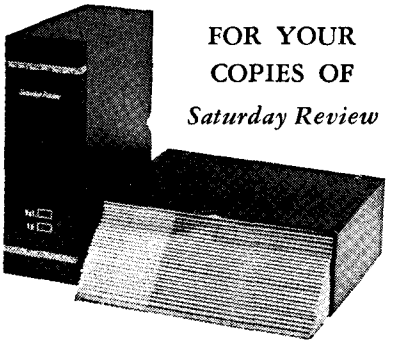

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two in favor of change, thirty-six against.

Unlike its predecessors, this interim report does contain an occasional glimmer indicating that maybe facts would be fairer than opinions. Thus it mentions a proposal by Richard E. Cheverton, president of the Radio-Television News Directors Association, that the ABA set up a series of tests of radio and TV coverage of courtroom trials in communities of varying size and location. The report describes this proposal as significant in that it shows willingness on the part of the broadcasters "to objectively consider the issues involved." But though speaking of the news broadcasters' suggestion as worth consideration, and though stating that it was itself considering arrangements for a survey of the experience of judges and lawyers in states that do not enforce Canon 35, the report lets it go at that. Whether the new report in February will actually contain those "factual data," or urge submission of the issue to a test of experience in courts, no one outside the committee yet knows.

The record of a quarter-century does not permit hope that the ABA itself will "objectively consider the issues involved." Members of bar and bench in overwhelming numbers are impelled from somewhere deep within to view the issue in colors painted half a dozen years ago by Pennsylvania's Supreme Court, when an issue of the constitutionality of Canon 35 came before it. The court said:

"The taking of a picture of a person called for sentence certainly does not inform the public as to any material facts, and serves no purpose except to pander to the lower tastes of some individuals. Court rooms and court houses are not places of entertainment, and trials are not had for the purpose of satisfying any sadistic instinct of the public seeking sensationalism."

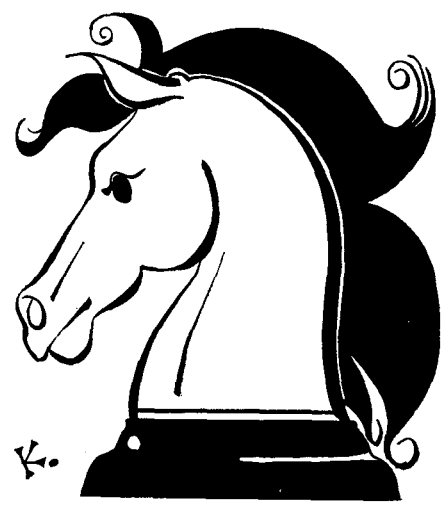
It is not possible to answer such an *a priori* assumption. I for one favor an extended, controlled, scientifically accurate and judicially balanced test of cameras and broadcasting in court not because I want to sensationalize but because, from a lifetime of experience, I believe deeply in journalism. I believe in it not because some abuse it to pander, but because a free society cannot live without journalism.

An editorial in the *ABA Journal* last July declared that most "agitation for amendment [of Canon 35] emanates from outside our profession, particularly from the press, radio, and television industries, all of which have financial interests at stake." Perhaps so. Yet in what remains of my lifetime I shall not have a penny more or less, whether Canon 35 stays or goes. So, too, with many a young newspaper man or broadcaster today for the rest of his lifetime. No doubt to some unknown extent courtroom photographs and broadcasts will help publishers and station owners by selling newspapers and increasing listening and viewing. Is that bad? Our society would cease to function if we did not sell papers, because our government is predicated on an informed citizenry.

Pennsylvania's Supreme Court has had no experience with cameras in court. Colorado has. Consider the words of Supreme Court Justice O. Otto Moore of Colorado, which allows camera and broadcast reporting under certain conditions: "Not one judge, not one witness, not one juror, not one district attorney, not one lawyer, appearing in any of these cases has suggested that this visual reporting of the courtroom proceedings has in any degree whatever interfered with the search for the truth, or the ability of judge, juror, witness, or attorney to function properly."

One of the host of witnesses upholding Canon 35 in the interim report of the current ABA committee is Lucien F. Sweet, Circuit Judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit in Michigan. At one point he says: "There are few situations remaining in our American way of life wherein a degree of solemnity and dignity exist in the seeking out of truth and the consideration of serious matters. Let us hope that our courts may continue to be a forum where the affairs of the litigants may be handled with a minimum of distraction and a maximum of decorum and dignified appreciation of the seriousness of the matter involved."

Those of us who favor abolishing Canon 35 could not agree more heartily. Surely nothing is so precious as that dispassionate, undisturbed inquiry into the truth, under rigid rules, that constitutes a fair trial. Some day bar and bench will give fair trial to the issue of cameras and microphones in court.



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Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 62

an incisive judge of newspapers, his bitter column denouncing the *Times,* printed before the Western edition began, tasted very like a bunch of sour grapes. Can Caen really think his *Chronicle* surpasses the *Times* by any reasonable standards of quality? Perhaps he objects to the emphasis of the *Times*'s coverage. A *Times* story about the opera, for example, concentrates on the performance; Caen is concerned primarily with the attire of the audience. His comments on the *Times*'s headlines and makeup will fade before its growing circulation.

HARVEY I. LEIFERT,
Instructor of Government,
Social Science Division,
San Francisco State College.
San Francisco, Calif.

THE REASON THAT the Western edition of the *New York Times* fails to compete in circulation with the established West Coast newspapers is the very reason that it is valued by the comparatively few who do buy it. By presenting regional, national, and international news, without descending to the circulation gimmicks of sensationalism and banal features, the Western edition fills a need hitherto ignored in the West. Let us hope that the *Times* will remain aloof from the battles for mass circulation which have destroyed the editorial standards of so many Western newspapers.

WILLIAM E. SHEIDLEY.
Palo Alto, Calif.

PERMIT A FORMER *New York Times*man (who left it to try life on the Coast) a mild dissent from your baleful appraisal of national newspapers.

I think you misinterpret the philosophy behind the West Coast edition of the *Times.* Its purpose, I believe, is to give the news-starved natives there a window on the world. It does not intend to compete with the likes of the bloated Los Angeles *Times* or Herb Caen's sad little rag for local news and advertising.

To thousands of ex-Easterners on the Coast, the *Times* represents a cherished link with the cultural, social, and political ferment, which is either distorted or lacking in the West. Many will read the *Times* for its snob appeal—make no mistake about it. The *Times,* being the only U.S. paper that does not rely on the homogenized pap of the wire services, can see to it that Westerners "get the news—and get it straight. . . ."

The *Times* represents one of the two waves of the future in journalism—the true national daily. The other is the suburban paper. Metropolitan papers, by and large, will wither away through sheer inertia and myopia.

CARL GOLDSTEIN.
East Orange, N.J.

YOUR UNDULY pessimistic assessment of the prospects for survival of the *New York Times* Western edition needs, I believe, to be tempered by a Westerner's viewpoint.

The *New York Times* came like a fresh autumn rain on this news-thirsty state. It has given a more than welcome relief from the garbage that has long been dispensed here as "news. . . ."

I cannot speak for the Los Angeles area, but local acceptance of the *Times* has been tremendous. I for one have scarcely glanced at a local paper since the Easterner's arrival. I have found that one can forego comics and advertising when excellent writing and penetrating news analyses are available. Sheer bulk of newsprint isn't impressive either. The *Times* manages to pack more thought into twenty pages than the local presses ever dispense in twenty issues.

I hope the Western edition flourishes, if only to spur its competitors on to some badly needed improvements in quality.

EDWARD J. MALMSTROM.
Berkeley, Calif.

YOUR RECENT CRITICISM of the West Coast edition of the *New York Times* reproved, at length, its rather superficial weaknesses and totally ignored its unparalleled strength, the promise of which has been confirmed.

What the *Times* does offer—East and West—is the most competent and thorough coverage of national and international news in the world. Compare, for example, its reporting and backgrounding of the Cuban crisis with that of any other West Coast paper. True, it may have had to eliminate the latest local bulletin on the whereabouts of Ray Milland's son to adequately background Cuba, but this is a price most *Times* readers have come to expect to pay and do so gladly—I might even say with relief!

A comparison with the East Coast parent is ridiculous—our needs and problems in this area differ greatly from those of the New York area. On the West Coast our desperate lack has not been for local coverage but for adequate news and analysis of the events of national and world importance. Now we have it. . . .

CATHERINE T. LEE.
Los Alamitos, Calif.

THE LOUD COMMERCIAL

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S note on the loudness level of TV commercials relative to the program material [*SR,* Nov. 10] was interesting and significant, and serves to confirm what millions of viewers must have long suspected.

A number of years ago I pointed out to my old friend Bruce Barton what horrible psychology this is on the part of advertisers; for all the emphasis that they place on purchasing psychological consultants today, you would think that a few of the brighter ones might "smarten up" sometime. Because with the method used for financing TV and radio programs in this country today there are very few, if any, commercials that will be *preferred* by viewers or listeners to the program material offered to justify their *tolerating* the commercials. Commercials *louder,* then, than the program material will either be *shut off entirely* or turned down until the program may become *only partially audible.* At this point it becomes a losing game for the audience.

Furthermore, from a psychological point of view a "shouting" commercial is a form of aggressive ill-temper, and no one likes displays of ill-temper no matter how disguised.

One might think that some smart advertiser would experiment with reducing the commercial loudness below the program level and pique the public's curiosity or at least cater to his innate sensibilities—after having dressed his commercial up to be as palatable as possible. Mr. Barton's reply to this was report no success after having preached much the same story to advertisers for years.

JOHN A. HANNUM.
Washington, Mich.

ARMORY SHOW, 50 YEARS LATER

AS A SUBSCRIBER to *SR* and *Art in America,* I read with interest your excellent tribute to a fine art publication. The article by John Tebbel in your publication mentioned the retrospective Armory Show but did not credit the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute of Utica as the art institution which is recreating the exhibition.

The Institute's trustees approved the idea of an exhibition commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Armory Show. Members of the Institute staff have been working for almost one year tracing and locating the original works. Working from the 1913 catalogue and Walt Kuhn papers, the search has resulted in the Institute securing the loan of many of the original works. Some were located in Europe, others in America. As you mentioned after the showing in the Museum of Art in Utica, from February 17 through April 7, this recreated exhibition will then go to New York and be shown at the original Armory for the benefit of Henry Street Settlement.

A. MONTGOMERY HUNTINGTON.
Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute.
Utica, N.Y.

SYCOPHANT ADVERTISERS

RE "SYCOPHANT POETS" [*SR,* Nov. 10]: Fifty-two years ago an old Indian remedy pitchman told me: "Son, you gotta size up the folks out there before you give 'em your pitch. You don't have to convince 'em, just keep 'em interested. They'll shell out when you tell 'em to step right up." That method works today. The technique has been refined in that today the pitchman is heralded as an authority on anemic tonsils and irregularities—he is a personality. The copy writer, lost in a cubicle, has yet to achieve that status.

Mr. Bart mentioned David Ogilvy, who wrote the stunning Schweppes and eye-patch shirt ads. Does the crowd know that? Wouldn't a greater number of the folks out there, knowing the copy writer, read an ad if, under the headline, was this by-line: "Advertisement by Ogilvy"? We have our favorite correspondents, writers, and even poets. Why not copy writers?

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copy writers and give them by-lines. The odds are five to three that more readers will read their ads than now read the wordy typings of an equal number of Washington reporters. Until proven wrong, I say by-lines for copy writers will result in longer buy-lines. "Author, Author!"

LOUIS D'ARMAND.

Clearwater Beach, Fla.

PETER BART'S column "The Sycophant Poets" notes that the traditional weapons of the hard sell "may be losing their effectiveness." In a recent *New York Times* column Mr. Bart called attention to the very questionable effectiveness of another old-time advertising technique—the use of scare tactics—as reported by Dr. Vincent Nowlis, professor of psychology at the University of Rochester.

At a national communications seminar this fall, Dr. Nowlis pointed out that the use of guilt and fear as mass media techniques to frighten people into accepting a product or idea can often boomerang. According to Dr. Nowlis, the TV viewer who's on the receiving end of a "scare" message is likely to mentally block out the message—or to switch channels. Similarly, ads that provoke guilt feelings in a reader tend not only to lower his self-esteem but also to dim his interest in the product so advertised.

Of course, as Mr. Bart's *SR* piece notes, "the dedicated copywriter . . . seeks to present [his product's strong points] in a clear and honest manner." Dr. Nowlis's observations suggest that honesty may well be the best policy in terms of results as well as of professional ethics.

J. E. BROWN.

Pittsford, N.Y.

IN THE OCTOBER 13 Communications editorial Richard L. Tobin reviewed the journalistic crusades of two newspaper editors, Don Mellett and Robert Ruhl. It was of particular interest to me because the latter is my father and the memory of those days is still very vivid in my mind. It is not the sense of danger that I remember most, but the sense of my father's serious concern for the safety of democratic government in his community of Medford, Oregon, and his urgent sense of responsibility as a newspaper editor for arousing the community to this danger which threatened them.

I realize that there have been many editors before and since who have shown similar alertness and leadership through their newspapers and yet have gone unsung because it seems to be the dramatic climax which brings a community to its senses and recognition to a newspaper, and fortunately not all community problems lead to such a climax. Nonetheless, I am very proud of my father, not just because of this incident, but rather for the entire span of his career as the editor and publisher of a relatively small newspaper. He never let it become run of the mill but was tireless in his efforts to improve its coverage of both local and international news, and in his efforts to provide informed and thoughtful leadership in the interpretation of this news.

MRS. CHARLES H. SIMMONS.

Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

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(Continued on page 78)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 77)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1497

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Enlivens; causes to shine.	174 187 201 58 138 17 52 163 64
B. Beautify.	206 167 109 101 76 172 56 9 51
C. Condition of foulness; inclement weather.	49 5 114 72 211 83 171 41 144
D. Dr. Zamenhof's achievement and adopted pseudonym, 1887.	23 47 128 186 178 11 218 60 196
E. Essentially different.	221 166 131 53 15 210 1 180 46
F. Formed by suction, as the clicks in the Bantu language.	94 81 25 216 80 159 89 55 158
G. A secret name.	188 88 110 169 78 177 69 99 14
H. Weak, futile, as from an impaired physical condition.	118 79 73 132 165 202 107 6 27
I. Describing the alternating movements of a barometer, etc. (3 wds.).	33 22 182 2 108 45 66 143 12
J. Dialectic as an art or exercise.	7 121 126 149 44 40 111 190 84
K. Exclamation heard most often in the baseball park, but with even greater joy on Broadway (3 wds. and contr.).	42 223 208 97 104 31 214 39 10
L. Famous expression of the Mona Lisa (comp.).	38 54 77 192 16 225 35 116 212

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. First, constituent principle.	135 120 125 139 195 13 209 102 173
N. Resembling a small, broad, flat bottle for holding liquids.	207 203 156 92 74 217 8 140 113
O. Part of the world about whose living Rabelais said we are ignorant (2 wds.).	142 71 96 215 34 181 26 20 85
P. Unserviceably.	117 24 219 130 3 59 147 194 155
Q. Rectitude; accuracy.	19 136 164 205 222 62 220 65 213
R. Immediately.	28 112 18 157 154 151 87 148 123
S. Right of pasturage for a horse.	153 70 43 103 184 95 86 197 191
T. From among those (people; 3 wds.).	150 105 152 61 137 4 170 199 176
U. Property of being crisp and crumbly; cleaving off in layers.	122 93 67 200 129 57 63 91 32
V. Patron saint of Naples, who had been a bishop beheaded by Diocletian.	145 115 36 193 82 106 162 168 68
W. Last king of Italy, now living in exile (2 wds.; 1946).	146 29 134 179 100 204 48 160 124
X. Seek ever for new words, or new meanings of old words.	141 90 21 98 133 37 75 161 175
Y. Result.	30 185 119 183 198 127 189 50 224

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	1 E	■	2 I	3 P	4 T	■	5 C	6 H	7 J	8 N	9 B	10 K	11 D	12 I
13 M	_	14 G	15 E	16 L	17 A	18 R	19 Q	■	20 O	21 X	22 I	23 D	24 P	■	25 F	26 O	27 H
28 R	■	29 W	30 Y	31 K	32 U	33 I	34 O	35 L	36 V	37 X	■	38 L	39 K	40 J	■	41 C	42 K
43 S	44 J	45 I	46 E	47 D	■	48 W	49 C	■	50 Y	51 B	52 A	■	53 E	54 L	55 F	56 B	57 U
58 A	■	59 P	60 D	61 T	62 Q	63 U	64 A	■	65 Q	66 I	■	67 U	68 V	■	69 G	70 S	71 O
■	72 C	73 H	■	74 N	75 X	76 B	77 L	■	78 G	79 H	80 F	■	81 F	82 V	83 C	84 J	■
85 O	86 S	87 R	88 G	89 F	90 X	91 U	■	92 N	93 U	94 F	95 S	96 O	97 K	98 X	99 G	■	100 W
101 B	102 M	103 S	104 K	105 T	106 V	107 H	108 I	■	109 B	110 G	■	111 J	112 R	113 N	■	114 C	115 V
116 L	117 P	118 H	119 Y	120 M	■	121 J	122 U	■	123 R	124 W	125 M	■	126 J	127 Y	128 D	129 U	130 P
131 E	_	132 H	133 X	_	134 W	135 M	■	136 Q	137 T	■	138 A	139 M	■	140 N	141 X	142 O	143 I
144 C	■	145 V	146 W	147 P	148 R	■	149 J	150 T	151 R	■	152 T	153 S	154 R	155 P	■	156 N	157 R
158 F	■	159 F	160 W	161 X	162 V	163 A	164 Q	■	165 H	166 E	167 B	■	168 V	169 G	■	170 T	171 C
172 B	173 M	■	174 A	175 X	■	176 T	177 G	178 D	179 W	■	180 E	181 O	182 I	183 Y	■	184 S	185 Y
186 D	187 A	■	188 G	189 Y	190 J	191 S	192 L	193 V	194 P	■	195 M	196 D	197 S	■	198 Y	199 T	■
200 U	201 A	202 H	203 N	■	204 W	205 Q	206 B	■	207 N	208 K	209 M	210 E	211 C	212 L	213 Q	■	214 K
215 O	216 F	217 N	■	218 D	219 P	220 Q	221 E	■	222 Q	223 K	224 Y	225 L	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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